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THE EVOLUTION OF THE SKY-SCRAPER

By Montgomery Schuyler

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

THE occasion of these ensuing remarks is the demolition,—no doubt, when they come to publication, accomplished or plainly impending, already, even while they are making, irrevocably determined,—of "the earliest example of the skeleton construction, in which the entire weight of the walls and floors is borne, and transmitted to the foundations, by a framework of metallic posts and beams." Such is the proclamation which the doomed front of the "Tower Building" at No. 50 Broadway has for some years made, from a bronze tablet, to the passer-by. Whereas in "1888–9," to repeat the date of the inscription, an altitude of eleven stories to a latitude of twenty-one feet and six inches was plainly out of the question, except through the mediation of some unfamiliar and unprecedented mode of construction, twenty years later it is found that the ground of lower Broadway has grown too valuable for so humble an erection. The erection which is projected to occupy the site is of thirty-eight stories. And this later altitude is by no means a "record."

Is there any parallel, in the history of human building, to the rapid and revolutionary process which has raised the building of American towns, within the memory of men who need not be so very old, from a "norm" of five stories to an uncertain and unpredictable height; so high that forty stories are already realized, and fifty are projected by a "conservative" corporation, not as a monument as of Babel, but as a "practical business proposition"? Probably none. Certainly none. No parallel, but a striking prototype. The prototype is to be found in the building of northern France in the early part of the thirteenth century. A Frenchman born in 1175 and surviving in 1250 might have boasted that he had "rocked the cradle" of Gothic architecture, if not quite that he had "followed its hearse." For he had at least lived to see it radically differentiated from the Romanesque which had preceded it, and, in one or another of its phases, had held sway for near a thousand years. Such a Frenchman might have seen "the Gothic principle" both virtually germinate and variously effloresce, in the great cathedrals of Paris, Chartres, Rheims, and Amiens. If of a critical turn, he might have noted that this wonderful and fruitful development had all come from the application of a single mechanical expedient. "It is this necessity for a stone roof," says Fergusson, "that was the problem to be solved by the architects, and to accomplish which the style took almost all those forms which are so much admired in it." If of a hypercritical turn, our supposititious mediæval friend might even have noted that the development, wonderful as it was, after all failed really to attain this object. The inwardly ostensible "stone roof" continued to be covered with an outwardly ostensible wooden roof. Only such sporadic and unfruitful experiments as the roofs of Seville Cathedral and Roslyn Chapel remain to show that the necessity for a stone roof was felt, as well as the necessity for a stone

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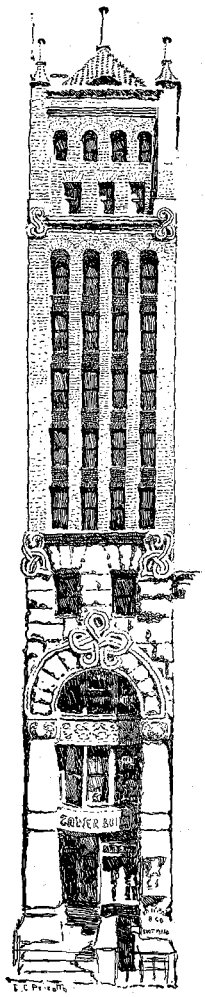


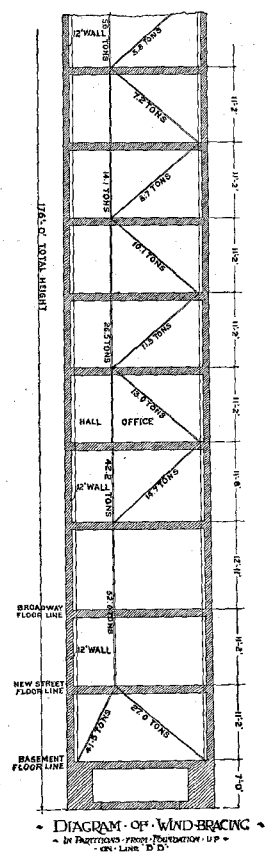
Tower Building, Broadway, New York.

The earliest example of the skeleton construction.

"ceiling," which was what the historian of architecture really "wished to say."

The even more rapid and bewildering development, under his own eyes, of the even more insistent and conspicuous "sky-scraper" may well strike an elderly American who has turned the first corner of the twentieth century, as the earlier development might have struck the Frenchman who had turned the first corner of the thirteenth. Not at all that the sky-scraper has given evidence of architectural achievements comparable, in their probable interest for posterity, with those of the builders of the mighty minsters. But the beginnings of the later development are no humbler and no less respectable than the beginnings of the earlier. To superpose stories so as to make two tiers of tenants "grow" where only one grew before is as respectable and dignified a motive for architecture as to cover a church with a stone ceiling which, after all, is not a roof. The American observer, if at all of a cynical turn, might say that the ultimate motive of the modern structure was as symptomatic of the period as that of the mediæval, that these "skeletons" of our building, after the veneer of masonry had fallen from them, and they were left to assert themselves in their original crudity and starkness, before returning altogether to oxide of iron, might still be, in the majestic Ruskinian phrase, "the only witnesses that remained to us of the faith and fear of nations," the faith in the dollar toward which they so plainly aspired, the fear of "the hell of not making money." "Commodity," in the crowded centres of great cities, is as strikingly subserved by these towering structures as comity is defied. And the wonder why they were not devised and built before only grows on study. Paxton's Crystal Palace of 1851, only fill some of its panels with baked clay instead of glass, was already an example of the "skeleton construction." The Tour Eiffel of 1887, only close it in with opaque panelling and increase its provision of "ascenseurs," would be a negotiable "sky-scraper," and even the Saul among the actual, though not among the projected, sky-scrapers. At least, there existed at the date of its erection no structure which so completely fulfilled the current American definition. Nay, there stood in "The Swamp," on Manhattan Island, from 1856 to 1907, a "shot-tower" which was essentially an example of the skeleton construction, that is to say, a building of many stages in which a structural skeleton of metal sustained panels of brickwork which concealed and sheltered its inmates and their operations.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the earliest and the most indispensable of the factors which have enabled the construction of these mighty monsters was the "passenger elevator," and that this was brought into use during the sixties, its first appearance in New York being in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, just lately demolished after a life of close upon half a century. It was at about the same time introduced into the Astor House, then already a generation old. So obvious was the utility of this device that the wonder again is that it had not been brought into practice long before. "Hoists" are, of course, as old as



Tower Building.

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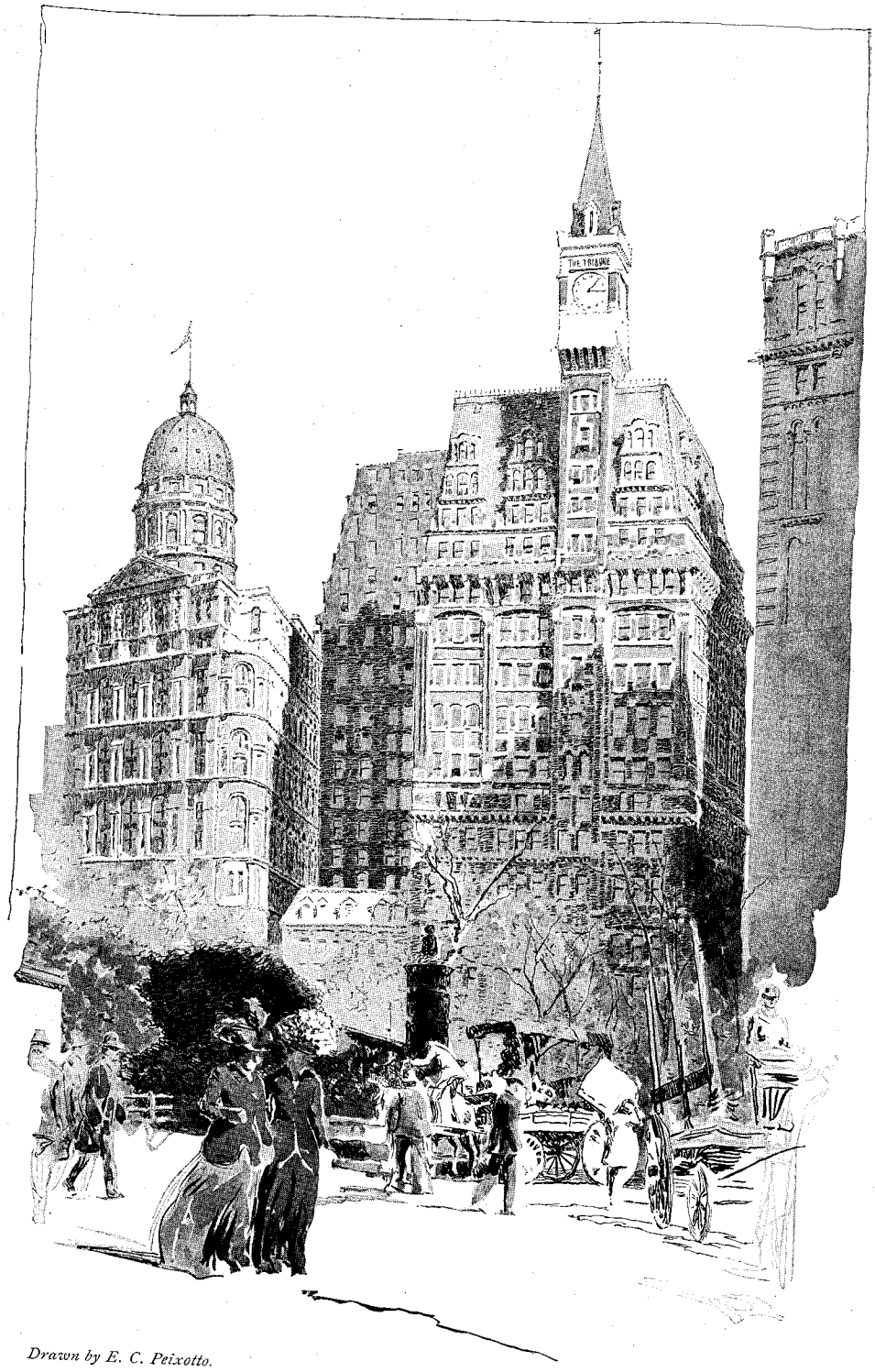

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Tribune Building (after remodelling), New York.

A pioneer elevator building.

Richard Morris Hunt, architect, 1873.

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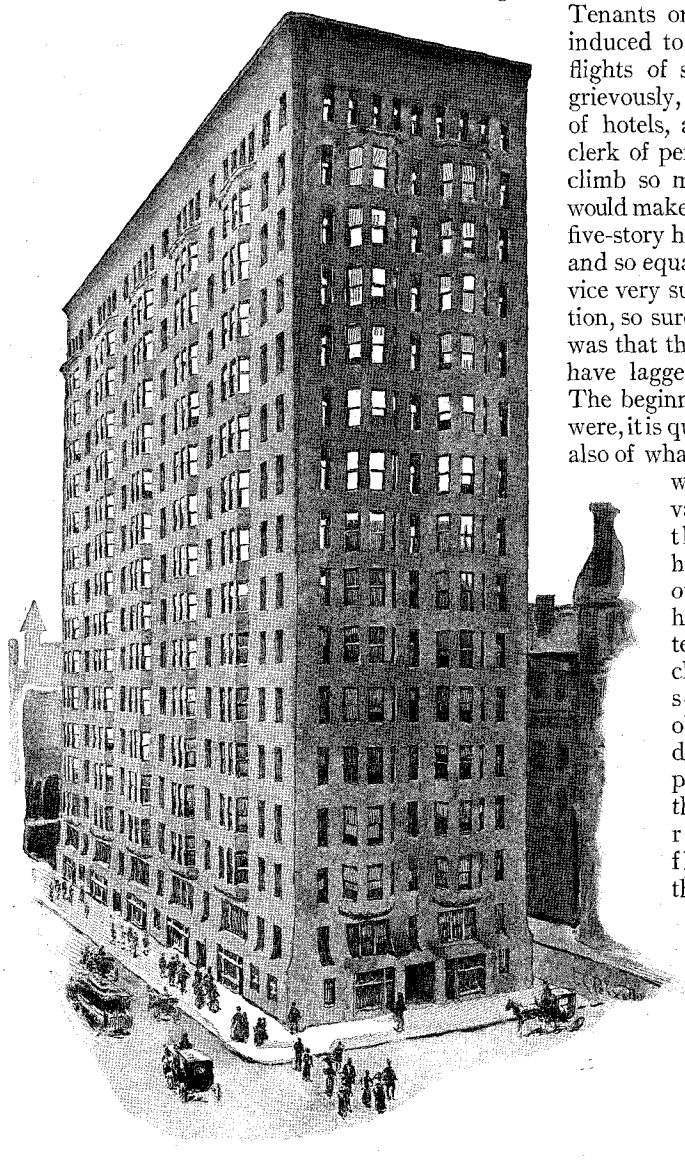
the Dutch warehouses, of which the picturesqueness is enhanced by the projecting cranes that worked the hoists, doubtless as old as Archimedes. But hotels, even when the Fifth Avenue was built, were conditioned in altitude as were all other buildings not exclusively monumental, by the powers of ascension of the unassisted human leg. Five stories was the maximum for commercial buildings, except that an attical sixth might be added for the discommodation of the janitor, whose name was Hobson, and who had to go where he was sent, which, naturally, was where no "paying guest" could be induced to go. He and his may have taken their outlook on life from slits or bull's-eyes just under the roof. In the cases of hotels, the sixth story was assigned to servants and store-rooms. Tenants or inmates could not be induced to climb more than four flights of stairs, and grumbled grievously, in the case of inmates of hotels, and accused the hotel clerk of perfidy, when they had to climb so many. A device which would make all the floors, even of a five-story hotel, equally accessible, and so equally desirable, was a device very sure of immediate adoption, so sure that the only wonder was that the supply of it should so have lagged behind the demand. The beginnings of the elevator were, it is quite true, the beginnings also of what, in their earlier stages, were known as the "elevator buildings." But this development was hidden alike from the owners and keepers of hotels, from their architects, and from the mechanics who set themselves to supply the obvious and clamant demand. It was not expedition, but only relief, that the hotel guests, relegated to the fifth floor, demanded, and that the progress of invention supplied. And, "because of their importunity," the hotel keeper and his visible vicegerent, the hotel clerk, entertained the proposals of the mechanic who undertook to make the fifth story as desirable as the second. The transit of the



The Monadnock (older part), Chicago, Ill.
The "transitional" tall building.
Burnham and Root, architects.

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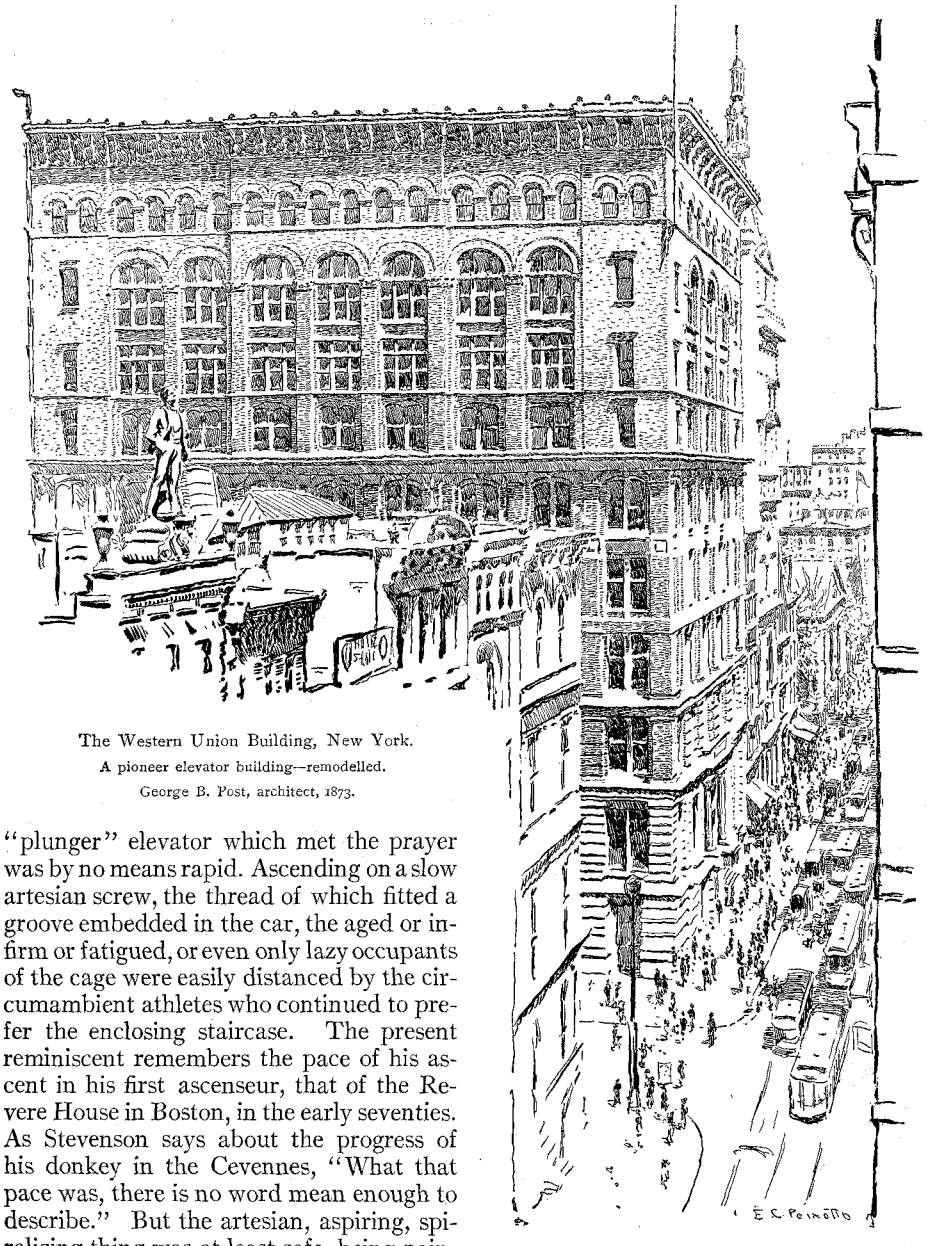

The Western Union Building, New York.
A pioneer elevator building—remodelled.
George B. Post, architect, 1873.

"plunger" elevator which met the prayer was by no means rapid. Ascending on a slow artesian screw, the thread of which fitted a groove embedded in the car, the aged or infirm or fatigued, or even only lazy occupants of the cage were easily distanced by the circumambient athletes who continued to prefer the enclosing staircase. The present reminiscent remembers the pace of his ascent in his first ascenseur, that of the Revere House in Boston, in the early seventies. As Stevenson says about the progress of his donkey in the Cevennes, "What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe." But the artesian, aspiring, spiralizing thing was at least safe, being painfully hoisted by means of a solid metallic post which sank underground as far as the car ascended above. How singular to learn that the "plunger type" is not only still in use, but, in some of the latest sky-scrapers where "time is of the essence," has been chosen in place of the arrangement of ropes and pulleys which seem to promise so much more speed at the price of so much more danger!

To equalize the desirableness of rooms on the fifth floor with that of rooms on the second remained the humble office of the elevator for nearly or quite a decade. Such a creature of habit is man, and perhaps particularly mechanical man, that, throughout that decade, it did not occur to anybody that the new appliance might enable the construction of taller buildings. The first building in which this discovery was util-

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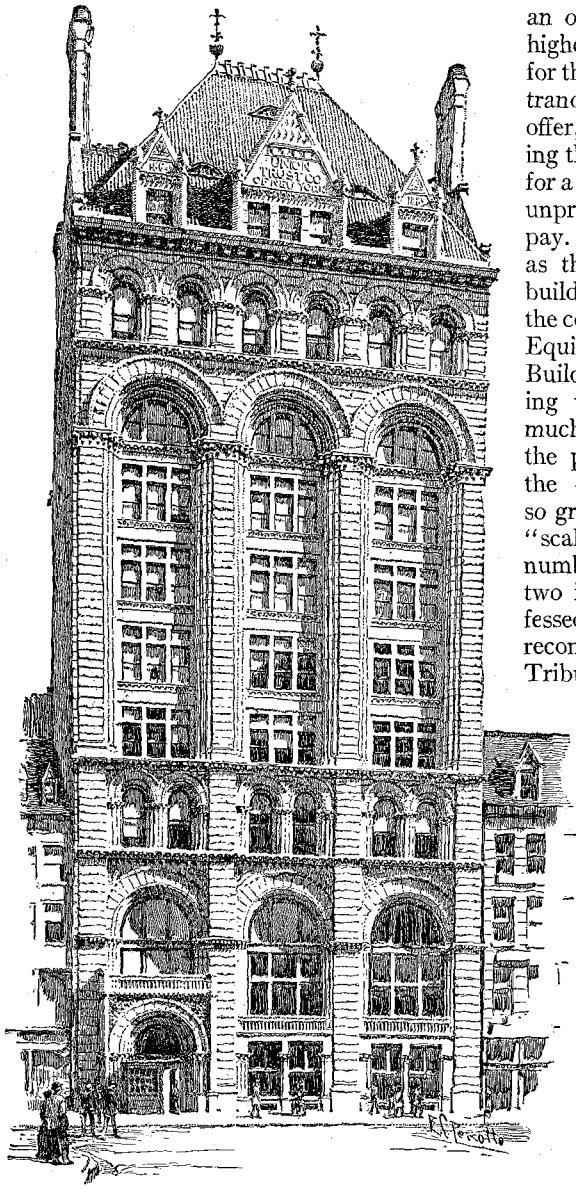
ized in design was the Equitable Building on Broadway, since remodelled, it is true, and now threatened with demolition in favor of a more aspiring successor, but even in its first estate, as projected in 1869, attaining seven stories of offices for rental instead of the theretofore Procrustean five. The addition of two stories now seems timid and tentative enough; then doubtless it seemed audaciously venturesome. The controlling spirit of the corporation, Henry B. Hyde, was not the man to be deterred from what to him promised profit by lack of precedent. From the first he foresaw the prospects of the higher vertical extension of his building. Mr. George B. Post, though not the designer of the original as he was of the reconstructed Equitable, yet sustained some consultative relation to its construction. Before it was completed he made, for one of the suites in the additional stories, an offer based on and equalling the highest rents then paid on Broadway for the like accommodations. Mr. Hyde tranquilly doubled the amount of the offer, and the tenant acquiesced, retaining the offices until he sold out his lease for a substantial advance even upon the unprecedented rental he had agreed to pay. Of course, such an object-lesson as this in the advantages of elevator buildings was not thrown away upon the commercial community. Before the Equitable was completed, the Tribune Building and the Western Union Building were projected and under way; much more visibly than the Equitable the products of the elevator. For, in the older building, the stories were so grouped in pairs as to increase the "scale" and to diminish their apparent number, whereas in each of the later two its nine or ten stories stood confessed. Each, by the way, has since been reconstructed by vertical extension; the Tribune Building by a superstructure merely repeating the substructure; the Western Union by a superaddition paying scant respect to the beginnings. Yet it was in their original estate, and with the altitude since so far outgrown, that Professor Huxley found them the most conspicuous objects on Manhattan Island, as he neared it in 1875, and congratulated his hosts that these monuments of mere utility should be thus distinguished, instead of the castle or the cathedral which he would have been apt to find dominating a European town.



The Union Trust Building, New York.
George B. Post, architect.

A certain timidity accompanied these tentatives, bold as they looked to the wayfaring

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Ames Building, Boston, Mass.
Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge, architects.

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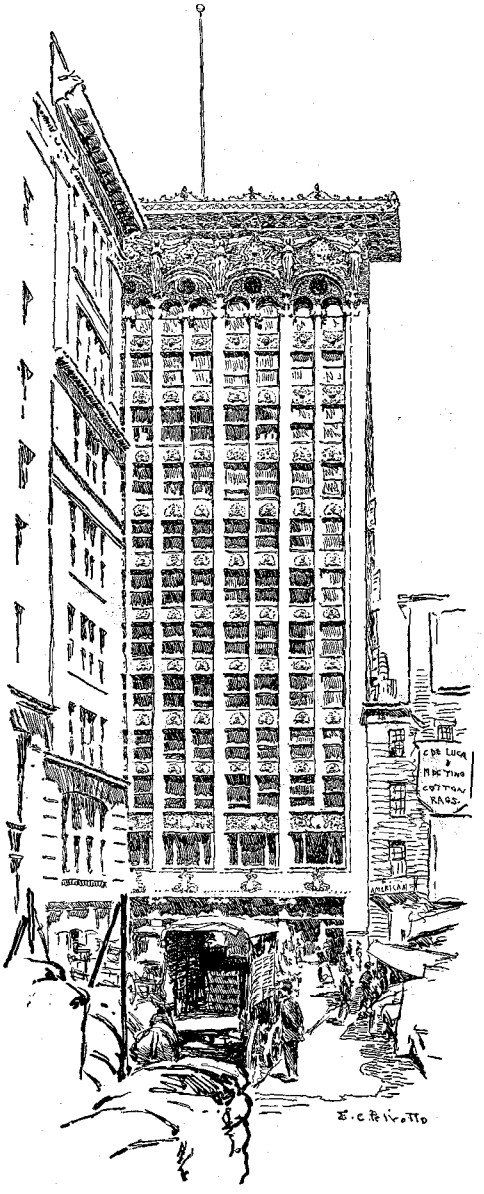
man, who saw the commercial sky-line suddenly lifted to nearly twice its previous and normal height. The real-estate speculator who puts his speculations into practice is slow to push his "premises" to their logical conclusions. When all the cells of the new honeycomb were found to be tenantable and rentable, the successors naturally bettered the instruction of the pioneer, and "built to the limit."



The Bayard Building, New York.
Louis H. Sullivan, architect.

The limit, the limit of altitude, was none the less fixed, though the level of the fixity was still subject to some dispute, and was admitted to vary with circumstances. "It is looked out for," says the German proverb, "that the trees shall not grow into the sky." It was looked out for that the tall buildings of the seventies and the early eighties should not scrape the sky. The restraining condition, before the introduction of the passenger elevator, had been, as we have pointed out, the powers of ascension of the human leg. Five stories had been found to be the maximum beyond which no tenant would pay rent, and even to which no "paying guest" would ascend without grumblings and reluctations. After the introduction of the passenger elevator the restraining condition was as real, though not, perhaps, so definite. It was the necessity of thickening the walls as they arose, and of occupying more of the total area with the points of support. With the points of support, and with the increasing spaces that must, with an increase of altitude, be reserved for the elevators themselves. But the necessity of thickening the walls and the partitions was the main limiting condition. And also, it is to be borne in mind, while the interior horizontal divisions, the floors, might be of brick arches, turned between beams of rolled iron, yet it was assumed that, for the vertical divisions, the partitions, actual masonry was required. The necessity of making these new and towering structures more securely fireproof was, of course, recognized as an indispensable condition. And the chief lesson of the great fires of Chicago, in 1871, and of Boston, in 1872, was held to be that exposed metal uprights were not to be trusted in a great conflagration.

You see how the thickening of outer and inner walls made necessary by this enormous burden of interior construction operated as an automatic restriction upon altitude, how it provided that the sky-scrapers should not grow into the sky. For more than a decade Necessity directed the efforts of her offspring, Invention, to lightening the load. The rolled iron beams continued to be the framing of the floors. But the brick arches that had been turned between them were replaced by hollow blocks of terra-cotta. Already, in that pioneer, the Tribune Building, "terra-cotta arches"

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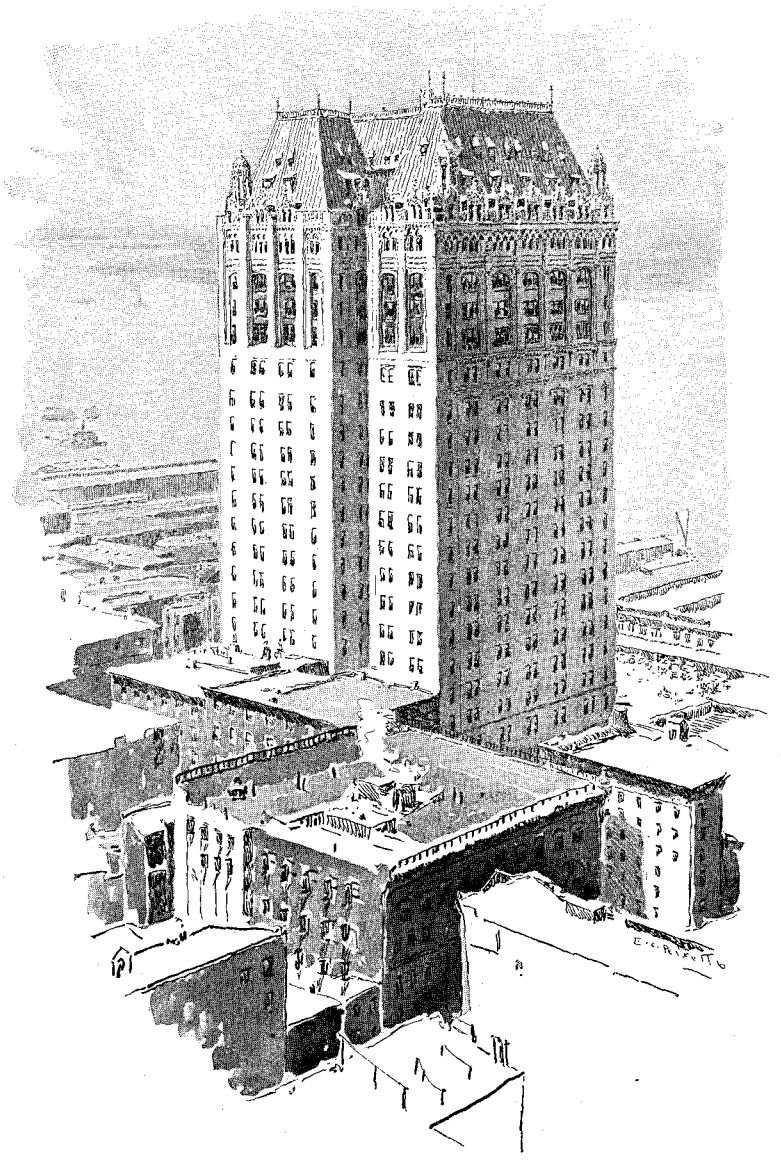

West Street Building, New York.
Cass Gilbert, architect.

were specified, and constituted one of the novelties of the construction. But even from these it was a long stride to the present accepted construction of arches of hollow tile, with horizontal surfaces above for the reception of the floors, and below for the reception of the ceilings. Other inventors were meanwhile laboring diligently at "fire-proofing" the iron columns with envelopes of baked clay, so that their lesser bulk and weight might be substituted for the cumbrous, costly, and slowly constructible piers in brickwork. The result of these labors was that the limit of practicable altitude in commercial buildings rose, within a decade, from the nine stories of the Tribune Building, of which one or two, by the way, were added during the construction, and the ten and a half of the Western Union, of which, however, the upper three were con-

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tained in the sharply diminishing wedge roof which originally crowned the edifice—to twelve stories, to thirteen, to fourteen, in such cases as that of the Monadnock, in Chicago, to sixteen; from once and a half the level of the ancient sky-line of lower New York to more than twice, to almost three times, that height.

But, in the matter of sky-scrapers, it was not the first but the last step that cost. It is this last step which has brought with it the most perplexing civic problems to which the new building has given rise. Looking back, it seems only strange, not that the step should have been taken, but that it should so long have been delayed. The gestation of Necessity seems to have been singularly protracted. For, logically, if you can protect an interior framework of metal against the elements—the elements being in this case Air, in the form of wind, and Fire—so can you the outer framework. There is no more compulsion to build a real wall of costly, and still more of space-consuming, masonry in the one case than in the other. Yet our constructors were quite a decade in taking that final and obvious step. It was at last the legitimate offspring of necessity. Early in the eighties, to be sure, Mr. Post, in the interior court of the Produce Exchange, had produced an example not only of the "cage" construction, but of the "skeleton" construction, which is not quite the same thing, though the terms are often used interchangeably by architects and engineers. In the cage construction the walls still carry themselves, though they carry nothing else, a metallic frame alongside of them, or embedded in them, taking from them the burden of the interior construction. It is this latter construction, a core of metal embedded in the masonry of the outer piers, which was first fully exemplified in Mr. Jenney's design for the Home Fire Insurance Company, erected in Chicago in 1884, while in the earlier court of the Produce Exchange, considered as a separate building, the "skeleton" construction had already arrived. Not long after the Chicago example, if, indeed, not rather before, Mr. Buffington, of Minneapolis, had produced a "project" which startled the members of his profession, for a building of twenty-eight stories, under a patent of his own for an "Iron Building Construction," which "consists of a continuous skeleton of iron, commencing on the iron footings and continuing of iron and steel to the full height." This project, however, remains on paper. But there never was a more legitimate birth of "Necessity" than the Tower Building, now doomed. The architect, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, found himself confronted with the imperious necessity, in 1888, of erecting a building as high as would be constructible and rentable, on a Broadway frontage of twenty-one feet and a half, by a depth of over a hundred feet, giving access to a considerably wider building at the rear. According to the regulations of the Building Department, such a building, erected with self-sustaining outer walls of masonry, even if the whole weight of floors and partitions had been assigned to an auxiliary construction of metal, would have been narrowed to a mere corridor and unavailable for rental. It was a Gordian knot that simply had to be cut, and the cutting was the proposal to abolish the walls altogether. Naturally, so drastic a solution was looked upon askance by the authorities, but the permit was at last issued. Columbus had shown how the egg could be stood on end.

Of course the Columbuli rushed in at that demonstration conspicuously made in the outer front of a building on Broadway. It ought to be explained that the demonstration nearly coincided with a still further lightening of the interior construction by reason of the popularization of the Bessemer process. It was, in truth, this change in the interior fireproof construction, rather a cheapening than a lightening. The most recent form of floor, with flat arches of hollow tile turned between steel beams, has, it seems, no very marked advantage in weight over the older brick arch turned between beams of wrought iron. Its advantages are that it "dries out" far quicker, that it presents a flat under surface to the plasterer, and particularly that it is far cheaper. The steel beams can now be furnished cheaper than in the early days iron could be had cast, not to say wrought. Already, in the Home Life Building in Chicago, there was an additional record to that of the scheme of construction, being the incorporation into the structure, by Mr. Carnegie's concern, of a specimen steel beam or two, though rather as a trophy of what had been accomplished than as a

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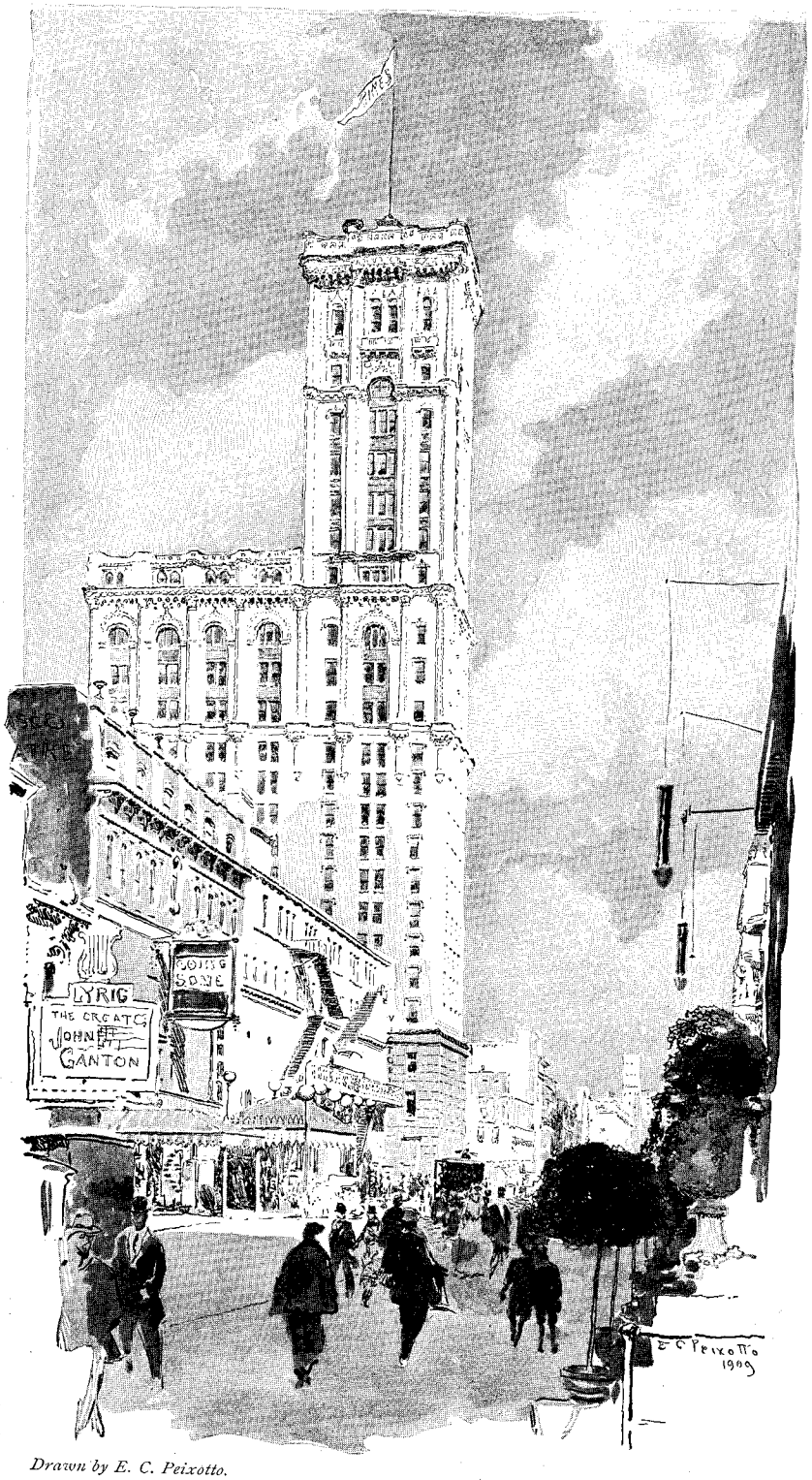

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Times Building, New York.

C. L. W. Eidlitz, architect.

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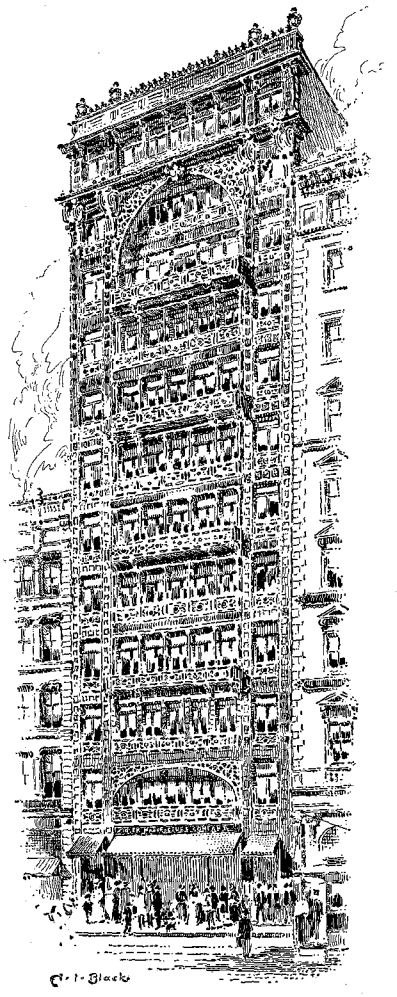
"practical business proposition." But it was not long before the proposition became grimly practical. The new and cheapened alembication of iron saved a considerable fraction of the cost of fireproof building. Put that saving into terms of altitude, and you will see what a vertical extension it invited and made possible.

With these advances and object-lessons the limit was, in truth, removed. One no longer perceives how "es ist dafür gesorgt" that the sky-scrapers should not scrape the sky. What, if any, is the limit of the new commercial Babels? As many architects engineers, "promoters," as you may consult to-day, "tot sententiæ." It is true that, as thirty years ago the proportion of total area to be taken up with your enclosing and subdividing walls seemed to form a limit, so you will now find those who place the limit in the proportion of area necessary to be reserved for the elevators themselves which primarily enable the lofty construction. But those who compare the area and the altitude of the Singer Tower, or the Metropolitan Life Tower, those strictly utilitarian erections which tower so far above all the erections of man that have a monumental purpose, the Eiffel alone excepted, and who consider the "practical" projects that threaten to overtop even that, will hesitate to find any effective limitation in this indefinite ratio. The well-meant efforts to fix a limit by legislation to the altitudes which are converting the slits of street between them into Cimmerian and wind-swept ravines have thus far turned out to be either chimerical or futile and ridiculous. They have also the misfortune of being plausibly, however invidiously, regarded as urged in the interest of those who have already "improved" their landholdings in the commercial quarters of the great cities by building sky-scrapers, and whose pretence of being "affected by a public interest" in opposing the building of other sky-scrapers, is ridiculed by those who have not yet "improved," and who desire to substitute competition for monopoly. Their attitude has already been likened, in print, to the attitude of the British rector, according to *Punch's* British agriculturist: "Pa'sson, 'e gets in 'is own hay, then 'e claps on the prayer for rain." Apparently it must be left to that future, not so far off, in which the multiplication and magnification of the sky-scrapers will become plainly incompatible with the well-being of the communities in which individual interest is permitted to override public interest, to devise some effectual limitation or restriction.



The Singer Building, 561 Broadway, New York.
The logical sky-scraper.
Ernest Flagg, architect.

Meanwhile, it is to be noted that, architecturally, the skeleton construction has by no means "found itself." It was not to be expected that a new architectural type should be soon evolved from the exposition of a construction of which, as we have seen, concealment, by means of a "protective envelope," is of the essence. That the sky-scraper is essentially a frame building, not an agglutination of masonry, is, I was about to say, a manifest truth. But it is only during construction that it is manifest. When the building is "closed in," when the panels of masonry that fill up the frames of metal are in place, it is manifest

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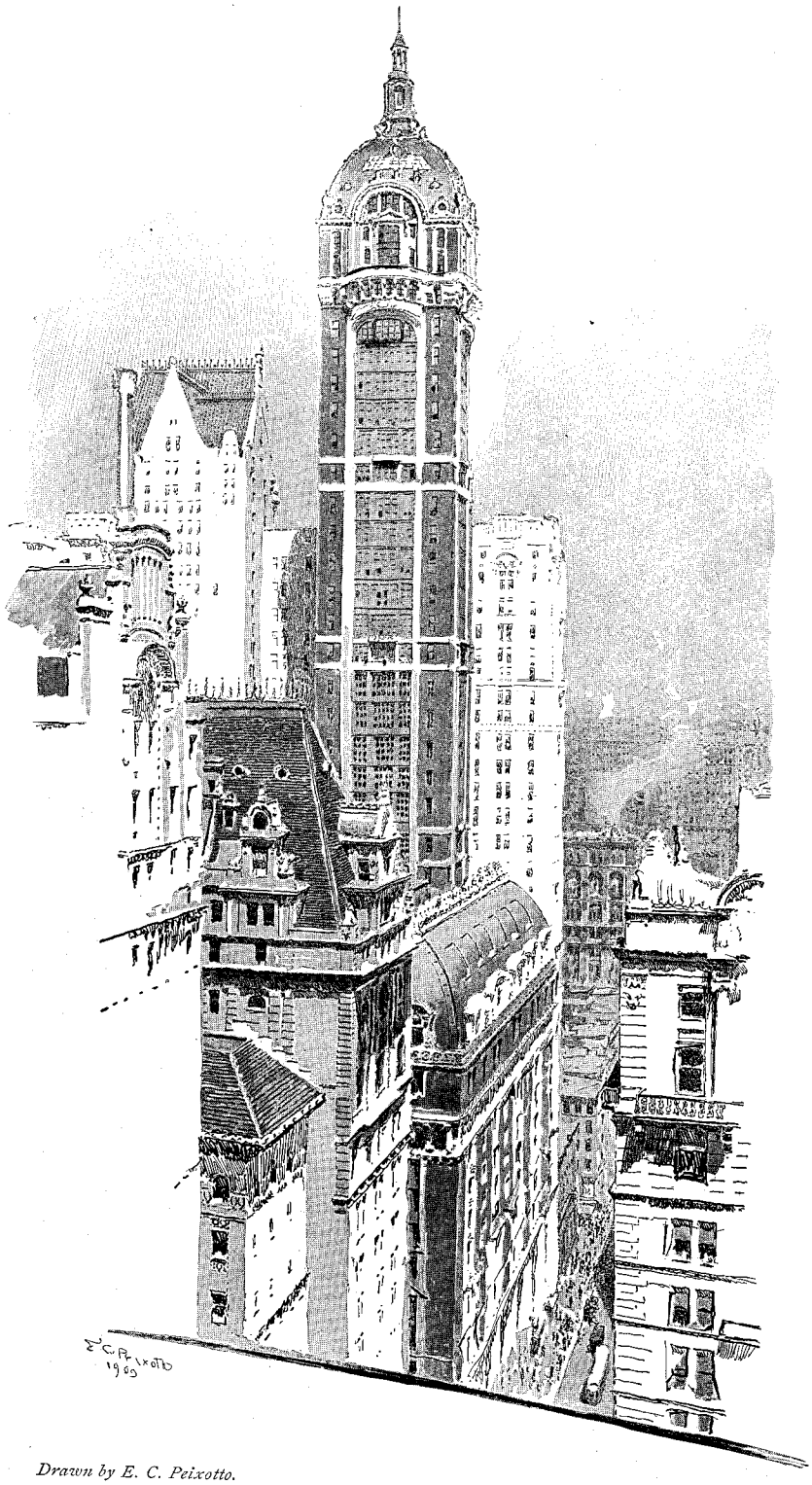

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The New Singer Building, New York.

Height from sidewalk to top of construction 612 feet 1 inch.

Ernest Flagg, architect.

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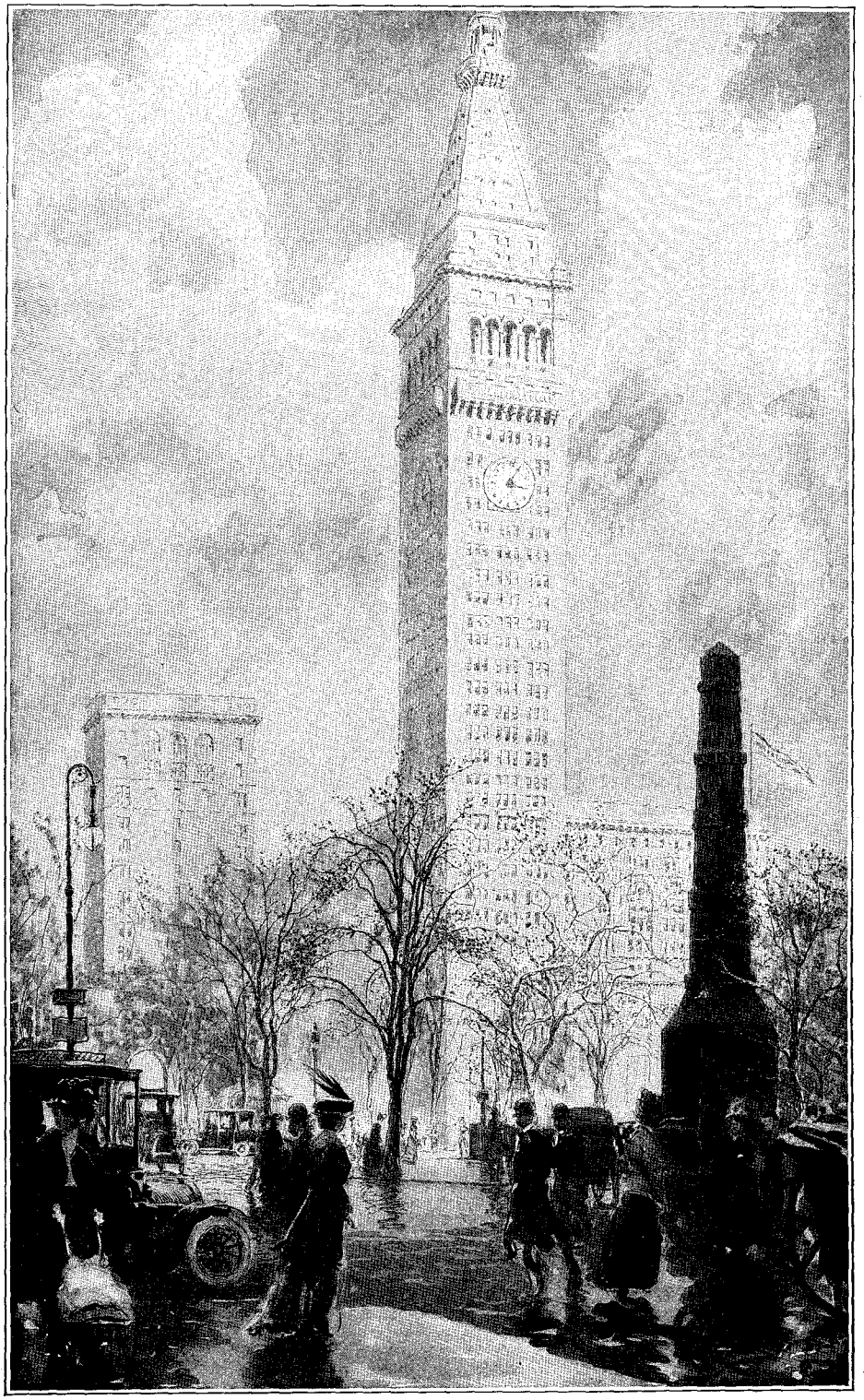

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Metropolitan Building.

Height from sidewalk to top of construction 700 feet 3 inches.

N. LeBrun and Son, architects.

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no longer. Efforts toward manifesting it have indeed been made, in such hopeful experiments as the Guaranty Building in Buffalo, the Bayard Building in New York, and the Singer Building, by no means to be confounded with that one of the same name and in the same city which wears the "record" tower. But upon the whole it is not an encouraging reflection how much less the skeleton construction has done toward the establishment of an architectural type, toward the creation of an architectural organism, than was done in the transitional tall buildings, when, of the coefficients that have gone to produce the extreme skyscraper, the passenger elevator was the only one in full force and effect. In those transitional buildings, when walls were still walls, the effect of depth and mass inhered in the thickness of the wall, requiring only artistic modelling and modification to elicit and emphasize its impressiveness. In the later development, the smooth expanse of wall, broken only by shallow openings, with a mimimum of what is technically and happily called "reveal," is expressionless, the more that the frame is hidden that would give it the beginning of expressiveness. The architect who would give his wall surface expression comparable to that of his prototypes of real masonry is driven to project his wall for the very purpose of withdrawing it again. True, he may crown it with a factitious and more or less fictitious feature, like the beetling tower of the Times Building, or the pinnacled diadem of the West Street Building, which the uninteresting building beneath lifts into the empyrean to become the cynosure of a justified admiration. But it were too much to say that he has succeeded in realizing in his skeletons such an impressiveness of expressiveness as belongs to the best of the transitional buildings, to the front of the Union Trust in Broadway, to the corniced tower of the Ames Building in Boston, to the towering pylons of the Monadnock in Chicago.

THE HOUSE OF CHANGE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE wind and the rain they were beating, blowing down,
All along the highway and all along the lea;
All the weary miles from the country to the town,
Long was the road to the one I sped to see.

The casements were shut and the iron gates made fast;
The heavy door was barred—no welcome there to win.
'Twas the hand of a stranger that opened it at last,
And the voice of a stranger that bade me enter in.

And the one that I loved, that I went in haste to seek,
One I shall seek no more, no more in days to be,
Closed were her eyes and she did not smile or speak—
'Twas the first time of all she had no word for me.

All the old familiar things wore an alien air,
Book and picture, hall and hearth, garden-plot and tree:—
Naught was there for change, yet change was everywhere,
And the house that was home was a strange house to me.

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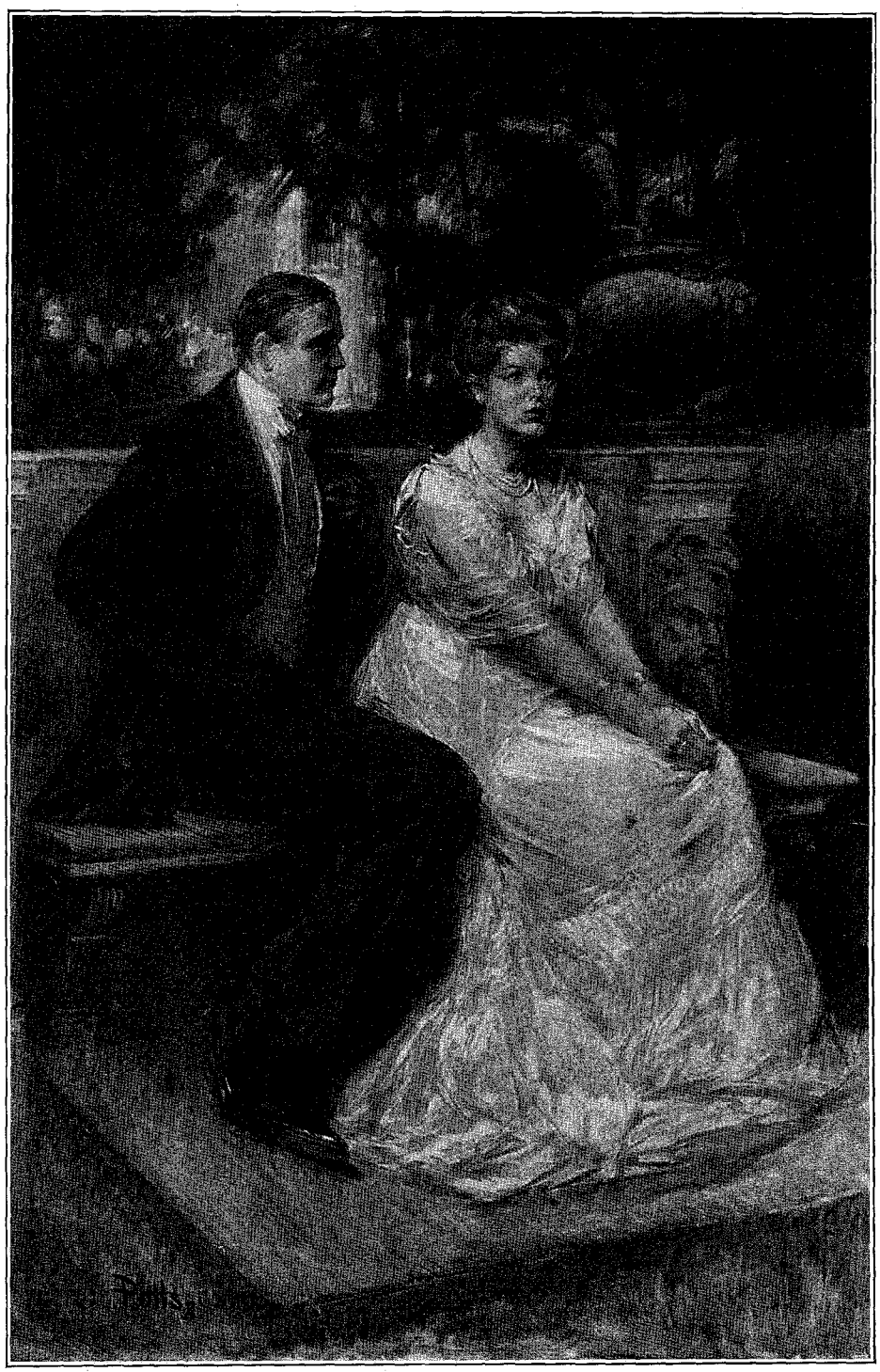

Drawn by W. Sherman Potts.

And she used up the rest of that glorious evening in lecturing him.—Page 273.

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THE EXPERIMENTER

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATION BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

I

ANNABEL FRASER was taking life very seriously, even so long ago as when Luke Bailey fell in love with her; and as Luke was taking it pretty seriously himself, in his own way, they made quite a pair. She resented—or thought she resented—being fallen in love with for her face. And she was so used to being beautiful and hearing sweet things said about her that very likely she did tire of what would have been the breath of life to most girls. She preserves that pose still, though it is not so necessary as then, and I suspect she is seldom annoyed. Not but that she is splendid now, and will be when her hair is white. Age will touch her only as it does a picture or a statue. But of course thirty-four is different from twenty-six.

The reason Luke had never said those objectionable things was because he couldn't, being too busy thinking them. But Annabel misunderstood and supposed him to be the one among them all who appreciated her for her mental and spiritual traits, and so she decided—quite in cold blood—to like him more than the others. Will was her strong point. She was always talking about it. So she loved him because she willed it. Well, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." There may be some kind of love that can be turned off or on. I'm not competent to judge. But once her mind was made up her slow blood must have quickened toward him, for if ever a boy was made to be loved, it was Luke. I should know. He had no mother when he was a little boy, and so adopted me because I was his next-door neighbor, and laughed when I found him robbing my orchard. I was old and alone, and he came into my life and taught me—wonderful things—love and hope—things that children know.

He was a few years younger than Annabel Fraser, conscious of his youth, and almost tragically anxious to be a good puppy and do as he was told—an attitude always pleasing to the Annabel Frasers.

So they became engaged, and this, so far as I could make out, was the manner of that remarkable transaction. He kissed her. Then they had a tremendous debate about whether she ought to forgive him for it. The forgiveness was accomplished at length, but it took a lot of magazine story dialogue to bring it about. The psychological kind. (She has written a few stories, you know, among her other—duties.)

The kiss had happened under the moon, in a garden with the smell of roses and the flutter of moths, and in the great house behind them a waltz with violins in it . . . and Japanese lanterns. And so he kissed her, being four-and-twenty and a man, and having just received his hospital appointment, and therefore beginning to think about a wife. And she used up the rest of that glorious evening in lecturing him, as I have said, for his joyous and innocent little sin; telling him all about how noble it was just to be friends, and how much there was to be done in the world, and how she had no time for that sort of love, but must work. And he, poor boy! having put the great question to her like a man along with his kiss, must wait through an interminable evening of roses and moonlight and waltz music, while she argued this way and that, and served up sociology—stale as a yesterday's pancake—from her college course. But she said yes, at the end.

These solemn preliminaries over, encouraged by her glorification of a life of work, he shyly told her something about his own ambitions.

But Luke never had the gift of tongues. He probably made his few remarks mumblingly, so that she only caught a word here and there. Not enough to understand. (Not that she *could* have understood, anyway.) For I know that when he used to talk it over with me, it would be a jumble

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of technical language and boy's slang, made more incoherent by enthusiasm. Nevertheless through it all one thing was clear and intelligible as sunlight—the constant ache of Pity in him and the desire to be of use.

"I couldn't stand it at all, Mater, if it weren't for looking forward to doing my share."

"A physician ought to be more impersonal, I should think," I would say. "Can you do your best when you sympathize so?"

"For a while I can. I suppose I shall go to pieces sooner than if I didn't. . . . But knowing what I do I couldn't do anything else, you know. It may kill me to do it, but it would kill me worse not to, so there it is. . . . But it isn't quite so bad when you are working along the experimental line. Find out something new. There's so much to find out! H—— was trying to fix some guinea-pigs with cerebro-spinal meningitis, the other day. That's one of the mysteries, you know. Meningitis, pneumonia, scarlet fever—and, most of all, yellow fever. We don't know anything at all about them. I'd like to do something that way. Think of being able to save the kiddies from scarlet fever as they are saved now from diphtheria! A man might consider he had lived, eh, Mater?"

As that was the manner of his conversation with me, I supposed him to have talked in much the same way with her. And it is quite improbable that she understood anything of what he tried to tell her. No doubt she waited rather impatiently for him to finish, for she was heart and soul in a scheme of world reformation—meaning settlement work and potted plants at that time, though she has varied it in later years with other methods. Of course little things like the discovery of a disease germ, or skin-grafting, or making a club-foot into a real foot that you can walk with, must seem small matters to one who aims at nothing less than lifting the whole round world nearer the stars by one heave of her capable shoulders. She was patient, however, with Luke's little ambitions, smiling kindly as one does when a good child stammers forth some enthusiastic explanation of his little play with his toys; and he saw her dark eyes smiling at him kindly out of the shadows, and caught his breath at her beauty, and called her an angel and implored her to do with him as she would.

And so they were engaged, and he spent all he had upon a ring, and went back to the hospital to fit himself for his very small share in Annabel's big task of reforming the world. He wrote me letters, all of Annabel—Annabel—Annabel—and sent me pictures of her that I was to be sure to return. And oh! the times I had to be told how good she was, how wonderful! And how altogether contemptible and unfit was Luke Bailey. . . . Then his letters grew less frequent. I heard but little of him for a year, though I understood that he had a reputation for overworking himself. As to Annabel, she got her name in the papers as a society girl who had forsworn the pleasant life she was born to, for charity's sake; and because of her lovely face they all printed her picture, so she was a celebrated person.

II

Luke wrote excitedly that Annabel was at one of the summer hotels that I could see from my window, and would I please call on her? She was the most wonderful girl in the world, he explained, with as much enthusiasm as though it was a new idea. He was coming in a day or so, himself—had been very busy but never forgot me. I would have gone to great lengths to please that boy. Had he wished to make surgical experiments upon my right hand even to amputation, I should have given it, freely—yet I put off calling on Annabel, saying to myself that she was young and I was old, and she could make the call herself. But she did not care to thus offer the first move, and the days went on until the one when Luke came.

On that June night I lay awake, thinking much about Luke and his lady-love. The stars were thick and bright, the hotels glowed silently among the black billows of the mountains, and the tree frogs were loud in their pleasure at the heavy dew. It was all that a June night should be, except that somewhere a cow was lamenting for her calf. In the night's stillness, her great voice boomed out its elemental grief with perfect regularity. As an arraignment of the conduct of the universe its eloquence was without flaw. I thought sadly of her little hour or two of delight as the soft nose fumbled for her ready milk, and then—the separation, the little creature borne away toward

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its brief education for veal, or perhaps killed at once. Shudderingly I recalled a story that they sometimes killed the calf where the mother could see it done, so as to save her that long bellowing distress. For if she saw the end, of course she would know that it was over, and quietly go back to work (after something of a tantrum—rather sport to watch from the other side of the fence) upon her comfortable cud and the production of milk. Oh, well—what of it! One cannot shoulder the griefs of all the sorrowful animals in the world; nor of sorrowful human creatures. There is too much of it. So very much that one is not necessarily a coward to withdraw from it all, as I did, and read and write and think for a lifetime among old, bloodless books; like the monks in the Middle Ages. (Yet, it would be a pity if, having lived out one's life like that, one should conclude at the end of forty years that it had been wasted. Forty years is a good deal when considered in the lump, though when gone it is sand that slipped through the fingers.)

Luke Bailey had chosen the better way of living—that of violent work. But then he was a man and belonged to a new generation. In my young days, there was still the remnant of a notion that the world was being taken care of by a kind of absentee landlord—forgetful, but still one could depend upon the proper thing being done in time. Nowadays people seem to think they have to take a hand in the work. A girl, too, is a very different creature in some ways. Better, of course. I thought with envy of his Annabel's education and her reputation as a golf player, and her settlement work. But of the girl herself I thought with distaste—how she was like a great pink-and-white dahlia with thick petals arranged perfectly, but never touched by bee or humming-bird, or butterfly, or human nose. And there she was now, over among the lights somewhere, and he with her. He had come and I hadn't made that call. He would be offended. He might even not come over to see his old friend. I tried not to be as jealous as if I were only one or two and twenty instead of far past the half-century mark. . . . "If I could only believe she is the right one," I was thinking—and then a pebble tapped against the window. I thrust out my head with its little thin, gray braids bobbing on either side, and there, looking up, a pale blur against the dark lawn, was the face of Luke Bailey.

"Mater!" he called softly. (The word had been sentimentally agreed upon between us before he went to college, years before.)

"I couldn't go without seeing you, Mater," said Luke.

"I was beginning to think you could. I was trying not to be jealous of Annabel."

He laughed a little. "You needn't be jealous of Annabel." His voice mingled in a ghostly way with the rustle of a sudden gust of wind. "You needn't be jealous of Annabel. She—doesn't want me, after all, Mater—and there's only you."

I threw on a dressing gown and covered my gray wisps of braids with a shawl and stumbled out to him through the dark house. The slow hall clock struck twelve, beginning as I opened my chamber door and ending just as Luke's arms, cold and wet with dew, went around me. And his lips against my old cheek were as cold as though the warmth of life could never return.

I sat on the top step, and he sat at my feet and put his head in my lap—very quiet.

"You aren't to blame her," he said at length, rather sharply, as though I had spoken some of my angry thoughts. "Remember *that*, Mater, always. It's only that she doesn't understand."

"What is it that she doesn't understand?"

"Me—and everything that I believe in most. The necessity of finding out things. The minute she saw me she began about how glad she was I had come, because she had to write a paper on vivisection for her club and wanted me to tell her all I knew about it. A lot of jays want to stop it, you know. They seem to think it's done for fun! They say it has never done a bit of good. They say— Oh—*I* don't know what they say.

"Well, this evening she talked about what a terrible thing vivisection is. I never saw her so worked up—and said she wanted me to help her write the paper, and—think of this!—to work against vivisectionists with the other physicians that are against them. What could I say? I let her go on. Then I said—I said—that I believed in it, that if it wasn't permitted, the whole science of healing would stop short and come to nothing. I told her that anybody that said that such experiments had

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accomplished nothing were either fools or liars, no matter what their names were. I said that I had made experiments myself. I thought that would clinch it—and it did! She stopped talking, and rose up, like—like a queen, or something, and gave me back the ring—as if it were red hot—and went away . . . and . . . and that's about all."

"Give her time. She may see the other side."

"No," he answered apathetically. "I don't think she will. I don't believe she ever does see the other side of anything. People are so, sometimes. She wouldn't hear my case at all. If she had cared she would have listened to what I tried so hard to say. . . . It's such a queer world, Mater. I—I'm rather tired of it. But it's nice that there's always you. . . .

"She took me by surprise, so. If I'd had any idea what was coming I might have put up an argument. . . . Why, Mater, if you—if you had a baby, and it had diphtheria, wouldn't you bless the horse whose blood was made into antitoxin? Especially as it didn't hurt the horse one one-hundredth as much as docking his tail would? Annabel's horses," he laughed almost tearfully, "have docked tails. When I spoke of it she said, 'Oh, that's different.' She—she just wouldn't hear my case at all, Mater.

"I even tried to quote the Bible a little.—'It is expedient that one man should die for the people'—but she said it didn't mean what I said it did, and that anyhow such a comparison was sacrilegious. I didn't mean it so; only, it was a phrase that happened to be running in my head. '*It is expedient that one man should die for the people.*' It is so sensible. Of course it's expedient. Sometimes a man can accomplish a lot by dying, and if he can he ought to. And why shouldn't an animal die as well as a man? . . .

"Oh, Mater! If you'd ever been in a hospital—if you'd ever seen the out-patients come in—and what one can do is almost nothing. A little medicine, advice that won't be followed, and then back to tuberculosis tenements or to those places near the sewers where the shadings on the map get so thick that they're black, showing the death rate. . . . But if you get a kiddy on his back where you can take care of him for a while, why, you can straighten him out so that he has a chance of fighting his own little big battles with the world. You take away the handicap, to a certain extent. So it seemed worth doing—orthopædic surgery did. I did want so to be a big surgeon—one of the way-up ones."

"Didn't orthopædic surgery seem worth while to her?"

"I wouldn't say that, though I never was able to interest her in it. That was because I'm never any good at telling things. I never can say anything the way I want to. If I could only have put it to her the right way—but you see she is one of these people who have such beastly good health always. D'you know I've sometimes thought that health that is too good is a sort of unsoundness. The body that is ignorant of pain has a flabby spot, like an unused muscle. Apollo Belvidere would cut up rough over a little toothache. The calmest faces in the world you'll find among cripples. The quietest eyes I ever saw belonged to a cancer patient. . . . Of course, one has to hate pain. It would be absurd not to do that. And yet—pain is only pain. There are worse things. So many very much worse things. . . .

"If only Annabel's crowd would spend a little of their own time getting after peddlers' horses and starving cats and dogs—if they'd investigate the gentle country butcher instead of sniffing round the doors of laboratories. . . .

"Animals—" said Luke—"I guess nobody likes 'em more than I do. Guinea-pigs are such jolly little codgers, and they do so get it in the neck. (Annabel and her friends seem to think we use nothing but dogs—I wonder why?) But, guinea-pigs or dogs—how many bushels of 'em tip the scales against a baby—even a no-count, trashy baby—and when it's a nice baby—one that ought to live for the sake of the race. . . .

"The truth is, Mater, we're up against it. The world's bound to be not altogether pleasant, any way you fix it. It takes pain to cure pain, and a hair of the dog that bit you——

"Cruelty? What isn't cruel? Meat comes from the slaughter-house, and I suppose it had a good time chewing its cud. Fish don't like to die, probably, and the hook they're taken with doesn't hurt a bit more than a lot of these experiments they're so hot about. We have to eat

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animals to live. Why isn't that as bad as using them to find out things?

"Well—there—I've made you unhappy. . . . I say, do you remember how you caught me up in your apple tree? I never will forget how you looked up as I looked down. I was scared, and then I saw your mouth corners wiggle, and then you laughed, and I came down, and you had me into the dining-room and gave me some smelly, sticky fruit-cake. . . . That was about a hundred years ago—just about—in a hundred years, a thousand, where'll we all be? Shucks! What's the use of howling because you're hurt? Still, it *is* a major operation, you know, to be turned down like that—and—and there wasn't any anæsthetic." He drew in his breath sharply. "She is the most beautiful woman in the world. . . .

"I go South to-night. I just came up to say good-by to you—and her.

"Havana. Some army doctors are working on yellow fever down there. We are going down there to—to make sure. It may be a rather long job, and I didn't know when I might see you again."

"Yellow fever—why, my *dear!* I can't have you do that. It's dangerous."

He did not answer at once.

"No more than anything else, Mater. We're only going to—to take a look at the mosquitoes, you know. They think they've got the beast that carries the germ. *Culex fasciatus* most call him, though some think *Stegomyia* is a prettier name."

"I should think you could get all the mosquitoes you want right around here."

"Ho! *These!* Shucks! You people don't know anything about mosquitoes up here. All you've got is a poor little Culex something or other that does the best he can and doesn't mean any harm. Why, you never saw an *Anopheles*, and as for *Stegomyia*, he *is* a mosquito, I can tell you. There's all the difference that there is between rabbit hunting and going for big game in India."

But I was uneasy. "You know you must take care of yourself. Think of all you can accomplish in a long lifetime, so don't—take liberties with it—now, before it's fairly begun."

"Oh, yes," he said indifferently. Then he brightened up and lifted his head.

"You've no idea what a fascinating thing this is. It's one of *the* mysteries, you know—yellow fever is, or has been. Finley is pretty sure, but hasn't proved it. It has to be proved. They want to verify the kind of mosquito that does the job, and how long after he bites a patient before he can give it to another—and—oh, a number of things. Just think, Mater! It kills fifty per cent., even when they have care. When they haven't—when it comes down on a city or a military camp, with a rush like fire, then it's nearly ninety per cent. And it isn't an easy death, you know . . . it isn't nice and clean and dignified—and mysterious. People were exposed over and over again, and it never touched 'em. And others that hadn't been near a case where knocked over, while others in the same house were all right. So what can you make of it? It simply can't be *fomites*. No, Finley is right. And Lazear—you heard about Dr. Lazear?"

His voice dropped to a tone of awe and respect. "He died. After he was bitten. It was in the yellow-fever hospital, and he saw a *Culex fasciatus* biting—and let it bite all it wanted to—though he knew—all *but* the proving—just what would happen. Well it happened. And you can't let a man like that die for nothing, you know. So they're going to prove it so that there can't ever be any more doubt. Sanarelli and the Frenchmen—they think Americans don't know anything. But we'll soon have the laugh on them."

"But what is *your* part in this performance, child? I take it these people are physicians of standing and years?"

"You bet they are! But—oh, well, I'm a choir-boy, an acolyte, a hanger-on, an office-boy. The big guns have to have 'em, you know."

"And you are going to be a bacteriologist as well as surgeon?" said I, my pride in him swelling.

"Ye—es, that's one way of putting it." He laughed slightly.

There was something not quite frank in his manner, but I knew better than to force his confidence.

"Well—if it's nothing worse than entomological big game—I don't like it, though. Yellow fever—you are so much to me," I muttered.

"Am I?" He pushed aside the shawl from my bead, and drew forth a wisp of hair, clipping it off with his knife.

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"For a mascot," he apologized.

Then he rose, and turning his back, looked long at the distant glimmer of the hotel, with the heaving dark mountains back of it, and the thick brightness of stars above it.

"Queer she couldn't understand," he muttered. "It seems so simple. . . . Well, I'm off. Will you write very often, please? I may not answer regularly, but I think such a lot of your letters. And when there's a quarantine letters can come in easier than they can go out. And tell me—no—*don't* tell me about her. When a thing's done it's done. That's good surgery—make a clean job of it—saw off the bone and tie up the arteries—and forget about it—if you can. . . . Good-by."

He kissed me and very gently loosened my hands from his arm. I was trying to say so many things, chiefly imploring him, as a real mother would have done, to be careful.

At the gate he turned again, for the sake of using the word I loved—"Good-by, Mater."

III

Any one who cares—but not many do—may read of the different circumstances of that great experiment. Of how, in the first place, they went into a little dark, lonely house, "in an open uncultivated field," and the little house was prepared for them with sheets and pillow-cases and all sorts of things that had been fingered by yellow fever. They wore clothing of yellow-fever patients; some of it had been taken from the dead. And so for twenty days they made free with death, slept with it, ate with it—I can't make out whether it was done with military precision and solemn etiquette, or whether they were jolly (the reports are so prim, giving nothing but the essential facts), but I suspect they played poker a bit and sang and strummed their banjos. I rather think they were jolly. Men of that sort are not apt to be solemn when danger is about. But it was unspeakable—that furnishing of the house. There was a loving attention to detail that would have cheered Dante, or the Inquisition. Still, there was one advantage, and that was the absence of mosquitoes. That was the whole object of this part of the experiment, you see—to keep out the mosquitoes. And nobody in that horrible little place—"So far as possible resembling a ship's hold"—was sick. That meant that *fomites* had nothing to do with it, and that quarantine is of no use whatever.

So then they went to a much pleasanter house, with fresh air and sunshine and clean linen—clean as surgeons understand cleanness. And here, also, there were screens, and half of the house party lived on one side of the screens and the other half on the other side. And again no mosquitoes could come in. But—some *were* in; they were waiting in one half of the house. And that mosquito half of the house you might call the front of battle, if you liked to be heroic about it. Here your officer charges uphill, waving his sword, and fame comes to him who is first over the fortifications.

Here it was that Luke lay down for thirty minutes upon a bed, his chest and limbs exposed; smiling, I don't doubt, that one-sided smile of his; perhaps whistling a soft, tuneless whistle. (He was nearly tone deaf.)

So he gave himself carelessly to what he believed, and what the physicians in charge believed, to be danger of death. I see him lying at his ease, and smiling . . . and somewhere the operatic Siegfried throws aside his operatic clod of earth—

> "Denn Leben und Leib,
> Seht!—so werf ich sie weit von mir!"

—and then—a mosquito is as effective as Hagen's spear.

For in due course the fever arrived,—"with most unfortunate termination," says the report. But I shall always think he would have come back, if Annabel had wanted him to. The old maid whom he called "Mater" wasn't enough. So he died.

And I'd give something to know whether Annabel still thinks it was done out of curiosity gone mad, and that his fate was the punishment of a just and angry God. Or, doesn't she think at all? Whatever her thoughts are, however, they move in but two dimensions. Thank God I can think in three, even though it is at times a dreary business. But perhaps, later on—wherever it is that Luke is now—one can think in four, and in that way get at the meaning of things that seem to have no meaning now. . . . One can imagine whatever one chooses about those things. One can im-

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agine, that the truth will be something simpler and better than what we have imagined.

I had such strange dreams after Luke died —not unpleasant dreams. . . . I thought I was young again—young! I! I thought I was at the beginning of my long loneliness. (Selfishness, as I see it now. What business had I to live alone in that big house? I had a notion of self-culture, God help me!—thought I was going to write in that big lonely library with all those choice old books of my father's—so sat there forty years and did nothing. Forty years!) But in one of the dreams that forty years' mistake had not begun and I was the young girl that still expected a lover. It was dusk —just too dark to read, though I was reading to my eyes' hurt. (The "Decline and Fall," I think, for I was improving my mind vigorously.) The scent of the narcissus was very strong. And the gate-latch clicked in the old, old way . . . and it was Luke. Luke! who wasn't even born until twenty years after that. . . . And then I woke, and youth was so strong in me that I must light a candle and look in the glass before I could believe that I was old. . . . I wonder if Annabel Fraser ever dreams of him?

They know all about yellow fever, now. He was only one of those who died to find out; and others who still live have undergone the same danger for the same purpose, for the world is full of courage. And in the end, I suspect, not even the Annabels matter, though they do make it hard at times for the world to get forward the way it wants to.

FOR A DEAD LADY

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

No more with overflowing light
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
Nor shall another's fringe with night
Their woman-hidden world as they did.
No more shall quiver down the days
The flowing wonder of her ways,
Whereof no language may requite
The shifting and the many-shaded.

The grace, divine, definitive,
Comes only as a faint forestalling;
The laugh that love could not forgive
Is hushed, and answers to no calling;
The forehead and the little ears
Have gone where Saturn keeps the years;
The breast where roses could not live
Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws
That have creation in their keeping,
No longer trembles at applause,
Or over children that are sleeping;
And we who delve in beauty's lore
Know all that we have known before
Of what inexorable cause
Makes Time so vicious in his reaping.

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From Rothenburg to the Danube

By Everett Warner · Illustrated with Etchings by the Author

DINKELSBÜHL! Dinkelsbühl! I repeated over to myself after my German friend had left me. Could a town with such a ridiculous name possibly be the romantic place which his enthusiasm pictured it? The idea was absurd. Mediæval it might be, but romantic—never!

But I could not dismiss such a peculiar name from my mind in that summary fashion. My thoughts harked back to it continually, and, since the town lay so temptingly near Rothenburg, it was not long before I had decided to heed my friend's advice and investigate it for myself.

It was not a question of "discovering" Dinkelsbühl, he had assured me. That had already been done by the German painters from Munich, and it was rather a question of visiting an artists' haunt before it became an objective point for the ordinary tourist and lost much of its quaintness and charm. Through the coterie of painters who frequented the town many of its more familiar aspects were being exhibited in the large annual picture displays in Munich, and since

> "we're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see,"

it would not be long before interest would be awakened in this old imperial town on the Wörnitz.

If the town did indeed so richly repay a visit as my friend seemed to think, I should be wise to anticipate that coming era of popularity, for I knew only too well what sad havoc popularity and its attendant prosperity would make with the original picturesqueness of its streets. In my mind's eye I could already see the devastating influences at work—the coat of new paint spread over the weather stains on venerable walls, the large show windows set into the fronts of old stores, and the pert, new structures elbowing their way into the formerly unbroken lines of ancient buildings. By the time an electric-lighting plant had been installed, and the town repainted and remodelled until nothing remained that was really ruinous except the prices in the hotels, the citizen would be able to look with great pride on his native town. But the artists who had been the cause of all its prosperity would regret its vanished charm and seek out some other retreat, for like the ivy they cling to what is old and crumbling into ruin.

The melancholy picture which I had conjured up of Dinkelsbühl's financial prosperity and artistic decay proved so affecting that I lost no time in taking down from the shelf my collection of maps, time-tables and guidebooks, with a view to gleaning what preliminary information I might.

For once the indispensable would have to be dispensed with. Baedeker went back on the shelf in short order, as I found there only a few lines in small type, a gratifying circumstance on second thought, as it tended to confirm my friend's statement

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The Röderbogen, Rothenburg.

that the town was shamefully neglected by the average tourist.

My study of the time-tables, hardly more profitable, revealed the fact that, by means of a branch line put through from Rothenburg to Dombühl within the last few years, I might travel all the way to my destination by rail at an average speed of seven miles an hour. Now I will not permit myself to make any observations about the Royal Bavarian State Railway which might be construed as treasonable. I am convinced that travel under such conditions is eminently safe. Nay, I am even grateful to a beneficent government which employs such a thoroughly effective method of preserving the more remote portions of the kingdom in their primal picturesqueness and simplicity.

Nevertheless, I put the time-tables very

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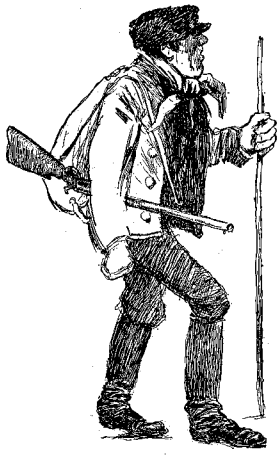
Rothenburg sky-line.

firmly back on the shelf and decided then and there upon a walking trip, and before I had done poring over the maps I had so far enlarged upon my original scheme as to include the whole Wörnitz Valley down to Donauwörth, where the little river loses itself in the Danube.

It was not very many days later that I shipped the more cumbersome of the necessary materials for painting and etching to Dinkelsbühl, where I expected to make something of a stay, and, packing a large sketch-book and a few personal requisites in a *Rucksack*, I bade good-by to the hospitable walls of Rothenburg and took the road.

After passing Schillingsfürst, with its uninteresting square castle perched on a commanding eminence, I struck into the dark forest of tall pines, for who would not run the risk of going astray, in exchange for the joys of cross-country walking, where your feet sink noiselessly into a wonderful carpet of velvety green moss, and a partridge whirs up from before your feet, or a startled deer bounds across the path before you?



Moreover, when measuring off milestones on the dusty highway, the walker's superiority over the rest of creation is not so apparent, and it is difficult to conjure up that feeling of pity for the motorist which, I understand, should fill the breast of every true pedestrian. I am afraid that I attained but imperfectly to this ideal attitude of mind. At nine o'clock in the morning I could rise to it easily, but about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the knapsack was getting heavy, all the genuine compassion I could muster was bestowed on pedestrians.

On emerging from the Schillingsfürst Forest and descending to the valley, I learned from a peasant at work in the fields that I had missed Dombühl completely and come out instead near Wörnitz, a small village situated near the source of the river bearing that name. I was not greatly disturbed at my blunder, for since I was to follow the little stream to the Danube, I had no objection to picking it up a little nearer than I had expected; so, readily reconciled to dropping Dombühl from my itinerary, I pushed on and, before the afternoon was far spent, arrived in Feuchtwangen, where I had planned to make my first halt.

It is by no means an imposing town. The troublous times through which it has passed have left no structures of notable architectural interest except the Stifts and Johannis churches, and of the formidable towers which must once have guarded the

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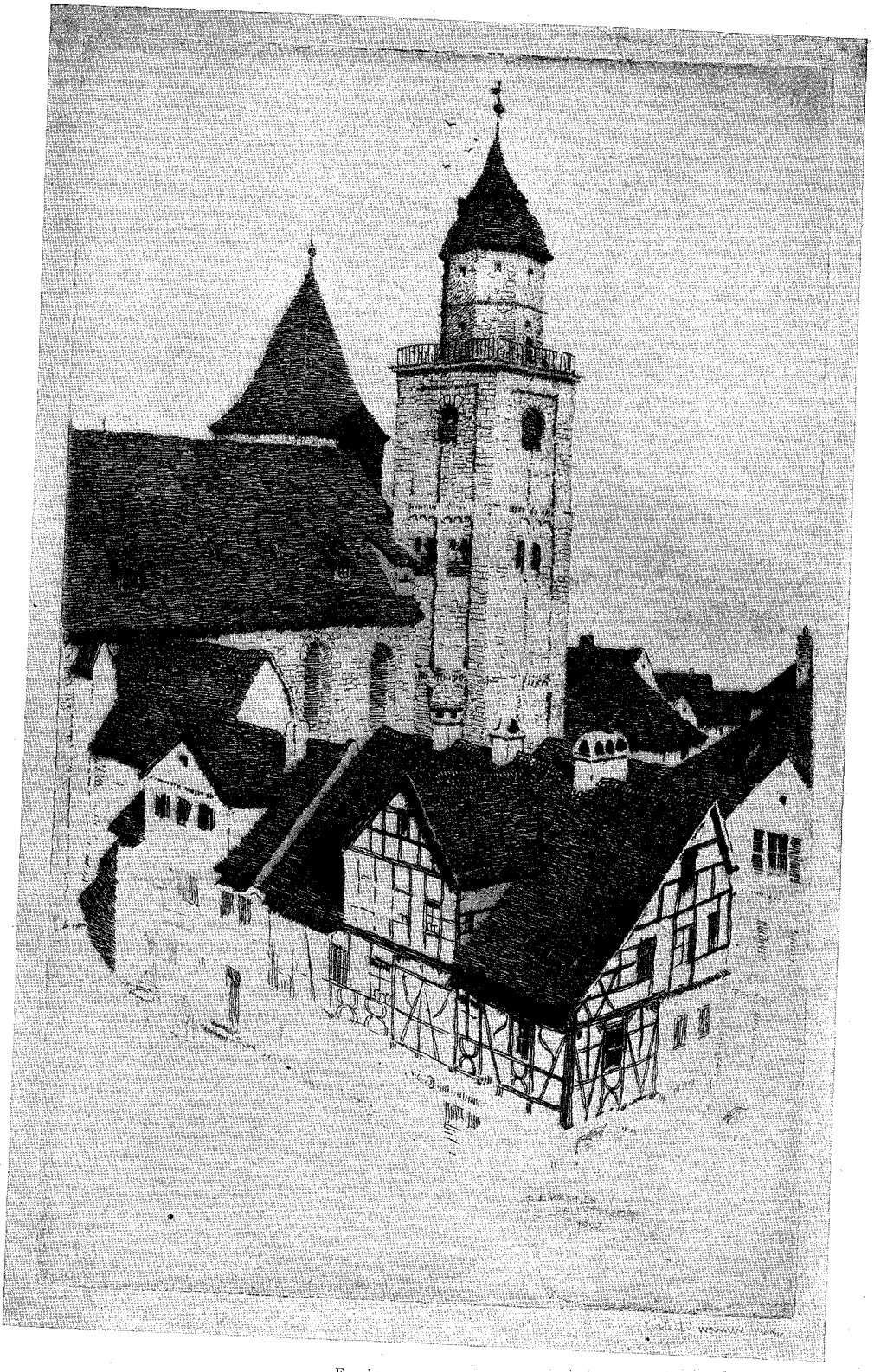

Feuchtwangen Church.

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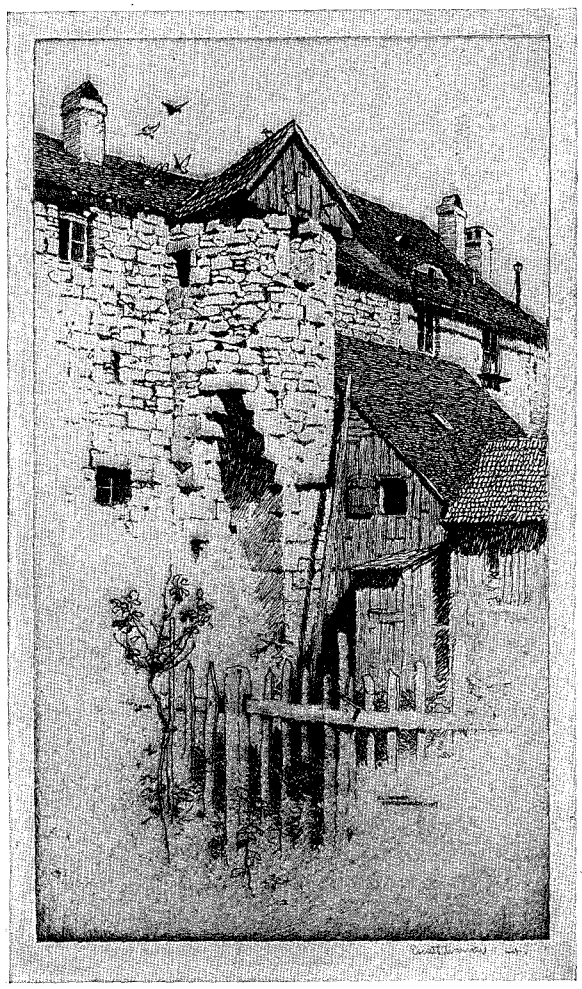
entrances to the encircling wall, nothing remains but a single arch. Yet for the painter it has indubitable charm, not yielded up at first glance, but reserved for him who does not scorn to explore every turn of its crooked, wretchedly paved, and not overclean streets.



A house in the wall, Feuchtwangen.

What remains of the old town wall is immeasurably more appealing to the artistic eye than the more perfectly preserved defences of many another mediæval town—the more so since what was designed for the arts of war is now so thoroughly converted to the uses of peace, and all along buildings have been built into and upon the wall, and the former moat turned into blossoming gardens. Flower-pots rest on the ledges of the windows that have been opened in the crumbling, circular bastions, and doves fly in and out of the ancient loop-holes, while a sleepy cat suns herself, perhaps in the very opening from which in olden time the town's defenders were wont to pour boiling oil and shower other thoughtful little attentions on the heads of their neighbors from Dinkelsbühl, who nevertheless succeeded in sacking the town on two different occasions.

Feuchtwangen owes its origin to a cloister founded by Charlemagne, if tradition is to be believed, and why should we grovel in the dust of history when the airy flights of legend and tradition are so much more interesting? According to the very pretty tale, Charlemagne was hunting in the Riesgau when he was stricken with a violent fever. Nowhere could he find good water until a friendly dove brought him to a clear spring, and here, restored once more to health, the emperor vowed to build a cloister in token of his gratitude. That this legend at least enjoys a reputable age is shown by the Fountain of the Dove in the market-place, and by the late-Gothic figure in the church, representing the kneeling Charlemagne with a model of the gift church in his hand.

The main body of the present church is Gothic, but the two towers have retained their Romanesque character with little alteration, and in an adjoining garden may be seen the Romanesque arches of a cloister walk, the only surviving remains of an earlier structure which possibly does come down to us from the time of Charlemagne.

Two days in Feuchtwangen were all that my impatience would allow me, since Dinkelsbühl lay less than three hours' walk distant, and I was anxious to satisfy my curiosity concerning it. My way led over many narrow foot-bridges, and across the

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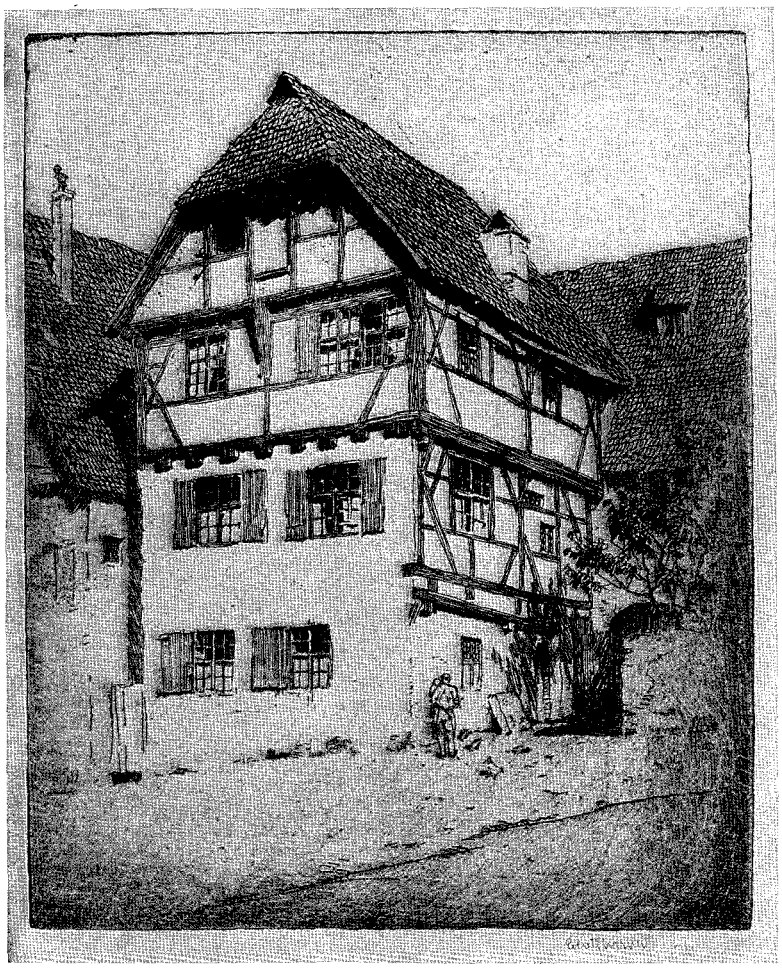

A corner in Dinkelsbühl.

most luxuriant green meadows, dotted with friendly little villages, if such clusters of houses may be dignified with that name, but before long the path faded away and I was among the hills, threading alternate patches of pasture and woodland.

At length, as I gained the summit of a steep hill, the woods left me and gave place to open country, and the ground sloping gently away allowed me a wide prospect over the meadow-lands through which the Wörnitz wound its leisurely way. In the stream's calm surface were reflected the gray walls and dull red roofs of a many-towered town, still some distance away, but near enough so that I could note the unusually sharp gables of the houses and wonder at the gigantic mass of the church which loomed above them. It was Dinkelsbühl.

As I approached nearer the town, I waived my opportunity of crossing a narrow foot-bridge and entering by the north gate, choosing instead to skirt along the river, which has been divided so as to serve as a double moat to the town wall. The chief charm of Dinkelsbühl lies in this stretch washed by the Wörnitz. Here stands the old Stadt-mühle and the most individual of the score of towers scattered along the line of defence—the Bäurlin's-turm, which starts very belligerently from the ground with

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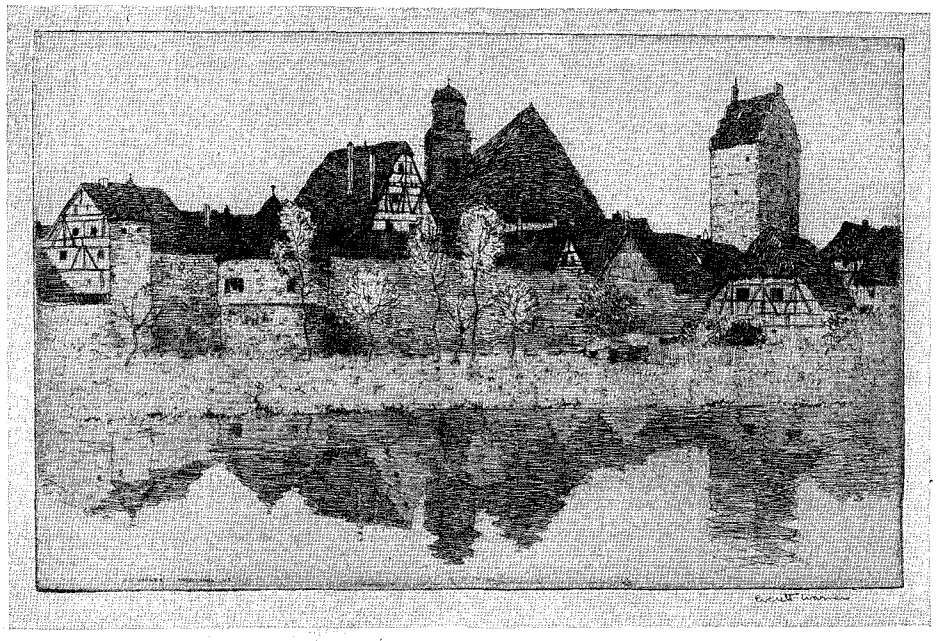

Dinkelsbühl from the river

courses of heavy masonry perforated with loop-holes and then, as though it changed its mind in mid-air, it tops off with a quaint little cross-timbered *Häuschen* which is used as a dwelling.

The ruddy glow of the setting sun lingered only on the extreme tip of the lofty Wörnitz-tor when I at length crossed the moat and passed through the gloomy archway into the main street, where an occasional lighted window commenced to gleam among the gathering shadows.

Entering the market-place, I paused to admire the splendid ornate façade of a many-storied Renaissance house, and, while taking note of the rich carving and interesting timber work, I was struck with the unusual size of the windows which faced north. What an ideal studio it would make, I thought!

The thought was an inspiration, and a moment later I was beneath the carved portal inquiring if rooms were to rent in the house. Quite apart from the practical advantages which I saw in the windows, I was greatly attracted by the idea of finding a lodging in one of the historic landmarks of the town. So imagine my delight when a pleasant-faced woman, neatly dressed in black silk, greeted me and told me that one of the front rooms was to rent. Practically the whole side of the large room into which I was shown was of glass, and I took it on the spot.

My lodging was in what was generally known as the "Deutsches Haus," and I did not blame the townspeople for using that simple appellation when I learned the long hyphenated name of the noble family for which the house had been built. What a stroke of luck to have found an admirable studio in a historic house, where even the locks and hinges on the doors testified to the artistic surroundings in which the first occupants had dwelt! It all seemed too good to be true.

It *was* too good to be true, as I learned all too quickly. In the cold light of the following morning the luxurious environment of the noble Grafen seemed much more remote, and I could not shut my eyes to the fact that the furnishings lay under a heavy pall of dust and grime, which for all I know may have had veritable historic associations. Had it been the ashes of her forefathers, my hostess

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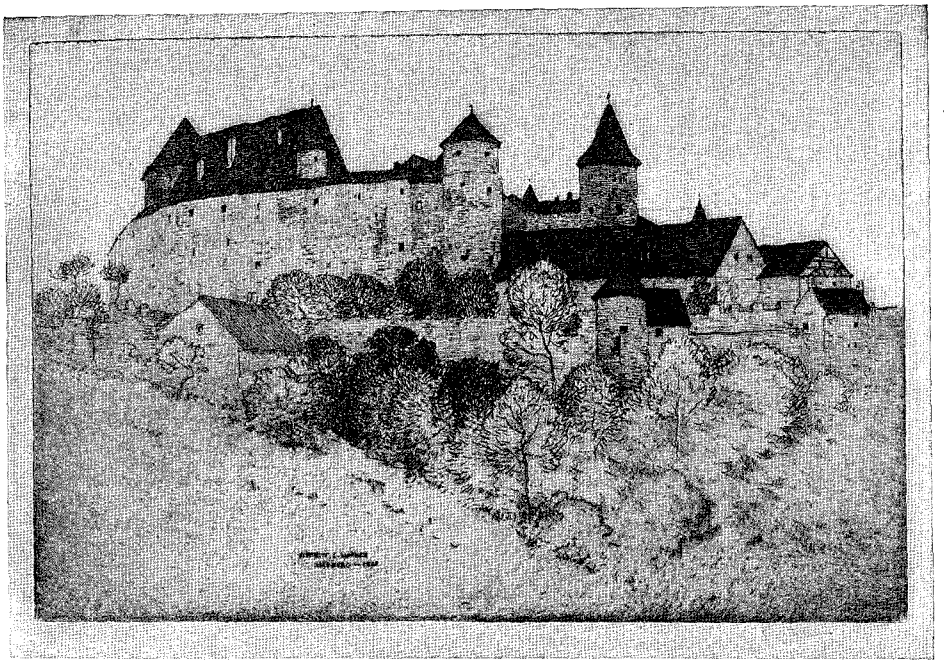

Harburg Castle.

could not have shown a greater reluctance about disturbing it.

I had been grievously mistaken in my first judgment of her. Usually one finds in the personal appearance of the Frau Wirtin a perfectly accurate index of the comfort and cleanliness of the house, but in this case the black silk dress, which had led me to wonder if I were not dealing with a descendant of the noble family, fallen upon evil days and compelled to take in "paying guests," was merely an accident due to a funeral or some other momentous occasion. For the sake of the splendid window in my room I put up with her Gothic ideas on cleanliness for several days, and it was only when she announced that my occupation of the room imposed on me a moral obligation to take my meals in the dirty little Weinstube which she maintained on the ground floor that I rose in my wrath and moved elsewhere, greatly to her consternation, for she had expected to bleed me for a little higher rent in exchange for the valuable privilege of not eating at her table.

I was quite cured of my desire to experiment further with the mediæval, and my only regret was at leaving my fine studio window, which had the added advantage that it gave directly on the market-place, and permitted me, in leisure moments, to watch the changing aspects of the square, a busy enough scene on a market day, but with nothing to recall the fact that once the main thoroughfare from Italy passed through Dinkelsbühl and the market-place echoed to the cracking whips of the muleteers who brought northward the costly treasure of the Orient.

At the opposite side of the little square was the great church, and often, as I glanced over at its sculptured portal, I was reminded of Rossetti's lines:

"And on the carven church-door this hot noon
Lays all its heavy sunshine here without:
But having entered in, we shall find there
Silence, and sudden dimness, and deep prayer,
And faces of crowned angels all about."

The interior is of great beauty, not from the richness of its decoration, but rather from the lack of it. A noble simplicity charac-

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terizes the soaring vault of the vast nave, and against the unbroken gray tone of the masonry the rich altar paintings gleam like

Old warehouses, Nördlingen.

jewels. I can recall few large churches so free from the jarring notes of injudicious restoration or addition, and repeated visits only served to deepen my first vivid impression of its beauty. It is a tremendously big structure for a town the size of Dinkelsbühl, and the elegant proportions of the interior, and its freedom from detail, make it seem even larger than it is.

A touch of sharpness in the air, and a deepening color in the foliage, warned me that I must not linger too long in Dinkelsbühl if I would have favoring weather and friendly skies for the remainder of my trip, and so one beautiful autumn morning saw me afoot betimes, bound for Nördlingen. It was too long a walk to be made in a day, and, after passing through many noble stretches of forest land, I reached Fremdingen, where I had intended to stop for the night, had I not found both the taverns extraordinarily dirty and uninviting in appearance. "A plague o' both your houses," I thought to myself, and, though it was already late in the afternoon, I made up my mind to push on to the next village, where I certainly could not fare worse.

Sundown found me still on the road, and it was getting dark when the way opened out rather suddenly, and I caught a glimpse of the distant Schloss Baldern outlined against the fading light. Marktoffingen, my destination, was still nowhere in sight, and as my feet refused to carry me much farther, I was beginning to look about me for some convenient haystack in which to pass the night, which was warm and pleasant, when I fell in with a man who told me the village lay just the other side of the nearest hill. When we parted company, he warmly recommended the Gasthaus zum Lamm as the best of two possible stopping places, though I did not put implicit confidence in his endorsement, as he remarked that "so long as you get good beer, nothing else matters much."

It was quite dark when I reached the Lamm, from the windows of which floated

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strains of music and the words of a well-known *Trinklied:*

"Grad' aus dem Wirtshaus nun komm' ich heraus,
Strasse wie wunderlich siehst du mir aus!
Rechter Hand, linker Hand, beides vertauscht;
Strasse ich merk' es wohl du bist berauscht."

On entering the tavern, which I found crowded to overflowing, and heavy with the smoke of bad cigars, I sought the Frau Wirtin and made the customary inquiry about the charge for accommodation.

"Twenty Pfennige" (five cents) "is the price of a single room," she answered to my great astonishment. I barely recovered sufficient natural effrontery to inquire if light was included at that figure. It was.

I will confess that, once irrevocably committed to the room, and following the Frau Wirtin's flickering candle up-stairs, I had some furtive regrets for the haystack under the open sky, but when I reached my quarters, I found that the misgivings due to the alarmingly low price were unfounded. I will not pretend it was a luxurious chamber into which I was shown, but it was reasonably clean, and, to be fair to it, many a better bed has not yielded me half so good a night's rest.

Bent on supper, I descended again to the public room, where I found some difficulty in securing a place until a group of skat players moved over a little to give me room at their table. I was grateful for their courtesy and doubly grateful that, being an entire stranger, I was spared the *Wilkom Trunk*, a peculiar custom of offering every newly arriving friend a drink from all the glasses standing on the table where he takes his seat.

I learned the reason for the crowd when the Frau Wirtin, who approached to learn what I would have for supper, explained apologetically that it was *Gesellschaftsabend.* A passing tourist who chances to read in the local paper an announcement of *Gesellschaftsabend* is apt to miss entirely the note of command underlying the words "politely invited," and to look upon it merely as the voluntary social gathering which the name implies. Nothing could be farther from the truth. When one has lived for some time in a small town like Rothenburg, he learns to regard it as the most amazing of all the strange Bavarian customs, and realizes on what a fearful and wonderful foundation business rests.

Every one of the very numerous taverns or *Wirtschaften* sets apart an evening, usually once a week, and attendance on this occasion is mandatory for any one doing any business whatsoever with the landlord. Woe betide the luckless butcher or baker who shall fail to present himself regularly and consume both food and drink, custom decreeing that he shall drink not less than three half-litre glasses of beer. He may rest assured that his absence will be marked, and that the next morning the servant sent out to buy provisions will pass by on the other side. The successful shop-keeper, who numbers among his customers many tavern landlords, must be prepared to spend very few evenings by his own fireside, and it would almost seem as if the chief requisites for the small tradesman were an unlimited capacity for beer drinking, coupled with an iron constitution able

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to withstand the ravages of *Wirtschaft* cookery, and, last but not least, a capable wife to stay at home and mind the business.

This remarkable system attains the height of its absurdity on the occasion of the *Kirchweih*, which is the annual festival of the small village. For example, where a butcher in one of the larger towns supplies meat to the taverns in a number of small hamlets in the immediate vicinity, it is recognized as quite impossible for him to appear for every *Gesellschaftsabend*. Nevertheless he does not escape entirely, and it behooves him to watch his calendar carefully, for whenever one of these local festivals rolls around he must hie him to the village and take his place at the tavern table. When he has partaken of the *Wirtschaft* fare, the landlord brings him his reckoning, and, instead of the mark or a mark and a half, which he would ordinarily charge, he solemnly reckons the meal at ten marks, twenty marks, or whatever higher figure he thinks justified by the amount of his trade with the butcher in course of the year. Truly a remarkably roundabout way of obtaining a discount.

The next morning, while settling the most insignificant hotel bill that it has ever been my lot to encounter, I could not help thinking that those who pictured the country innkeeper as a rapacious brigand had certainly never put up at the Sign of the Lamb. Perhaps my own freedom from unpleasant experiences has led me to take a particularly charitable view of the inn-keeper. Personally I have yet to be charged with a bundle of hay, but I understand it has happened.

"How is this, Herr Wirt?" exclaimed the amazed traveller, going over the items of food and drink on his bill. "You have me charged with a bundle of hay."

"Quite right, quite right," responded the landlord readily. "You complained last night of the mooing of a cow in the adjoining stable, and I gave her a bundle of hay to quiet her."

A dense fog blotted out all but the nearest objects when I left the inn, and, as I dared not leave the direct well-travelled road, I soon covered the few remaining miles which separated me from the chief city of the Riesgau. The very distinctive costumes of the peasants whom I passed along the way served to remind me that I had crossed the Swabian border. The men were almost invariably clad in stiff blouses, made somewhat shorter and fuller than those worn by French workingmen, and ornamented on the shoulders with stripes of coarse but artistic embroidery. For headgear, some wore a kind of black fez with a long tassel, and others preferred a ridiculous looking hat, resembling a derby but only a third of the height to which we are accustomed.

Compared with its neighbors, Nördlingen seems closely in touch with progress and civilization, and, as I made my way through its clean, busy streets, I suddenly became conscious of my dusty attire and my unkempt, unshaven condition.

The landlord of the little hotel where I elected to stop eyed my dusty shoes very hard, rather harder than I thought necessary or polite. It was evident to him that I had been walking. Possibly he was wondering whether I was an itinerant pedler or a Gypsy clock mender, but in Germany pedestrianism is such a popular form of recreation among all classes that a landlord does not necessarily rush to the hasty conclusion that you are a common vagrant simply because you present yourself at his door on foot, bearing your luggage on your back.

Yes, he *thought* he had a room, and he continued to regard me rather sourly. Not until I had filled out the register card which calls for the *Stand* or occupation of a guest, as well as the place from which he hails, did he show the slightest disposition to thaw out; but, his suspicions of me once dispelled, he became genial and overflowing with local pride.

"The Herr Kunstmaler will want to see our museum, which contains some of the finest examples of Herlin and Scheufelin to be found in Germany. And the church, too—just follow this street to the end, turn to the left, and you'll see it before you.

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The tower is magnificent and the ascent will repay you—three hundred and sixty-five steps, one for every day in the year. The tower is exactly as high as the church is long, and in all Bavaria is only exceeded in height by the towers of Landshut, Regensburg, and—" but at this point I fled with a hasty word of thanks.

I was travelling in a section practically uncharted by Baedeker, and, during the period of my emancipation from the red book, I did not propose to have any one foisting unnecessary statistics upon me. Once at the end of the street, I took a guilty glance over my shoulder to see if the proprietor of the hotel were still looking, and turned to the right, a manœuvre which carried me away from the "sights" of the town, but which brought me down into the ancient leather-drying quarter, where old warehouses lean over the canal at the most absurd angles.

Except in natural decay, the centuries have brought little change to this quarter, and, being what the Germans call "a friend of the picturesque," I took a lively enjoyment in following this canal or arm of the Wörnitz through the town and up to the ruined Wasserturm, which arches over the stream at the point where it enters the town walls. I discovered that access could be had to the *Mauergang*, or gallery, which runs along the crest of the wall, and I made almost the entire circuit of the town upon it.

No one could fail to be impressed with the massive character of the watch-towers at the gates. They are not so high, nor so slender and gracefully proportioned as the towers of Rothenburg, nor as quaint and varied as those of Dinkelsbühl, but they give a tremendous impression of strength.

On the outer edge of the wide moat is a charming promenade, but the effect suffers from the fact that the moat has been allowed to dry up, and has been devoted to plebeian pursuits, more useful than inspiring. It is not inconceivable that a traveller in a reflective mood might gaze upon the moat in Feuchtwangen and repeat to himself the lines:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled."

In Nördlingen any such flow of sentiment would be checked instantly by the discovery that the chief product of the moat is not romantic red roses, but prosaic red cabbages.

Before returning to the hotel I realized how difficult it is to free one's self from the grip of habit and custom in sightseeing. In spite of my fine phrases about emancipation, conscience kept telling me that I ought not to neglect the regulation sights just because similar things had so often bored me on previous occasions, and kept warning me that I would regret my folly when it was too ate. A stern sense of duty led my steps around to the Rathaus with its imposing outside stairway of mixed Gothic and Renaissance styles.

The museum is on the third floor, and I was deeply thankful to the restless conscience that had brought me thither, for it is a very remarkable collection for an out-of-the-way town. Herlin was a native of Nördlingen, and it is natural that the collection of his works should be large and choice, but the collection of pictures by Scheufelin is hardly less notable, and the quality throughout was a genuine surprise to me.

Passing through the market-place on my way to the church, I reflected that mine host of the inn had proved right about the museum, but not even a conscience of the most approved New England type could have compelled me to verify his assertion about the three hundred and sixty-five steps in the bell tower.

A couple of days later I set out for Harburg in a fog that showed an obstinate disposition to stay with me all day. For several mornings it had been troublesome, but usually cleared away about noon. On this occasion it became somewhat lighter during the middle of the day, but I cannot say that it would have been a very serious disadvantage if it had enveloped me closely all the way, for I have

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seldom traversed a more uninteresting tract of land.

There was nothing to do but follow the road, which now ran straight as an arrow through perfectly flat, fertile fields, stripped bare of their harvest. There were not even fences to break the monotony, and it would have taken the imagination of a real-estate dealer selling suburban lots to have painted such a dreary expanse in glowing colors.

As I neared Harburg, wooded hills at length gave variety to the landscape, and, heartily sick of the highway, I left it and ascended the hills. The fog was growing thicker with the waning afternoon, but I kept my bearings as best I might, and pushed on cautiously, until I was suddenly aware of the muffled sounds of village life coming up to me from below. A dog barked and a cart rattled across the cobblestones, but I strained my eyes in vain until a momentary lifting of the fog revealed the farther side of a ravine into which I was now descending. There, within a stone's-throw of where I stood, a fortress reared its towers and gables in ghostly silhouette. In a minute the fog rolled in again, and the vision vanished as quickly as though it were an enchanted castle of fairyland.

For me, at least, it did weave a spell of enchantment. From the very first glimpse I fell under the sway of its fascination, and there is nothing in my whole walking trip which I recall with keener pleasure than Harburg Castle.

Possibly an architect would not look twice at it, as it is a rather mixed structure, combining a number of styles and periods, but a painter could hardly fail to be impressed with the profiles which it presents against the sky when viewed from a dozen different points. Then, too, it has that "smack of age," and "relish of the saltness of time," so dear to the painter's heart.

The older parts, which are at the back of the castle, have weathered the vicissitudes of peace and war for six centuries, and to the very earliest period belongs that massive square tower known as the "Hunger Tower," from the fact that it contains a huge pit with a small aperture at the top, through which prisoners were lowered by a windlass and left to perish. All this and more the old woman who acts as caretaker told me as I wandered leisurely over the castle on the following day.

A tour of the gallery which runs around the inside of the castle wall made a most delightful termination to my visit. The castle is set high above the town, with a very precipitous descent on the east side, where the river seems to flow almost under the castle walls, and every loop-hole in the thick masonry frames a picture more charming than the last. From this point of vantage the view in clear weather must be very extended in all directions, but as the sky was overcast, and traces of the fog still lingered on the horizon, I was obliged to content myself with the nearer attractions of the landscape—the ancient stone bridge spanning the Wörnitz, and the gleaming reflections of the whitewashed mills beside it.

I was fated not to see the sun again until after my trip was ended, and from Harburg to Donauwörth, the last stage of my journey, I walked under leaden skies in which lurked a threat of the long-delayed autumnal rains. Without any enlivening incident I gained the last rise of ground which separated me from my journey's end, and the Danube lay before me, a small rather muddy stream flowing between flat banks void of any special character. At this point in its course it would require a great deal of hardihood to call it either beautiful or blue.

Donauwörth, once a free city of the empire, can still boast a number of picturesque points along the scanty remains of its ancient wall, but it lies more in the main current of trade and travel, and its individuality has been more or less effaced.

There proved to be little of interest to detain me, and, since upon the following day the long expected rain began in good earnest, I was easily reconciled to a speedy departure, and swung myself aboard the train, northward bound. As the train wound slowly up the hill, we crossed a familiar road which I recognized as the route I had traversed from Harburg, and at the summit I had my last glimpse of the Wörnitz. In recollection I have often revisited the quaint towns along its banks, for, as Jean Paul says, "Memory is the one Paradise from which we can never be driven out."

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THE LIFTED BANDAGE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE man let himself into his front door and, staggering slightly, like a drunken man, as he closed it, walked to the hall table and mechanically laid down his hat, but still wearing his overcoat turned and went into his library, and dropped on the edge of a divan and stared out through the leaded panes of glass across the room facing him. The grayish skin of his face seemed to fall in diagonal furrows, from the eyes, from the nose, from the mouth. He sat, still to his finger-tips, staring.

He was sitting so when a servant slipped in and stood motionless a minute, and went to the wide window where the west light glared through leafless branches outside, and drew the shades lower, and went to the fireplace and touched a match. Wood caught and crackled and a cheerful orange flame flew noisily up the chimney, but the man sitting on the divan did not notice. The butler waited a moment, watching, hesitating, and then:

"Have you had lunch, sir?" he asked in a tentative, gentle voice.

The staring eyes moved with an effort and rested on the servant's face. "Lunch?" he repeated, apparently trying to focus on the meaning of the word. "Lunch? I don't know, Miller. But don't bring anything."

With a great anxiety in his face Miller regarded his master. "Would you let me take your overcoat, Judge —you'll be too warm," he said.

He spoke in a suppressed tone as if waiting for, fearing something, as if longing to show sympathy, and the man stood and let himself be cared for, and then sat down again in the same unrestful, fixed attitude, gazing out again through the glittering panes into the stormy, tawny west sky. Miller came back and stood quiet, patient; in a few minutes the man seemed to become aware of him.

"I forgot, Miller. You'll want to know," he said in a tone which went to show an old bond between the two. "You'll be sorry to hear, Miller," he said—and the dull eyes moved difficultly to the anxious ones, and his voice was uninflected—"you'll be sorry to know that the coroner's jury decided that Master Jack was a murderer."

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The word came more horribly because of an air of detachment from the man's mind. It was like a soulless, evil mechanism, running unguided. Miller caught at a chair.

"I don't believe it, sir," he gasped. "No lawyer shall make me. I've known him since he was ten, Judge, and they're mistaken. It's not any mere lawyers can make me believe that awful thing, sir, of our Master Jack." The servant was shaking from head to foot with intense rejection, and the man put up his hand as if to ward off his emotion.

"I wish I could agree with you," he said quietly, and then added, "Thank you, Miller." And the old butler, walking as if struck with a sickness, was gone.

The man sat on the edge of the divan staring out of the window, minute after minute; the November wind tossed the clean, black lines of the branches backward and forward against the copper sky, as if a giant hand moved a fan of sea-weed before a fire. The man sat still and stared. The sky dulled; the delicate, wild branches melted together; the diamond lines in the window blurred; yet, unmoved, unseeing, the eyes stared through them.

The burr of an electric bell sounded; some one came in at the front door and came to the door of the library, but the fixed figure did not stir. The newcomer stood silent a minute, two minutes; a young man in clerical dress, boyish, with gray, serious eyes. At length he spoke.

"May I come in? It's Dick."

The man's head turned slowly and his look rested inquiringly on his nephew. It was a minute before he said, as if recognizing him, "Dick. Yes." And set himself as before to the persistent gazing through the window.

"I lost you at the court-house," the younger man said. "I didn't mean to let you come home alone."

"Thank you, Dick." It seemed as if neither joy nor sorrow would find a way into the quiet voice again.

The wind roared; the boughs rustled against the glass; the fire, soberly settled to work, steamed and crackled; the clock ticked indifferently; there was no other sound in the room; the two men were silent, the one staring always before him, the other sitting with a hand on the older man's hand, waiting. Minutes they sat so, and the wintry sky outside darkened and lay sullenly in bands of gray and orange against the windows; the light of the logs was stronger than the daylight; it flickered carelessly across the ashiness of the emotionless face. The young man, watching the face, bent forward and gripped his other hand on the unresponsive one in his clasp.

"Uncle," he asked, "will it make things worse if I talk to you?"

"No, Dick."

Nothing made a difference, it seemed. Silence or words must simply fall without effect on the rock bottom of despair. The young man halted, as if dismayed, before this overpowering inertia of hopelessness; he drew a quick breath.

"A coroner's jury isn't infallible. I don't believe it of Jack—a lot of people don't believe it," he said.

The older man looked at him heavily. "You'd say that. Jack's friends will. I've been trained to weigh evidence—I must believe it."

"Listen," the young man urged. "Don't shut down the gates like that. I'm not a lawyer, but I've been trained to think, too, and I believe you're not thinking squarely. There's other evidence that counts besides this. There's Jack—his personality."

"It has been taken into consideration."

"It can't be taken into consideration by strangers—it needs years of intimacy to weigh that evidence as I can weigh it—as you— You know best of all," he cried out impulsively, "if you'll let yourself know, how impossible it was. That Jack should have bought that pistol and taken it to Ben Armstrong's rooms to kill him—it was impossible—impossible!" The clinched fist came down on the black broadcloth knee with the conviction of the man behind it. The words rushed like melted metal, hot, stinging, not to be stopped. The judge quivered as if they had stung through the callousness, touched a nerve. A faint color crawled to his cheeks; for the first time he spoke quickly, as if his thoughts connected with something more than gray matter.

"You talk about my not allowing myself to believe in Jack. You seem not to realize that such a belief would—might—stand between me and madness. I've been trying to adjust myself to a possible scheme of living—getting through the years till I go into nothingness. I can't. All I can grasp is

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Drawn by M. Leone Bracker

"You must know this—you know your son—you know human nature."—Page 297.

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the feeling that a man might have if dropped from a balloon and forced to stay gasping in the air, with no place in it, nothing to hold to, no breath to draw, no earth to rest on, no end to hope for. There is nothing beyond."

"Everything is beyond," the young man cried triumphantly. "'The end,' as you call it, is an end to hope for—it is the beginning. The beginning of more than you have ever had—with them, with the people you care about."

The judge turned a ghastly look upon the impetuous, bright face. "If I believed that, I should be even now perfectly happy. I don't see how you Christians can ever be sorry when your friends die—it's childish; anybody ought to be able to wait a few years. But I don't believe it," he said heavily, and went on again as if an inertia of speech were carrying him as an inertia of silence had held him a few minutes before. "When my wife died a year ago it ended my personal life, but I could live Jack's life. I was glad in the success and honor of it. Now the success—" he made a gesture. "And the honor—if I had that, only the honor of Jack's life left, I think I could finish the years with dignity. I've not been a bad man—I've done my part and lived as seemed right. Before I'm old the joy is wiped out and long years left. Why? It's not reasonable—not logical. With one thing to hold to, with Jack's good name, I might live. How can I, now? What can I do? A life must have a *raison d'être*.

"Listen," the clergyman cried again. "You are not judging Jack as fairly as you would judge a common criminal. You know better than I how often juries make mistakes—why should you trust this jury to have made none?"

"I didn't trust the jury. I watched as I have never before known how to watch a case. I felt my mind more clear and alert than common."

"Alert!" he caught at the word. "But alert on the side of terror—abnormally clear to see what you dreaded. Because you are fair-minded, because it has been the habit of your life to correct at once any conscious prejudice in your judgment, you have swayed to the side of unfairness to yourself, to Jack. Uncle," he flashed out, "would it tear your soul to have me state the case as I see it? I might, you know—I might bring out something that would make it look different."

Almost a smile touched the gray lines of his face. "If you wish."

The young man drew himself into his chair and clasped his hands around his knee. "Here it is. Mr. Newbold, on the seventh floor of the Bruzon bachelor apartments, heard a shot at one in the morning, next his bedroom, in Ben Armstrong's room. He hurried into the public hall, saw the door wide open into Ben's apartment, went in and found Ben shot dead. Trying to use the telephone to call help, he found it was out of order. So he rushed again into the hall toward the elevator with the idea of getting Dr. Avery, who lived below on the second floor. The elevator door was open also, and a man's opera-hat lay near it on the floor; he saw, just in time, that the car was at the bottom of the shaft, almost stepping inside, in his excitement, before he noticed this. Then he ran down the stairs with Jack's hat in his hand, and got Dr. Avery, and they found Jack at the foot of the elevator shaft. It was known that Ben Armstrong and Jack had quarrelled the day before; it was known that Jack was quick-tempered; it is known that he bought that evening the pistol which was found on the floor by Ben, loaded, with one empty shell. That's the story."

The steady voice stopped a moment and the young man shivered slightly; his look was strained. Steadily he went on.

"That's the story. From that the coroner's jury have found that Jack killed Ben Armstrong—that he bought the pistol to kill him, and went to his rooms with that purpose; that in his haste to escape, he missed seeing that the elevator was down, as Mr. Newbold all but missed seeing it later, and jumped into the shaft and was killed instantly himself. That's what the jury gets from the facts, but it seems to me they're begging the question. There are a hundred hypotheses that would fit the case of Jack's innocence—why is it reasonable to settle on the one that means his guilt? This is my idea. Jack and Ben Armstrong had been friends since boyhood and Jack, quick-tempered as he was, was warm-hearted and loyal. It was like him to decide suddenly to go to Ben and make friends. He had been to a play in the evening which had more or less that motif; he

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was open to such influences. It was like the pair of them, after the reconciliation, to set to work looking at Jack's new toy, the pistol. It was a brand-new sort, and the two have been interested always in guns—I remember how I, as a youngster, was impressed when Ben and Jack bought their first shot-guns together. Jack had got the pistol at Mellingham's that evening, you know—he was likely to be keen about it still, and then—it went off. There are plenty of other cases where a man has shot his friend by accident—why shouldn't poor Jack be given the benefit of the doubt? The telephone wouldn't work; Jack rushed out with the same idea which struck Mr. Newbold later, of getting Dr. Avery—and fell down the shaft.

"For me there is no doubt. I never knew him to hold malice. He was violent sometimes, but that he could have gone about for hours with a pistol in his pocket and murder in his heart; that he could have planned Ben Armstrong's death and carried it out deliberately—it's a contradiction in terms. It's impossible, being Jack. You must know this—you know your son—you know human nature."

The rapid *résumé* was but an impassioned appeal. Its answer came after a minute; to the torrent of eager words, three words:

"Thank you, Dick."

The absolute lack of impression on the man's judgment was plain.

"Ah!" The clergyman sprang to his feet and stood, his eyes blazing, despairing, looking down at the bent, listless figure. How could he let a human being suffer as this one was suffering? Quickly his thoughts shifted their basis. He could not affect the mind of the lawyer; might he reach now, perhaps, the soul of the man? He knew the difficulty, for before this his belief had crossed swords with the agnosticism of his uncle, an agnosticism shared by his father, in which he had been trained, from which he bad broken free only five years before. He had faced the batteries of the two older brains at that time, and come out with the brightness of his new-found faith untarnished, but without, he remembered, scratching the armor of their profound doubt in everything. One could see, looking at the slender black figure, at the visionary gaze of the gray wide eyes, at the shape of the face, broadbrowed, ovaled, that this man's psychic make-up must lift him like wings into an atmosphere outside a material, outside even an intellectual world. He could breathe freely only in a spiritual air, and things hard to believe to most human beings were, perhaps, his every-day thoughts. He caught a quick breath of excitement as it flashed to his brain that now, possibly, was coming the moment when he might justify his life, might help this man whom he loved, to peace. The breath he caught was a prayer; his strong, nervous fingers trembled. He spoke in a tone whose concentration lifted the eyes below him, that brooded, stared.

"I can't bear it to stand by and see you go under, when there's help close. You said that if you could believe that they were living, that you would have them again, you would be perfectly happy no matter how many years you must wait. They are living as sure as I am here, and as sure as Jack was here, and Jack's mother. They are living still. Perhaps they're close to you now. You've bound a bandage over your eyes, you've covered the vision of your spirit, so that you can't see; but that doesn't make nothingness of God's world. It's there—here—close, maybe. A more real world than this—this little thing." With a boyish gesture he thrust behind him the universe. "What do we know about the earth, except effects upon our consciousness? It's all a matter of inference—you know that better than I. The thing we do know beyond doubt is that we are each of us a something that suffers and is happy. How is that something the same as the body—the body that gets old and dies—how can it be? You can't change thought into matter—not conceivably—everybody acknowledges that. Why should the thinking part die then, because the material part dies? When the organ is broken is the organist dead? The body is the hull, the covering, and when it has grown useless it will fall away and the live seed in it will stand free to sunlight and air—just at the beginning of life, as a plant is when it breaks through earth in the spring. It's the seed in the ground, and it's the flower in the sunlight, but it's the same thing—the same life—it is—it *is*." The boy's intensity of conviction shot like a flame across the quiet room.

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"It is the same thing with us too. The same spirit-substance underlies both worlds and there is no separation in space, only in view-point. Life goes on—it's just transfigured. It's as if a bandage should be lifted from our eyes and we should suddenly see things in whose presence we had been always."

The rushing, eager voice stopped. He bent and laid his hand on the older man's and stared at his face, half hidden now in the shadows of the lowering fire. There was no response. The heavy head did not lift and the attitude was unstirred, hopeless. As if struck by a blow he sprang erect and his fingers shut hard. He spoke as if to himself, brokenly.

"He does not believe—a single word—I say. I can't help him—I *can't* help him."

Suddenly the clinched fists flung out as if of a power not their own, and his voice rang across the room.

"God!" The word shot from him as if a thunderbolt fell with it. "God! Lift the bandage!"

A log fell with a crash into the fire; great battling shadows blurred all the air; he was gone.

The man, startled, drew up his bent shoulders and pushed back a lock of gray hair and stared about, shaking, bewildered. The ringing voice, the word that had flashed as if out of a larger atmosphere—the place was yet full of these, and the shock of it added a keenness to his misery. His figure swung sideways; he fell on the cushions of the sofa and his arms stretched across them, his gray head lying heedless; sobs that tore roots came painfully; it was the last depth. Out of it, without his volition, he spoke aloud.

"God, God, God!" his voice said, not prayerfully, but repeating the sound that had shocked his torture. The word wailed, mocked, reproached, defied—and yet it was a prayer. Out of a soul in mortal stress that word comes sometimes driven by a force of the spirit like the force of the lungs fighting for breath—and it is a prayer.

"God, God, God!" the broken voice repeated, and sobs cut the words. And again. Over and over, and again the sobbing broke it.

As suddenly as if a knife had stopped the life inside the body, all sound stopped. A movement shook the man as he lay face down, arms stretched. Then for a minute, two minutes, he was quiet, with a quiet that meant muscles stretched, nerves alert. Slowly, slowly the tightened muscles of the arms pushed the shoulders backward and upward; the head lifted; the face turned outward, and if an observer had been there he might have seen by the glow of the firelight that the features, wet, distorted, wore, more than all at this moment, a look of amazement. Slowly, slowly, moving as if afraid to disturb something—a dream—a presence—the man sat erect as he had been sitting before, only that the rigidity was in some way gone. He sat alert, his eyes wide, filled with astonishment, gazing before him eagerly—a look different from the dull stare of an hour ago by the difference between hope and despair. His hands caught at the stuff of the divan on either side and clutched it.

All the time the look of his face changed; all the time, not at once, but by fast, startling degrees the gray misery which had bound eyes and mouth and brow in iron dropped as if a cover were being torn off and a light set free. Amazement, doubting, incredulous came first, and with that eagerness, trembling and afraid. And then hope—and then the fear to hope. And hunger. He bent forward, his eyes peered into the quiet emptiness, his fingers gripped the cloth as if to anchor him to a wonder, to an unbelievable something; his body leaned—to something—and his face now was the face of a starved man, of a man dying from thirst, who sees food, water, salvation.

And his face changed; a quality incredible was coming into it—joy. He was transformed. Lines softened by magic; color came, and light in the eyes; the first unbelief, the amazement, shifted surely, swiftly, and in a flash the whole man shone, shook with rapture. He threw out before him his arms, reaching, clasping, and from his radiant look the arms might have held all happiness.

A minute he stayed so with his hands stretched out, with face glowing, then slowly, his eyes straining as if perhaps they followed a vision which faded from them—slowly his arms fell and the expectancy went from his look. Yet not the light, not the joy. His body quivered; his breath came unevenly, as of one just gone through a crisis; every sense seemed still alive to

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catch a faintest note of something exquisite which vanished; and with that the spell, rapidly as it had come, was gone. And the man sat there quiet, as he had sat an hour before, and the face which had been leaden was brilliant. He stirred and glanced about the room as if trying to adjust himself, and his eyes smiled as they rested on the familiar objects, as if for love of them, for pleasure in them. One might have said that this man had been given back at a blow youth and happiness. Movement seemed beyond him yet—he was yet dazed with the newness of a marvel—but he turned his head and saw the fire and at that put out his hand to it as if to a friend.

The electric bell burred softly again through the house, and the man heard it, and his eyes rested inquiringly on the door of the library. In a moment another man stood there, of his own age, iron-gray, strong-featured.

"Dick told me I might come," he said. "Shall I trouble you? May I stay with you awhile?"

The judge put out his hand friendlily, a little vaguely, much as he had put it out to the fire. "Surely," he said, and the newcomer was all at once aware of his look. He started.

"You're not well," he said. "You must take something—whiskey— Miller——"

The butler moved in the room making lights here and there, and he came quickly.

"No," the Judge said. "I don't want anything—I don't need anything. It's not as you think. I'll tell you about it."

Miller was gone; Dick's father waited, his gaze fixed on the judge's face anxiously, and for moments no word was spoken. The judge gazed into the fire with the rapt, smiling look which had so startled his brother-in-law. At length:

"I don't know how to tell you," he said. "There seem no words. Something has happened, yet it's difficult to explain."

"Something happened?" the other repeated, bewildered but guarded. "I don't understand. Has some one been here? Is it about—the trial?"

"No." A slight spasm twisted the smiling lines of the man's mouth, but it was gone and the mouth smiled still.

A horror-struck expression gleamed for a second from the anxious eyes of the brother-in-law, but he controlled it quickly. He spoke gently. "Tell me about it—it will do you good to talk."

The judge turned from the fire, and at sight of his flushed cheeks and lighted eyes the other shrank back, and the judge saw it. "You needn't be alarmed," he said quietly. "Nothing is wrong with me. But something has happened, as I told you, and everything—is changed." His eyes lifted as he spoke and strayed about the room as if considering the change which had come also to the accustomed setting.

A shock of pity flashed from the other, and was mastered at once. "Can you tell me what has happened," he urged. The judge, his face bright with a brightness that was dreadful to the man who watched him, held his hand to the fire, turning it about as if enjoying the warmth. The other shivered. There was silence for a minute. The judge broke it, speaking thoughtfully.

"Suppose you had been born blind, Ned," he began, "and no one had ever given you a hint of the sense of vision, and your imagination had never presented such a power to your mind. Can you suppose that?"

"I think so—yes," the brother-in-law answered, with careful gentleness, watching always the illumined countenance. "Yes, I can suppose it."

"Then fancy if you will that all at once sight came, and the world flashed before you. Do you think you'd be able to describe such an experience?"

The voice was normal, reflective. Many a time the two had talked together of such things in this very room, and the naturalness of the scene, and of the judge's manner, made the brother-in-law for a second forget the tragedy in which they were living.

"Why, of course," he answered. "If one had never heard of such a power one's vocabulary wouldn't take in the words to describe it."

"Exactly," the judge agreed. "That's the point I'm making. Perhaps now I may tell you what it is that has happened. Or rather, I may make you understand how a definite and concrete event has come to pass, which I can't tell you."

Alarm suddenly expressed itself beyond control in the brother-in-law's face. "John, what do you mean? Do you see that you distress me? Can't you tell clearly if some one has been here—what it is, in plain English, that has happened?"

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The judge turned his dreamy, bright look toward the frightened man. "I do see —I do see," he brought out affectionately. "I'll try to tell, as you say, in plain English. But it is like the case I put—it is a question of lack of vocabulary. A remarkable experience has occurred in this room within an hour. I can no more describe it than the man born blind could describe sight. I can only call it by one name, which may startle you. A revelation."

"A revelation!" the tone expressed incredulity, scarcely veiled scorn.

The judge's brilliant gaze rested undisturbed on the speaker. "I understand—none better. A day ago, two hours ago, I should have answered in that tone. We have been trained in the same school, and have thought alike. Dick was here a while ago and said things—you know what Dick would say. You know how you and I have been sorry for the lad—been indulgent to him—with his keen, broad mind and that inspired self-forgetfulness of his—how we've been sorry to have such qualities wasted on a parson, a religion machine. We've thought he'd come around in time, that he was too large a personality to be tied to a treadmill. We've thought that all along, haven't we? Well, Dick was here, and out of the hell where I was I thought that again. When he talked I thought in a way—for I couldn't think much—that after a consistent voyage of agnosticism, I wouldn't be whipped into snivelling belief at the end, by shipwreck. I would at least go down without surrendering. In a dim way I thought that. And all that I thought then, and have thought through my life, is nothing. Reasoning doesn't weigh against experience. Dick is right."

The other man sat before him, bent forward, his hands on his knees, listening, dazed. There was a quality in the speaker's tone which made it necessary to take his words seriously. Yet—the other sighed and relaxed a bit as he waited, watched. The calm voice went on.

"The largest event of my life has happened in the last hour, in this room. It was this way. When Dick went out I—went utterly to pieces. It was the farthest depth. Out of it I called on God, not knowing what I did. And he answered. That's what happened. As if—as if a bandage had been lifted from my eyes, I was—I was in the presence of things—indescribable. There was no change, only that where I was blind before I now saw. I don't mean vision. I haven't words to explain what I mean. But a world was about me as real as this; it had perhaps always been there; in that moment I was first aware of it. I knew, as if a door had been opened, what heaven means—a condition of being. And I knew another thing more personal—that, without question, it was right with those I thought I had lost and that the horror which seemed blackest I have no need to dread. I cannot say that I saw them or heard or touched them, but I was with them. I understand, but I can't make you understand. I told Dick an hour ago that if I could believe they were living, that I should ever have them again, I should be perfectly happy. That's true now. I believe it, and I am—perfectly happy."

The listener groaned uncontrollably.

"I know your thought," the judge answered the sound, and his eyes were like lamps as he turned them toward the man. "But you're wrong—my mind is not unhinged. You'll see. After what I've gone through, after facing eternity without hope, what are mere years? I can wait. I know. I am—perfectly happy."

Then the man who listened rose from his chair and came and put a hand gently on the shoulder of the judge, looking down at him gravely. "I don't understand you very well, John," he said, "but I'm glad of anything—of anything"—his voice went suddenly. "Will you wait for me here a few minutes? I'm going home and I'll be back. I think I'll spend the night with you if you don't object."

"Object! Wait!" The judge looked up in surprise, and with that he smiled. "I see. Surely. I'd like to have you here. Yes, I'll certainly wait."

Outside in the hall one might have heard the brother-in-law say a low word or two to Miller as the man helped him on with his coat; then the front door shut softly, and he was gone, and the judge sat alone, his head thrown back against his chair, his face luminous.

The other man swung down the dark street, rushing, agitated. As he came to the corner an electric light shone full on him and a figure crossing down toward him, halted.

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"I don't understand you very well, John," he said.—Page 300.

"Father! I was coming to find you. Something extraordinary has happened. I was coming to find you."

"Yes, Dick." The older man waited.

"I've just left Charley Owen at the house—you remember Charley Owen?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you do—he's been here with—Jack. He was in Jack's class in college—in Jack's and Ben Armstrong's. He used to go on shooting trips with them both—often."

"I remember now."

"Yes, I knew you would." The young voice rushed on. "He has been away just now—down in Florida shooting—away from civilization. He got all his mail for a month in one lump—just now—

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"How is he—how is my uncle?"—Page 303.

two days ago. In it was a letter from Jack and Ben Armstrong, written that night, written together. Do you see what that means?"

"What!" The word was not a question, but an exclamation. "What—Dick!"

"Yes—yes. There were newspapers, too, which gave an account of the trial—the first he'd heard of it—he was away in the Everglades. He started instantly, and came on here when he had read the papers, and realized the bearing his letter would have on the trial. He has travelled day and night. He hoped to get here in time. Jack and Ben thought he was in New York. They wrote to ask him to go duck-shooting—with them. And, father—here's the most startling point of it all." As the man waited, watching his son's face, he groaned suddenly and made a gesture of despair.

"Don't, father—don't take it that way. It's good—it's glorious—it clears Jack. My uncle will be almost happy. But I

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wouldn't tell him at once—I'd be careful," he warned the other.

"What was it—the startling point you spoke of?"

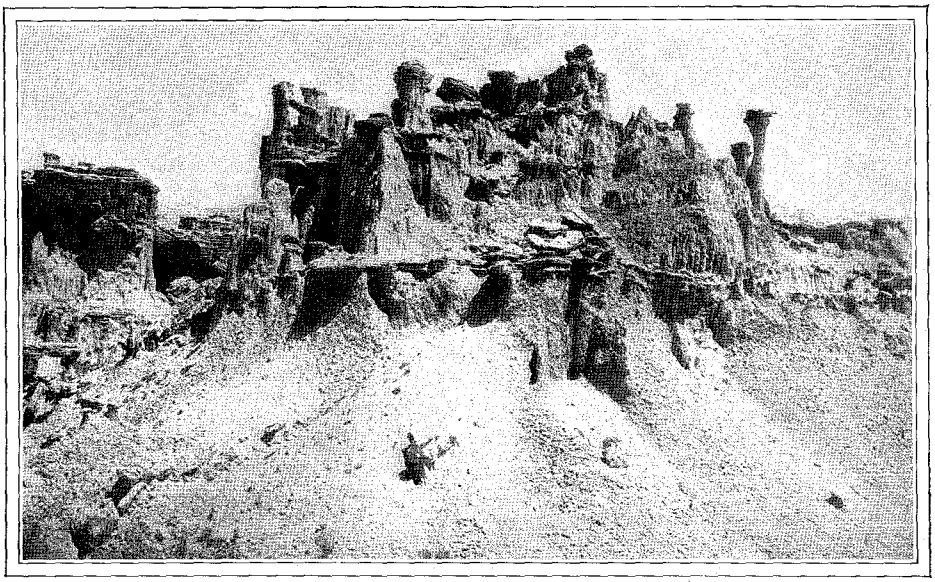
"Oh—surely—this. The letter to Charley Owen spoke of Jack's new pistol—that pistol. Jack said they would have target-shooting with it in camp. They were all crack shots, you know He said he had bought it that evening, and that Ben thought well of it. Ben signed the letter after Jack, and then added a postscript. It clears Jack—it clears him. Doesn't it, father? But I wouldn't tell my uncle just yet. He's not fit to take it in for a few hours—don't you think so?"

"No, I won't tell him—just yet."

The young man's wide glance concentrated with a flash on his father's face. "What is it? You speak queerly. You've just come from there. How is he—how is my uncle?"

There was a letter-box at the corner, a foot from the older man's shoulder. He put out his hand and held to the lid a moment before he answered. His voice was harsh.

"Your uncle is—perfectly happy," he said. "He's gone mad."



Pinnacles of Protoceras sandstone.
Centre of Big Bad Lands.

THE BIG BAD LANDS

By N. H. Darton
U. S. Geological Survey

AMONG the most notable but least known wonders of our far west are the Big Bad Lands of South Dakota. They are a portion of the great central plains lying east of the Black Hills and are remote from settlements and lines of communication. They are rarely reached by sightseers and the great tides of transcontinental travel sweep far to the north and south. The region has long been famous as a collecting ground for students in quest of fossil bones, and thousands of fine specimens have been obtained for museums in all parts of the world. The bad lands do not present mountains or chasms, woodlands or meadows, but a wilderness of rugged forms

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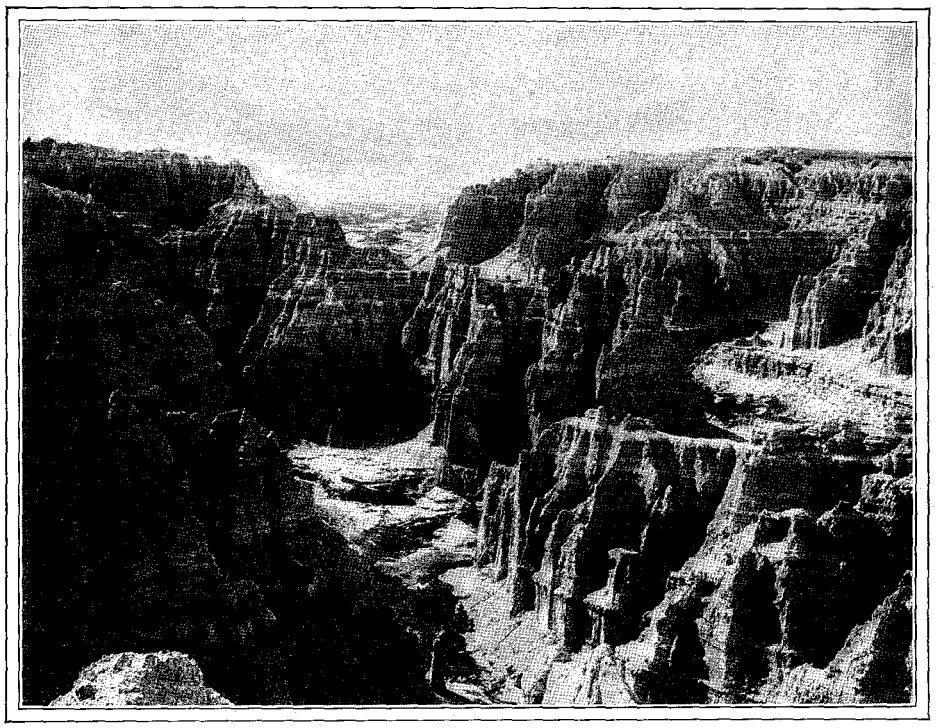
of moderate height carved in soft light-colored rock. There is endless variety in the configuration and the spectacle is a wonderful one, as it lies glittering in the bright western sunlight. Most of the surface is bare of vegetation, and as the area is several thousand square miles the panorama stretches as far as the eye can reach.

For many years this country was reached by a long drive from Hermosa, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, but recently the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. has completed an extension from Chamberlain westward, which crosses the north edge of the bad lands, and the new C. & N. W. R.R. line from Pierre to Rapid passes a short distance north of them.



Canyon leading to summit of Sheep Mountain in Big Bad Lands.

The bad lands are not unlike the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in the suddenness with which they open before one's gaze. After crossing Cheyenne River the road rises gradually so that the first view is usually from the edge of a high plateau out of which the bad lands have been cut. They begin at one's feet and extend to the north and east in far-reaching vista. The air is so clear and the contrast between lights and shadows so strong that infinite details of form are discernible with marvellous distinctness. The ground rises into bare ridges or swells into domes, while the intricate mottlings of shadows mark the depths of innumerable canyons. In some of the narrow winding valleys there is a sparse growth of grass or scattered cottonwood trees, but with these exceptions there is nothing to relieve the eye from the glittering expanse of bare rock.

There are walls and pinnacles, ridges and towers, carved by the rain and wind-blown sand into forms of great beauty and endless variety. Viewed from high points much of the region presents the aspect of a great ruined city of antiquity, built of materials of pale tints of pink, cream, buff and green. Great castles with buttressed walls, pinnacles and towers abound, but crumbling and broken and in confusion of arrangement. High bare walls extend for miles, notched with amphithedral alcoves

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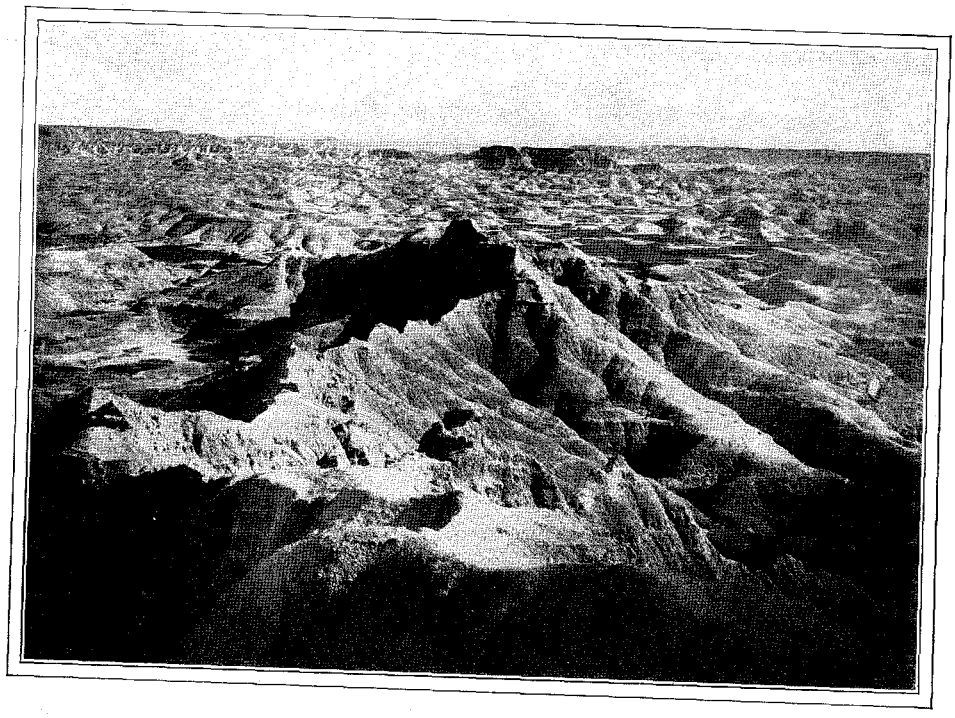
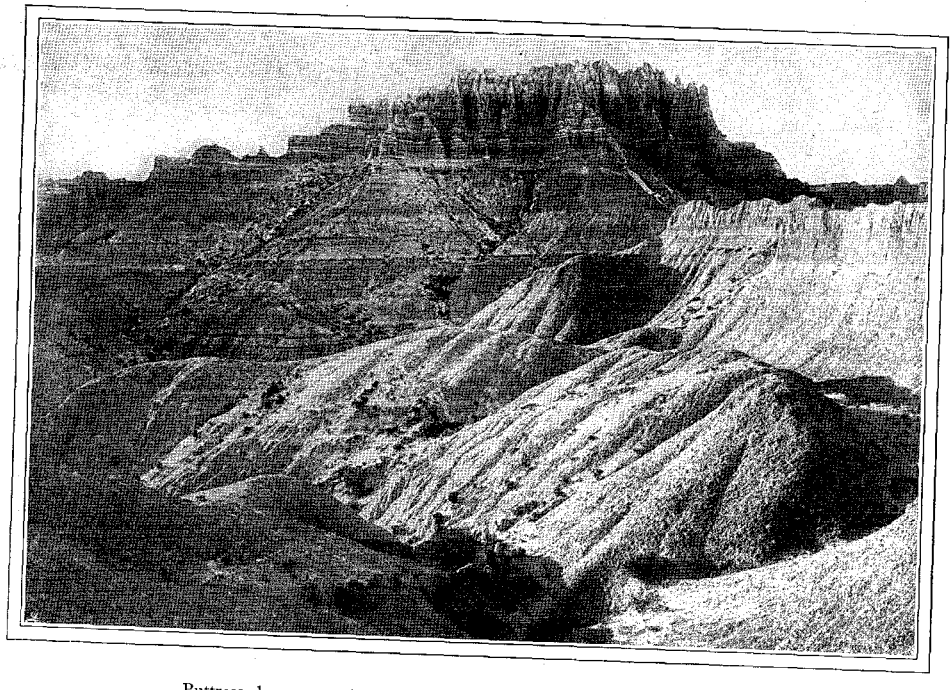


Looking across a great basin in Big Bad Lands.
In the distance is the plateau occupied by the Sioux Indians in Wounded Knee outbreak.



Buttressed spurs on the south side of Sheep Mountain, Big Bad Lands.

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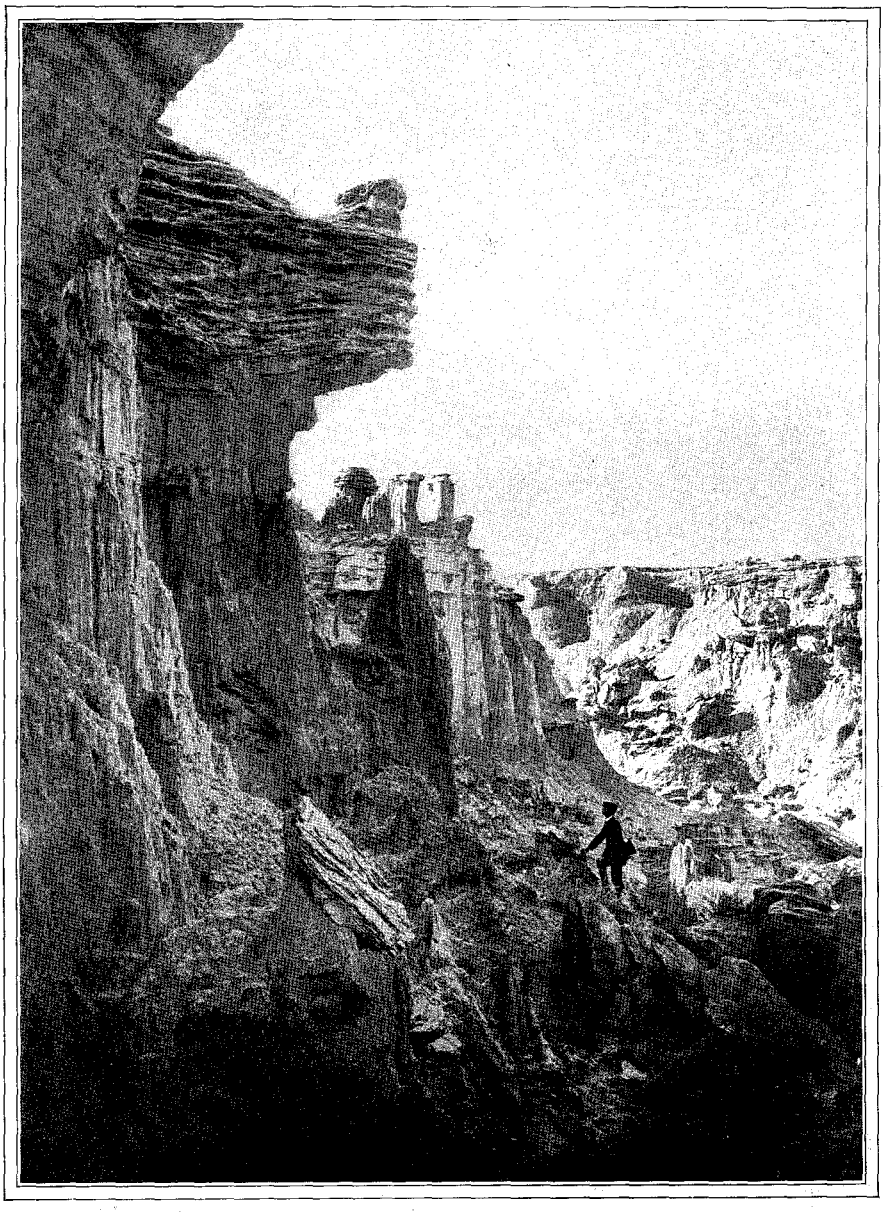

"The Pulpit," Big Bad Lands.

and sustained by elaborate buttresses. The highest features rise from 250 to 500 feet above the valleys. Many deep canyons extend into the bad lands which are walled by precipitous cliffs presenting innumerable grotesque forms that change with the point of view. A high central ridge known as Sheep Mountain is one of the most prominent features of the landscape. It is one of the few remnants of the high plateau from which erosion has carved the bad lands, and the trip is not complete without a climb to its top. It rises less than 500 feet above the adjoining area, but owing to the precipitous sides and the rugged foothold afforded, the climb requires skill and energy. The mountain was named after the mountain sheep which still find pasturage on the grassy

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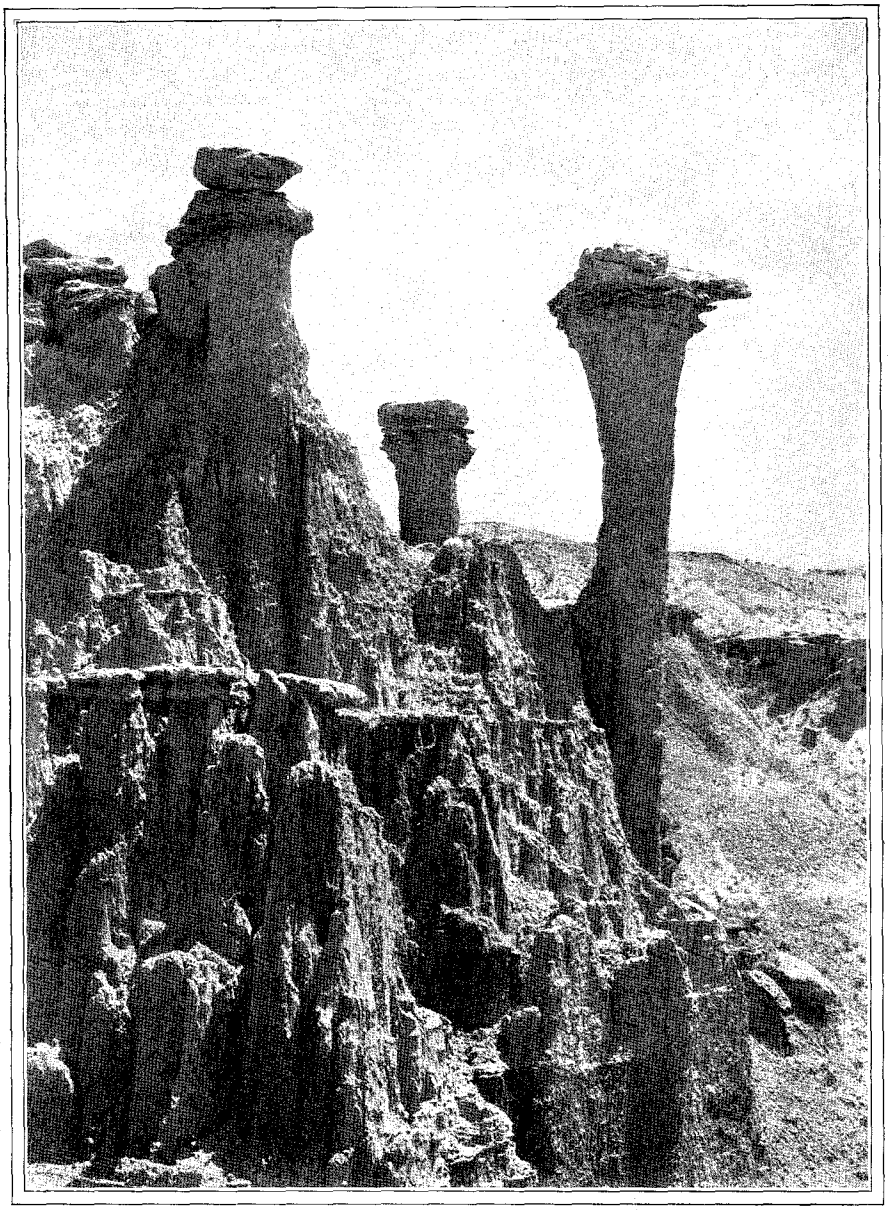

The ostrich rock in centre of Big Bad Lands.

surface of the plateau at its top. The edge of this plateau is a vantage point for a wide area and the views in all directions reveal the most notable bad land scenery in the world. The high bare cliffs of the mountain are carved into infinite variety of form and in places deeply recessed by a maze of canyons. There are many outlying spurs and pinnacles of which several at the south end of the mountain resemble most intricate cathedral architecture on a mammoth scale. The forms are endless in their variety and range from massive symmetry to wild ruggedness.

Originally the entire region of the present Big Bad Lands was a relatively smooth plain built of thick sheets of sand and sandy clay deposited by ancient rivers of Tertiary

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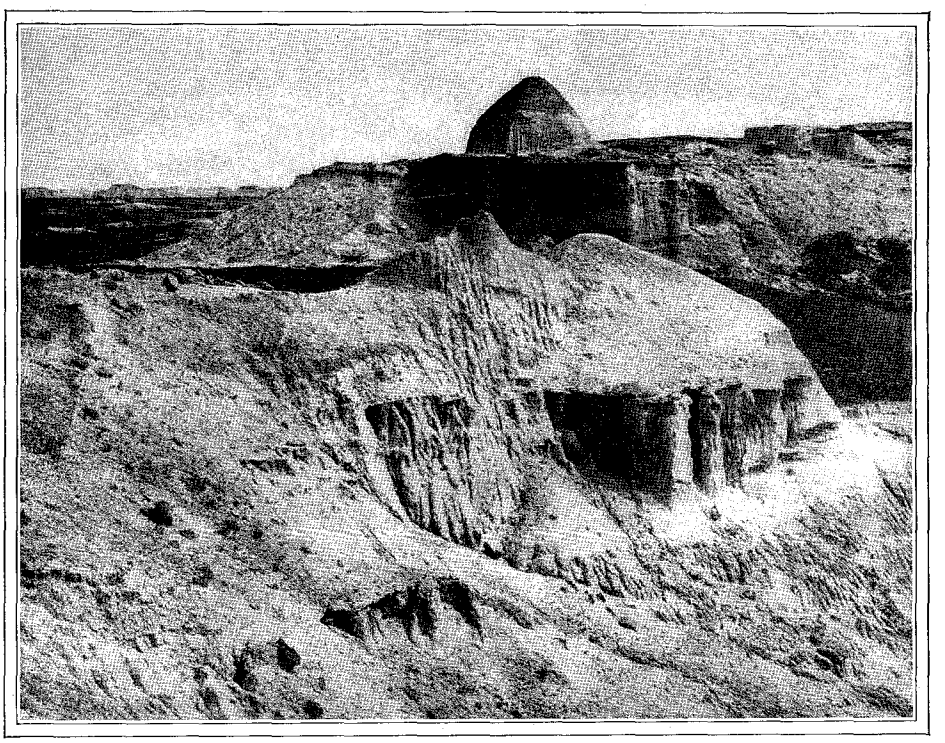
times flowing from the west. The bedding of the soft fine-grained sandstone usually is plainly visible in horizontal banding of many delicate shades. Occasional beds of coarse materials mark the course of a strong current of some old river. In recent geologic time, as the geologist views chronology, this region was uplifted as a high plateau, and White River and the south fork of Cheyenne River and their branches began cutting deeply into the surface of the plains. Although the streams appear to be insufficient to erode extensively, the rain which falls in spring and early summer comes not in gentle showers but as a typical western cloudburst, and the torrents that then flood the gullies and the valleys continue the erosion that developed this great area of bad lands. The steep declivity and the softness of the massive sandstone are exceedingly favorable conditions for rapid erosion. The material is fairly homogeneous but slight differences in its texture add to the complexity of erosion products. Many pinnacles are due to a capping of hard sandstone which has protected the underlying sandy clay. Even the thin veins of chalcedony which cut the lower beds form innumerable small ridges.

In historic times the Big Bad Lands of South Dakota have had their waves of excitement. The greater part of the area lies within the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, and the remainder of the Sioux nation live in the valleys of Pine Ridge some distance south of the bad lands. To these Indians the bad lands afforded unlimited refuge, for in a country so rugged, so wild, so little known and with but few water holes they could easily keep concealed from their pursuers. During the Wounded Knee outbreak a large body of the Indians, after gathering cattle from the settlements near the Black Hills, established themselves on the top of one of the central plateau remnants, south of Sheep Mountain. Here they had food for a long siege and with water obtainable from several springs in the heads of deep canyons, the position was well-nigh impregnable. They here remained



Pyramid Rock.

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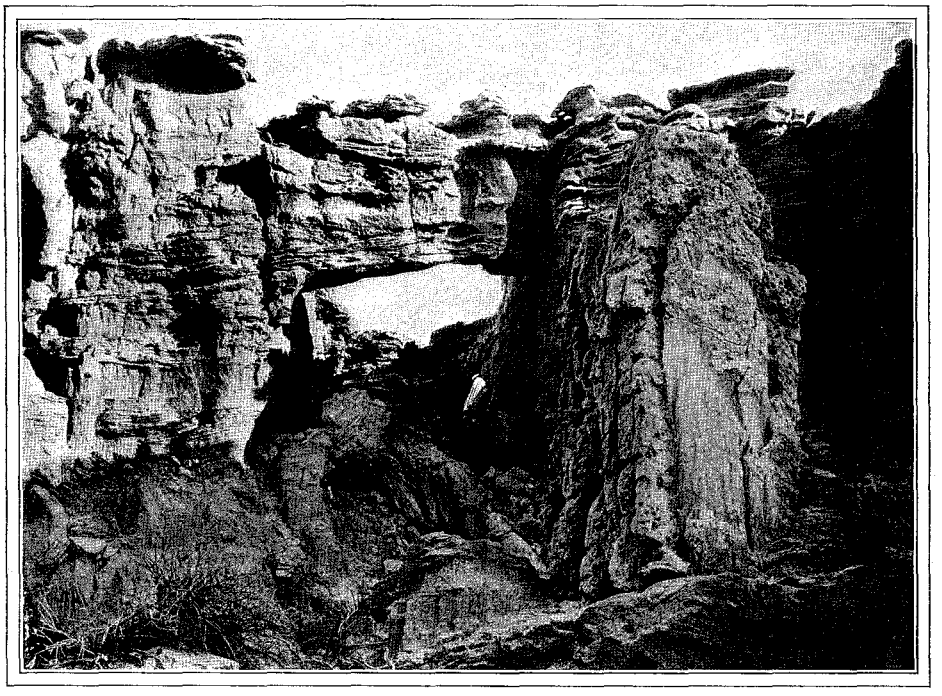
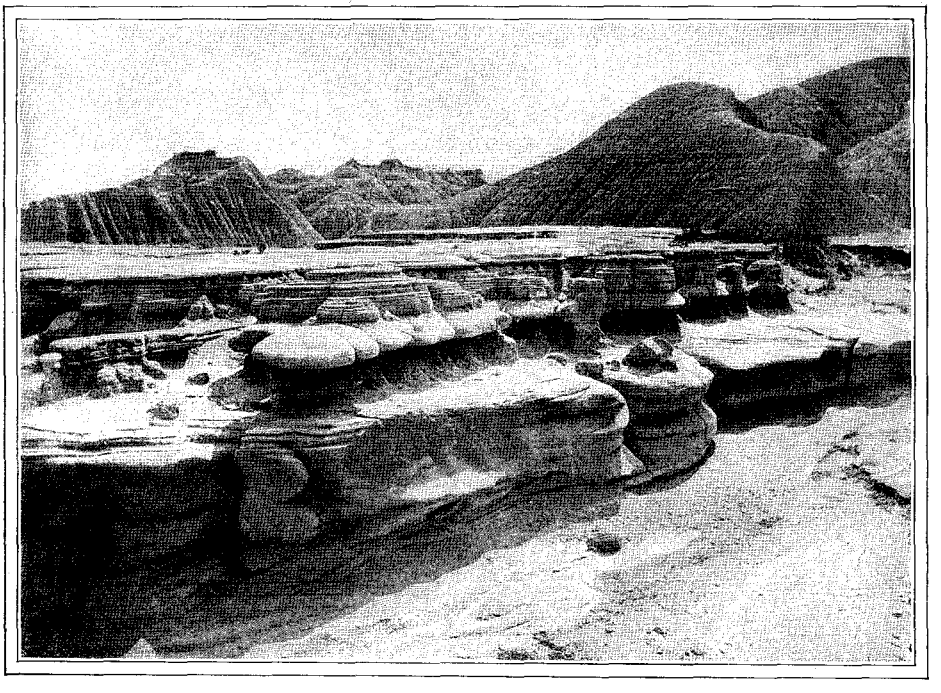


Natural bridge in sandstone



"Toadstool Park," Sioux Co., Neb.
An outlying area of the Bad Lands.

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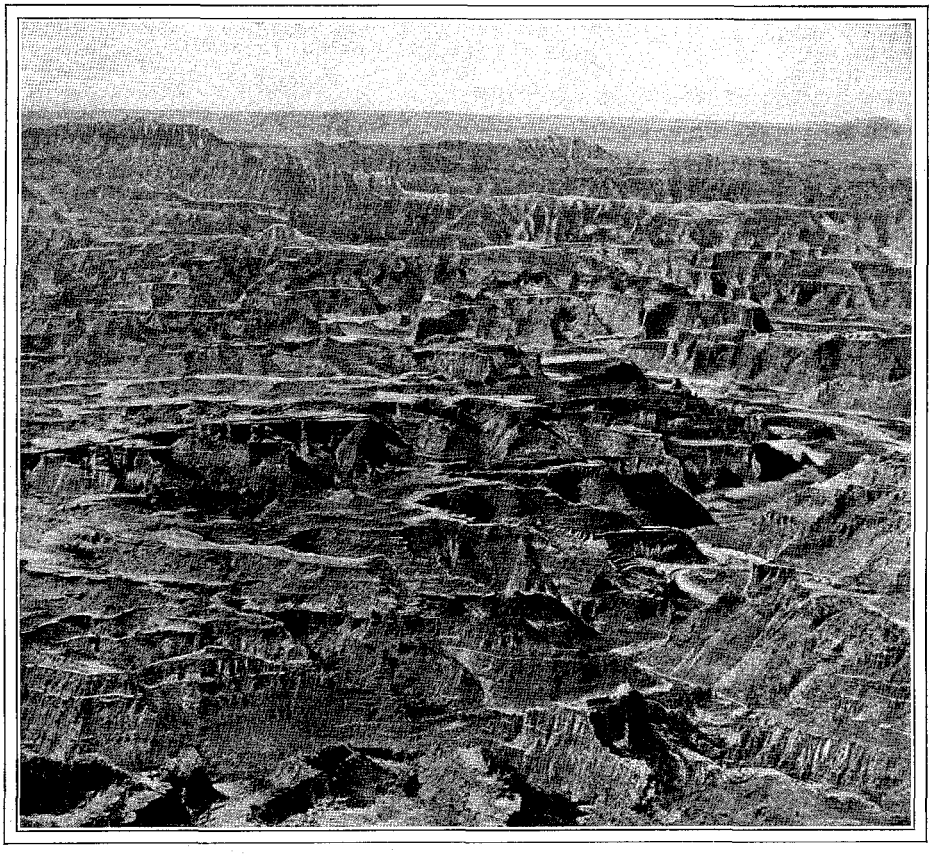

North of Flour Trail, Big Bad Lands.

in defiance for awhile, but finally they were called in by the other Indians who surrendered near the Agency after the Wounded Knee engagement. An interesting postscript to this episode was the recent suit instituted against the Government by the South Dakota ranchmen whose cattle were stolen and concealed in the bad lands by the Indians at this time.

Of later years, the bad lands have settled into a placid serenity disturbed by few visitors save those in quest of fossil bones. These "bone hunters" are parties of paleontologists and students sent by colleges to collect for their museums, and every season sees one or more "outfits" in the region. They go well provided with food, water and tools, and camp for many weeks while they delve into the rocks for bones. The collections have gone to many museums here and abroad and represent a great variety of remarkable extinct animals of Tertiary times. The scientific side of the Big Bad Lands is fairly familiar to paleontologic and geologic investigators, but for the sight-seeking layman the region is still a virgin field.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXVIII

SEEKING ONE THAT WAS LOST

ONE may not hate his personal enemy; but one should hate an enemy to mankind. Had I known what fresh cause I had to hate Pushkin, I should not have been so supine.

Since I began to work seriously my practice had increased, and I was so interested in working on my old ladies' case that I was often detained at my office until late at night; and several times on my way home I observed a man acting somewhat curiously. He would keep along behind me, and if I turned back, would turn up a by-street or alley. He was a big, brawny fellow, and I never saw him except at night. At first it had made no impression on me; but at length I noticed him so often that it suddenly struck me that he was following me. Rendered suspicious by my former experience, I began quietly to test him, and was having a very interesting time leading him around the town, when unexpectedly I discovered who he was. It is a singular feeling to find oneself shadowed: to discover that the man who has passed all others indifferently in the crowd has singled you out and follows you, bound to you by some invisible thread, tracking you through the labyrinth of the thoroughfares; disregarding all the thousands who pass with their manifold interests and affairs, and that singling you out with no known reason, he sticks to you through all the mazes of the multitudes. It comes to you gradually, dawning by degrees; then bursts on you suddenly with a light that astonishes and amazes. You are startled, frightened, incredulous; then you suspect, test, and are convinced; you suddenly spring from obscurity and indifference into an object of interest to yourself; and then it becomes an intellectual game between hunter and hunted. New powers awaken, dormant since the days when man lived in the forest.

When I awoke to the fact that the big man I had noticed was following me, for a moment the sensation was anything but pleasant. My hair almost stirred on my head. The next moment anger took the place of this feeling—indignation that one should dare to shadow me, to spy on my actions. I determined to confront the spy and thwart him. It was not difficult to do; he was an awkward fellow. The game was easier than I had supposed. One night when I had observed him following me, waiting until I reached a favorable spot, I turned quickly with my hand on my pistol, which I had put in my pocket, and faced him under a street lamp, stepping immediately in front of him and blocking his way.

"Otto!"

With a growl he pulled his hat down closer over his brow and, stepping aside, passed on. I went home in a maze. Why should he follow me? I had not long to wait before I was enlightened.

One evening shortly afterward I was about to leave my office when there was a heavy step outside the door, and without a knock the door flew open, and the old Drummer entered. He looked so haggard and broken that I was on my feet in a second.

"What is the matter?" I gasped. "Is any one dead?"

"Vorser! Elsa?—Vere iss Elsa?" He stood before me like a wounded bison at bay, his eyes red with passion.

"Elsa! What!—'Where is she?' Tell me——?"

"Fhat haf you done vit my daughter?"

"Your daughter! What do you mean?" I asked quietly. "I have not seen her since I left your house. Tell me what has occured."

He soon saw that I knew nothing of her, and his face changed. Yet he hesitated.

"Ze Count said—" He began hesitatingly and stopped, thinking over something in his mind.

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Speak her soft, Galley."—Page 316.

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It all came to me in a second. That scoundrel! It was all accounted for now—the change in the family toward me—the notice to leave—the spying of Otto. Count Pushkin had used me as a blind to cover his own wickedness. I suddenly burst out into a wrath which opened the old Drummer's eyes. What I said of Pushkin cannot be repeated. What I proceeded to do was wiser. Why had I not pitched him out of the window that first evening, and so have ended his wicked career! I felt as if I were the cause of my friend's wretchedness; of Elsa's destruction. I sat the old fellow down in a chair, and made him tell me all the facts.

He told me that for some time past he and her mother had noticed that Elsa had not been the same to Otto, and Otto had been unhappy, and had thrown up his place; then she had wished to break with him; but they would not let her. And of late she had been staying out a good deal, visiting her friends, she said, and when they urged her to marry Otto, she had always begged off, and Otto was wretched, and they were all wretched. Count Pushkin had intimated that she was in love with me, and that I was the cause of her action. They could not believe it.

"Yet, ze Count—?" The old fellow was not able to go on. I relieved him, and he took up the thread elsewhere, and told of Otto's following me to find out. And two or three nights before there had been trouble; she had come in late; and her mother had scolded her, and insisted on knowing where she had been, and she told her a lie—and they had insisted on her carrying out her agreement with Otto, to which she assented. And this morning she was missing.

The old fellow broke down again. His grief was almost more for Otto than for himself. "He iss a good boy; he iss a good boy," he repeated again and again.

"Maybe, we were too harsh with her, sir, and now she may be dead." He was overcome by grief.

I did not believe she was dead; but I feared for her a worse fate. He still did not suspect Pushkin.

"I will find her," I said. And I knew I should if I had to choke the truth out of Pushkin's throat.

"If you do, I vill bless you, and her mother vill, too!"

I told him to go home and console her mother.

"She has gone to see the preacher. He will know how to console her—and he will help her also."

"Why do you not go to the police?"

"Oh! Ze police! Ze police! Efery one say 'Ze police!' Ze police vill nod do notings for me. I ham nod von Union-man. Ze haf zeir orders. Ven I hax ze police ze say, 'Don't vorry, Elsa vill come home by-m-by, ven she get readee.'"

I had heard the same thing said about the police, and recalled what I had heard McSheen say to Wringman about keeping them from interfering. But I felt that they were probably right in their views about Elsa.

I had recourse to my detective again, and gave him all the information I possessed.

"Oh! We'll find out where she is," he said, with that inscrutably placid look on his face which I had learned was the veil under which he masked both his feelings and his purposes. "You can tell her father she isn't dead." This in answer to the old man's suggestion that she had been murdered, which I had repeated. Then he added, "But there are worse things than death."

His eyes glistened and he buttoned up his coat in a way he had when there was any sharp work on hand. It always reminded me of a duellist. In a few days he had a clue to the lost girl, and justified my suspicions.

It was as I feared. Pushkin had inveigled her from her home and had taken her to a house which, if not precisely what I apprehended was not less vile. It was one of those doubly disreputable places which, while professing to be reasonably respectable, is really more dangerous than the vilest den. The girl was possibly not actually at the place now, but had been there. Getting some suspicion of the place, she had insisted on leaving, but the woman of the house knew where she was.

"She is a hard one to handle," said Langton. "She has protection."

"Of the police?"

"Of those who control the police. She has powerful friends."

"I don't care how powerful they are, I will get that girl," I said.

I hesitated what to do. I had not wholly abandoned hope of making up my trouble with Eleanor Leigh. I did not

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wish my name to be mixed up in a scandal which probably would get into the papers. I determined to consult John Marvel, and I said so to Langton.

"You mean the preacher? Won't do any harm. He's straight. He's helping to hunt for her, too. I saw him just after I located her, and he had already heard."

I determined to go and see him, and told Langton to keep on following up his clew. When I went to Marvel's house, however, he was not at home. He had been away all day, the girl who opened the door told me. I went to the police station. Marvel had been there and made a complaint about a house, and they were going to send a man around to investigate.

He was a terrible crank, that preacher was, but all the same he was a good sort of a fellow, the officer said. As the man was going in a short while, I determined to accompany him, so waited an hour or so till he was detailed, and then set out. When we arrived the place, for all outward signs of evil, might have been a home for retired Sunday-school teachers—a more decent and respectable little hotel in a quiet street could not have been found in town. Only the large woman, with heightened complexion, Mrs. Snow, who, at length, appeared in answer to the summons of the solemn officer, seemed to be excited and almost agitated. She was divided between outraged modesty and righteous indignation. The former was exhibited rather toward me, the latter toward the officer. But this was all. She swore by all the Evangelists that she knew nothing of the girl, and with yet more vehemence that she would have justice for this outrage. She would "report the officer to the Captain and to his Honor the Mayor, and have the whole —th precinct fired." The officer was very apologetic. All we learned was that, "A lady had been brought there by a gentleman who said he was her husband, but she had refused to let her in." As there was nothing to incriminate her, we left with apologies.

John Marvel's absence when I called to consult him was due to his having got on the trace of Elsa. Another of my friends had also gotten on her trace, and while I was hesitating and thinking of my reputation, they were acting. Miss Eleanor Leigh, having learned through Marvel that the Loewens were in great trouble, as soon as her school was out that day, went to the Loewens' house to learn what she could of the girl, with a view to rendering all the aid she could. Precisely what she learned I never knew, but it was enough with what she had gleaned elsewhere, to lead to action. What she had learned elsewhere pointed to a certain place in town as one where she might secure further information. It was not a very reputable place—in fact, it was a very disreputable place—part saloon, part dance-hall, part everything else that it ought not to have been. It was one of the vilest dens in this city of Confusion, and the more vile because its depths were screened beneath a mass of gilding and tinsel and glitter. It was known as "The Gallery," an euphemism to cover a line of glaring nude figures hung on the walls, which, by an arrangement of mirrors, were multiplied indefinitely. Its ostensible owner was the same Mr. Mick Raffity, who kept the semi-respectable saloon opening on the alley at the back of the building where I had my office. Its keeper was a friend of Mr. Raffity's, by the name of Gallagin, a thin, middle-aged person with one eye, but that an eye like a gimlet, a face impervious to every expression save that which it habitually wore: a mixture of cunning and ferocity.

The place was crowded from a reasonable hour in the evening till an unreasonable hour in the morning, and many a robbery and not a few darker crimes were said to have been planned, and some perpetrated, around its marble tables.

At the side, in a narrow street, was a private entrance and stairway leading to the upper stories, over the door of which was the sign, "Ladies' Entrance." And at the rear was what was termed by Mr. Gallagin, a "Private Hotel."

Young women thronged the lower floor at all hours of the night, but no woman had ever gone in there and not come out a shade worse, if possible, than when she entered. The Salvation Army had attempted the closing of this gilded Augean Stable, but had retired baffled. Now and then a sporadic effort had been made in the press to close or reform it, but all such attempts had failed. The place was "protected." The police never found anything amiss there. To outward appearance it

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was on occasions of inspection as decorous as a meeting-house. It was shown that the place had been offered for Sunday afternoon services, and that such services had actually been held there. In fact, a Scripture-text hung on the wall on such occasions, while close at hand hung the more secular notice that "No excuse whatever would be taken if one lady or gentleman took another lady's or gentleman's hat or wrap."

This gilded saloon on the evening of the day I called on John Marvel was, if any thing, more crowded than usual, and into it just as it was beginning to grow gay and the clouds of cigarette and cigar smoke were beginning to turn the upper atmosphere to a dull gray; just as the earlier hum of voices was giving place to the shrieking laughter and high screaming of half-sodden youths of both sexes, walked a young woman. She was simply dressed in a street costume, and as she walked up through the long room she instantly attracted attention.

The wild laughter subsided, the shrieks died down, and as if by a common impulse necks were craned to watch the newcomer, and the conversation about the tables suddenly hushed to a murmur, except where it was broken by the outbreak of some half-drunken youth.

"Who is she? What is she?" were questions asked at all tables, along with many other questions and answers, alike unprintable and incredible. The general opinion expressed was that she was a new and important addition to the soiled sisterhood, probably from some other city or some country town, and comments were freely bandied about as to her future destination and success. Among the throng, seated at one of the tables, was a large man with two bedizened young women drinking the champagne he was freely offering and tossing off himself, and the women stopped teasing him about his diamond ring, and rallied him on his attention to the newcomer, as with head up, lips compressed, eyes straight before her, and the color mounting in her cheek, she passed swiftly up the room between the tables and made her way to the magnificent bar behind which Mr. Gallagin presided, with his one eye ever boring into the scene before him. Walking up to the bar the stranger at once addressed Mr. Gallagin.

"Are you the proprietor here?"

"Some folks says so. What can I do for yer?"

"I have come to ask if there is not a young woman here—?" She hesitated a moment, as the barkeepers all had their eyes on her and a number of youths had come forward from the tables and were beginning to draw about her. Mr. Gallagin filled in the pause.

"Quite a number, but not one too many. In fact, there is just one vacancy, and I think you are the very peach to fill it." His teeth gleamed for a second at the murmur of approval which came from the men who had drawn up to the bar.

"I came to ask," repeated the girl quietly, "if there is not a young woman here named Elsa Loewen."

The proprietor's one eye fixed itself on her with an imperturbable gaze. "Well, I don't know as there is," he drawled. "You see, there is a good many young women here, and I guess they have a good many names among 'em. But may I ask you what you want with her?"

"I want to get her and take her back to her home."

Mr. Gallagin's eye never moved from her face.

"Well, you can look around and see for yourself," he said quietly.

"No, I don't think she would be here, but have you not a sort of a hotel attached to your place?"

"Oh! Yes," drawled Mr. Gallagin. "I can furnish you a room, if you have any friends.

"No, I do not wish a room."

"Oh!" ejaculated the proprietor.

"I wish to see Elsa Loewen, and I have heard that she is here."

"Oh! you have, and who may be your informant?" demanded the barkeeper, coldly. "I'd like to know what gentleman has sufficient interest in me to make me the subject of his conversation."

"I cannot give you my informant, but I have information that she is here, and I appeal to you to let me see her."

"To me? You appeal to me?" Mr. Gallagin put his hand on his thin chest and nodded toward himself.

"Yes, for her mother; her father. She is a good girl. She is their only daughter. They are distracted over her—disappearance. If you only knew how terrible it is

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for a young girl like that to be lured away from home where every one loves her, to be deceived, betrayed, dragged down while——"

The earnestness of her tone more than the words she uttered, and the strangeness of her appeal in that place, had impressed every one within reach of her voice, and quite a throng of men and women had left the tables and pressed forward listening to the conversation, and for the most part listening in silence, the expression on their faces being divided between wonder, sympathy, and expectancy, and a low murmur began to be audible among the women, hardened as they were. Mr. Gallagin felt that it was a crucial moment in his business. Suddenly from under the fur came the fierce claw and made a dig to strike deep.

"To hell with you, you d——d ——! Out of my place, or I'll pitch you in the gutter or into a worse hole yet!" He made a gesture with one hand such as a cat makes with its claws out.

A big man with a hard gleam in his eye moved along the edge of the bar, his face stolid and his eyes on the new comer, while the throng fell back suddenly and left the girl standing alone with a little space about her, her face pale, and her mouth drawn close under the unexpected assault. In another second she would, without doubt, have been thrown out of the place, or possibly borne off to that worse fate with which she had been threatened. But from the throng to her side stepped out a short, broad-shouldered man, with a sodden face.

"Speak her soft, Galley, —— —— you! You know who she is? That is the angel of the lost children. Speak her soft or —— ——you! you'll have to throw me out, too."

The name was repeated over the throng by many doubtless who had not heard her, but there were others who knew, and told of the work that Eleanor Leigh had been doing in quarters where any other women of her class and kind had never showed their face; of help here and there; a hand lent to lift a fallen girl; of succor in some form or another when all hope appeared to be gone.

It was a strange champion who had suddenly stepped forward into the arena to protect her, but the girl felt suddenly that she was safe. She turned to her champion.

"I thank you," she said simply. "If you wish to help me, help me get hold of this poor girl whom I have come for. Ask him to let me see her, if only for one moment, and I may save her a life of misery."

The man turned to the proprietor. "Why don't you let her see the girl?" he said.

Gallagin scowled at him or winked, it could scarcely be told which. "What the —— is it to you? Why can't you keep your mouth for your own business instead of interfering with other folks? You have seen trouble enough doing that before."

"Let her see the girl."

"What business is it of yours whether I do or not?"

"Just this—that when I was away and my wife was starvin', and you never givin' her nothin', and my little gal was dyin', this here lady came there and took care of 'em —and that's what makes it my business. I don't forgit one as helped me, and you know it."

"Well, I'll tell you this, there ain't no gal of that name here. I don't know what she's talkin' about."

"Oh! Come off! Let her see the gal."

"You go up there and look for yourself," said the proprietor. "Take her with you if you want to and keep her there."

"Shut your mouth, d—n you!" said Talman. He turned to Miss Leigh.

"She ain't here, lady. He'd never let me go up there if she was there. But I'll help you find her if you'll tell me about her. You can go home now. I'll see you safe."

"I am not afraid," said the girl. "My carriage is not far off," and with a pleasant bow and a word of thanks to the proprietor, whose eye was resting on her with a curious, malign expression, she turned and passed back through the room, with her gaze straight ahead of her, while every eye in the room was fastened on her; and just behind her walked the squatty figure of Red Talman. A few doors off a carriage waited, and as she reached the door she turned and gave him the name of the girl she was seeking, with a little account of the circumstances of her disappearance and of her reason for thinking she might be at Gallagin's place. She held out her hand to the man behind her.

"I don't know your name or what you alluded to, but if I can ever help any of your friends I shall be very glad to do what I can for them."

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"My name's Talman. You've already done me a turn."

"'Talman!' 'Red—'! Are you the father of my little girl?"

"That's me."

"What I said just now I mean. Let me know. Good-night."

"Good-night, ma'am."

The man watched the carriage until it had disappeared around the corner and then, after a glance at the workingman who passed him, he returned to the saloon. He walked up to the bar, and Gallagin advanced to meet him.

"If you are lyin' to me," he said, "you better not let me know, but you better git that gal out of your place and into her home, or the first thing you know there will be a sign on that door."

The other gave a snarl.

"I am puttin' you wise," said Talman. "There's trouble brewing. That's big folks lookin' for her."

"I guess Coll McSheen is somethin' in this town still."

"He's a has-been," said Talman. "He's shot his bolt."

"You ought to know," sneered Gallagin.

"I do."

"That the reason you take no more jobs?"

"It's a good one."

"Have a drink," said Gallagin, with a sudden change of manner, and he did him the honor to lift a bottle and put it on the bar.

"I ain't drinkin'. I've got work to do."

"Who's your new owner?"

"Never mind, he's a man. I'm your friend. Send the gal home or you'll be pulled before twenty-four hours."

"You're runnin' a Sunday-school, ain't you?"

"No, but I'm done workin' for some folks. That's all. So long. Git her out of your house if she's here. Git her out of your house."

He walked down the room, and as he passed a table the big man with the two women accosted him.

"Who's your friend?" he asked with a sneer.

Talman stopped and looked at him quietly, then he said: "That man up there," —with his thumb over his shoulder he pointed toward the bar—"that man there has been a friend of mine in the past and he can ask me questions that I don't allow folks like you to ask me. See? I have known a man to git his neck broke by buttin' too hard into other folks' business. See?"

Wringman, with an oath, started to get out of his chair, but his companions held him down, imploring him to be quiet, and the next moment the big bouncer from the bar was standing beside the table, and after a word with him Talman made his way through the crowd and walked out of the door.

XXIX

JOHN MARVEL'S RAID

HAD any one of the many detectives who were engaged in all sorts of work, legitimate and otherwise, in the limits of that great city, been watching among the half-sodden group of loafers and night-walkers who straggled through the side street on which opened the "Ladies' Entrance" of Mr. Gallagin's establishment along toward the morning hours, he might have seen a young woman brought from the door of the ladies' entrance, supported by two persons, one a man and one a woman, and bodily lifted into a disreputable looking hack of the type known as a "night-hawk," while the dingy passers-by laughed among themselves and discussed how much it had taken to get the young woman as drunk as that. But there was no detective or other officer on that street at that hour, and but for the fact that a short, squatty man, nursing a grievance against an old pal of his, and turning over in his mind the unexpected kindness of a young woman and a threadbare preacher in an hour when all the rest of the world appeared to have turned against him, was walking through the street with a dim idea of beginning a quarrel with the man who had deserted him, the destination of the drunken woman might never have been known. Red Talman's heart, however, callous as it was, foul with crimes too many and black to catalogue, had one single spot through which any light or feeling could penetrate. This was the secret corner, sacred to the thought of his one child, a little girl who alone of all the world truly thought him a good man. For John Marvel, who had helped his wife and child when he lay in prison and had been kind to

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him, he entertained a kindly feeling, but for the young lady who had taken his little girl and taught her and made her happy when the taunts of other children drove her from the public school, he had more than a liking. She and John Marvel alone had treated him in late years as a man and a friend, and a dim hope began to dawn in his mind that possibly he might yet be able to save his girl from the shame of ever truly knowing what he had been.

So, when the man, with his hat over his eyes, who had helped put the young woman in the carriage, re-entered the house and the drunken woman drove off with her companion, Red Talman, after a moment of indecision, turned and followed the carriage. He was not able to keep up with it, as, though the broken-kneed horses went at a slow gait, they soon outdistanced him, for he had to be on the watch for officers; but he knew the vehicle, and from the turn which it made he suspected its destination. He turned and went back toward Gallagin's. When he reached the narrow, ill-lighted street, on which the side entrance opened, he slipped into the shadow at a corner and waited. An hour later the hack returned, a woman got out of it and, after a short altercation with the driver, ran across the pavement and entered the door. As the hack turned, Red Talman slipped out of the shadow and walked up to the front wheel.

"Which way you goin'?" he asked the driver, who recognized him.

"Home," he said.

"Gimme a ride?"

"Git up." He mounted beside him and drove with him to a dirty saloon in a small street at some little distance, where he treated him and let him go. A half-hour afterward he rang the bell of the family hotel which I had visited with an officer the day before, and asked to see the lady of the house. She could not be seen, the woman said who opened the door.

"Well, give her this message, then. Tell her that Galley says to take good care of the girl that he just sent around here and to keep her dark."

"Which one?" demanded the woman.

"The one as was doped, that come in the hack."

"All right."

"That's all," said Talman, and walked off.

The self-constituted detective pondered as he passed down through the dark street. How should he use his information? Hate, gratitude, and the need for money all contended in his breast. He had long harbored a feeling of revenge against McSheen and Raffity and his understrapper, Gallagin. They had deserted him in his hour of need and he had come near being hanged for doing their work. Only his fear of McSheen's power had kept him quiet. The desire for revenge and the feeling of gratitude worked together. But how should he use his knowledge? It behooved him to be prudent. Coll McSheen and Mick Raffity and Mel Gallagin were powerful forces in the world in which he moved. They could land him behind the bars in an hour if they worked together. At last he solved it!

He would go to a man who had always been kind to him and his. Thus it was, that just before light that morning John Marvel was awakened by a knock on his door by a man who said a sick person needed his services. When he came down into the street in the dim light of the dawning day, there was the man waiting in the shadow. He did not recognize him at first, but he recalled him as the man told the object of his visit at such an hour, and old John was soon wide awake. Still he could scarcely believe the story he was told.

"Why, she can't be there," he protested. "A friend of mine was there to look for her day before yesterday with the police, and she was not there."

"She is there now, and if you pull the place you'll get her all right," asserted the other.

"I'll go there myself."

"No use goin' by yourself."

"I'll get the police——"

"The police!" The other laughed derisively. "They don't go after the Big Chief's friends—not when he stands by 'em."

"The 'Big Chief'?"

"Coll McSheen."

"Mr. McSheen!"

"He's *it!*"

"It? What? I don't understand."

"Well, don't bring me into this."

"I will not."

"He's at the bottom of the whole business. He's the lawyer. He owns the place—'t least, Mick Raffity and Gallagin and Smooth Ally own the places; and he owns them. He knows all about it and they

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don't turn a hand without him. Oh! I know him—I know 'em all!"

"You think this is the girl the lady was looking for?"

"I don't know. I only know she went there, and Gallagin showed his teeth, and then I called him down and got the gal out. I skeered him."

"Well, we'll see."

"Well, I must be goin'. I've told you. Swear you won't bring me into it. Good-night."

"I will not."

The man gazed down the street one way, then turned and went off in the other direction. John was puzzled, but a gleam of light came to him. Wolffert! Wolffert was the man to consult. What this man said was just what Wolffert had always insisted on: that "the White Slave traffic" was not only the most hideous crime now existing on earth, but that it was protected and promoted by men in power in the city, that it was, indeed, international in its range. He remembered to have heard him say that a law had been passed to deal with it; but that such law needed the force of an awakened public conscience to become effective.

Thus it was, that that morning Wolffert was aroused by John Marvel coming into his room. In an instant he was wide-awake, for he, too, knew of the disappearance of Elsa, and of our fruitless hunt for her.

"But you are sure that this woman is Elsa?" he asked as he hurriedly dressed.

"No—only that it is some one."

"So much the better—maybe."

An hour later Wolffert and John Marvel were in a lawyer's office in one of the great new buildings of the city, talking to a young lawyer who had recently become a public prosecutor, not as a representative of the city, but of a larger power, that of the nation. He and Wolffert were already friends, and Wolffert had a little while before interested him in the cause to which he had for some time been devoting his powers. It promised to prove a good case, and the young attorney was keenly interested.

Only, he said, it would take some little time to prepare to make the raid, and he must have the evidence to secure a conviction.

"Who's your mysterious informant, Mr. Marvel?" he asked.

"That I cannot tell you. He is not a man of good character, but I am sure he is telling me the truth."

"We must make no mistakes—we don't want these people to escape. Why not tell?"

"I cannot."

"Well, then I shall have to get the proof in some other way. I will act at once and let you hear from me as soon as I have the facts. In fact, I have a man on the case now. I learned something of it yesterday, and a part of what you say I already knew."

John and Wolffert came away together and decided on a plan of their own. Wolffert was to come to see me and get Langton interested in the case, and John was to go to see Langton to send him to me. He caught Langton just as he was leaving his house to come to my office and walked a part of the way back with him, giving him the facts he had learned. He did not know that Langton was already on the case, and the close-mouthed detective never told anything.

When they parted Langton came to my office, and together we went to the District Attorney's, who, after a brief talk, decided to act at once, and accordingly had warrants issued and placed in the hands of his Marshal.

Aroused by my interest in the Loewens and by what Langton had told me of Miss Leigh's daring the night before, I secured the Marshal's consent to go along with them, the District Attorney having, indeed, appointed me a deputy Marshal for the occasion.

I do not know what might have happened had we been a little later in appearing on the scene. As, after having sent a couple of men around to the back of the block, we turned into the street we saw three or four men enter the house as though in a hurry. We quickened our steps, but found the door locked, and the voices within told that something unusual was going on. The high pitched voice of a woman in a tirade and the low growls of men came to us through the door, followed by the noise of a scuffle. A thunderous knock on the door, however, brought a sudden silence.

As there was no response either to the knock or ring, another summons even more imperative was made, and this time a window was opened above, a woman thrust her head out and in a rather frightened voice asked what was wanted. The reply

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given was a command to open the door instantly, and as the delay in obeying appeared somewhat unreasonable, a different method was adopted. The door was forced with an ease which gave me a high idea of the officer's skill. Within everything appeared quiet, and the only circumstance to distinguish the house from a rather tawdry small hotel of a flashy kind was a man and that man, John Marvel, with a somewhat pale face, his collar and vest torn and a reddish lump on his forehead, standing quietly in the doorway of what appeared to be a sitting-room, and the woman whom I had formerly seen when I visited the place with a police officer, standing at the far end of the hall in a condition of fright bordering on hysterics. I think I never saw men so surprised as those in our party were to find a preacher there. It was only a moment, however, before the explanation came.

"She's here, I believe," said John, quietly, "unless they have gotten her away just now."

His speech appeared to have unchained the fury of the woman, for she swept forward suddenly like a tornado, and such a blast of rage and abuse and hate I never heard pour from a woman's lips. Amid tears and sobs and savage cries of rage, she accused John Marvel of every crime that a man could conceive of, asserting all the while that she herself was an innocent and good woman and her house an absolutely proper and respectable home. She imprecated upon him every curse and revenge which she could think of. I confess that, outraged as I was by the virago's attack, I was equally surprised by John Marvel's placidness and the officer's quiet contempt. The only thing that John Marvel said was:

"There were some men here just now."

"Liar! Liar! Liar!" screamed the woman. "You know you lie. There is not a man in this house except that man, and he came here to insult me."

"Where are the men?" asked the Marshal quietly of the woman, but he got no answer except her scream of denial.

"They were after me," said John, "but when you knocked on the door they ran off."

Another outpour of denial and abuse.

John Marvel had been troubled by no such scruples as had appeared to me. He was not afraid for his reputation as I had been for mine. And on his way home he had had what he felt to be, and what, far be from me to say was not, a divine guidance. A sudden impulse or call as he termed it, had come to him to go straight to this house, and, having been admitted, he demanded the lost girl. The woman in charge denied vehemently that such a girl had ever been there or that she knew anything of her, playing her part of outraged modesty with great show of sincerity. But when Marvel persisted and showed some knowledge of the facts, she took another tack and began to threaten him. He was a preacher, she said, and she would ruin him. She would call in the police, and she would like to see how it would look when an account came out in the newspapers next morning of his having visited what he thought a house of ill repute. She had friends among the police, and bigger friends even than the police, and they would see her through.

John quietly seated himself. "Well, you had better be very quick about it," he said, "for I have already summoned officers and they will be here directly."

Then the woman weakened and began to cringe. She told him the same story that she had told me and the policeman when we had called before. A young woman had come there with a gentleman whom she called her husband, but she would not let her stay because she suspected her, etc., etc.

"Why did you suspect her?"

"Because, and because, and because," she explained. "For other reasons, because the man was a foreigner."

John Marvel, for all his apparent heaviness, was clear-headed and reasonable. He was not to be deceived, so he quietly sat and waited. Then the woman had gone, as she said, to call the police, but, as was shown later, she had called not the police, but Gallagin and Mick Raffity and the man who stood behind and protected both of these creatures and herself, and the men who had come in response had been not officers of the police, but the three scoundrels who, under a pretence of respectability, were among the most dangerous instruments used by Coll McSheen and his heelers. Fortunately for John Marvel, we had arrived in the nick of time. All this appeared later.

Unheeding her continued asseverations and vituperations, the Marshal proceeded to examine the house. The entire lower floor was searched without finding the

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woman. In the kitchen below, which was somewhat elaborate in its appointments, a number of suspiciously attired young women were engaged, apparently, in preparing to cook, for as yet the fire was hardly made, and in scrubbing industriously. Up-stairs a number more were found. For the moment nothing was said to them, but the search proceeded. They were all manifestly in a state of subdued excitement which was painful to see, as with disheveled hair, painted faces and heaving bosoms, they pretended to be engaged in tasks which manifestly they had rarely ever attempted before. Still there was no sign of Elsa, and as the proprietor declared that we had seen every room except that in which her sick daughter was asleep, it looked as though Elsa might not have been there after all.

"Let us see your daughter," said the officer.

This was impossible. The doctor had declared that she must be kept absolutely quiet, and in fact the woman made such a show of sincerity and motherly anxiety, that I think I should have been satisfied. But at this moment a curious thing occured. Dixey, who had been following me all the morning and had, without my taking notice of him, come not only to the house with us, but had come in as well, began to nose around and presently stopped at a door, where he proceeded to whimper as he was accustomed to do when he wished to be let in at a closed door. I called him off, but though he came, he went back again and again, until he attracted the officer's attention. The door was a low one, and appeared to be the entrance only to a cupboard.

"Have we been in that room?"

The woman declared that we had, but as we all knew it had not been entered, she changed and said it was not the door of a room at all, but of a closet.

"Open it!" said the officer.

"The key is lost," said the woman. "We do not use it!"

"Then I will open it," said the Marshal, and the next moment the door was forced open. The woman gave a scream and made a dash at the nearest man, beside herself with rage, fighting and tearing like a wild animal. And well she might, for inside, crumpled up on the floor, under a pile of clothing, lay the girl we were searching for, in a comatose state. She was lifted carefully and brought out into the light, and I scarcely knew her, so battered and bruised and dead-alive the poor thing appeared. Dixey, however, knew, and he testified his affection and gratitude by stealing in between us as we stood around her and licking the poor thing's hand. It was a terrible story that was revealed when the facts came out, and its details were too horrifying and revolting to be put in print, but that night Madam Snow's hotel was closed. The lights which had lured so many a frail bark to shipwreck, were extinguished, and Madam Snow and her wretched retinue of slaves, bound to a servitude more awful than anything which history could tell or romance could portray, were held in the custody of the Marshal of the United States.

XXX

JOHN MARVEL LOSES HIS PLACE

It was the duty of the street-car company under their charter to run through cars every day or forfeit their charter.

Under the compulsion of this requirement to run through cars, the management of the street-car line, after much trouble, secured a few men who, for a large price, agreed to operate the cars. But it was several hours after the regular time before the first car ran out of the shed. It made its way for some distance without encountering any difficulty or even attracting any attention beyond a few comments by men and women walking along the streets or standing in their doors. A little further along there were a few jeers, but presently it turned a corner and reached a point in a street where a number of boys were playing, as usual, and a number of men were standing about smoking their pipes and discussing, with some acrimony, the action of the meeting which had called the strike, and with some foreboding the future. As the car stopped for a moment to take on a woman who had been waiting, a number of the boys playing in the street began to jeer and hoot the motorman, who was evidently somewhat unaccustomed to handling his car, and when he attempted to loosen his brake, and showed therein his unskilfulness, jeers turned into taunts, and the next moment a few handfuls of rubbish picked up in a gutter, were flung at him. In a

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twinkling, as if by magic, the street filled, and vegetables taken from in front of a neighboring shop, mingled with a few stones, began to rattle against the car, smashing the windows with much noise. The rattling glass quickly attracted attention. It was like a bugle call, and in a minute more the road was blocked and a dozen youths sprang upon the car and a fierce fight ensued between them and the motorman and conductor, both of whom were soundly beaten and might have been killed but for their promise to give up their job and the somewhat tardy arrival of the police who had been promised, but had appeared on the scene only after the riot had taken place. This collision, which was begun by a lot of irresponsible boys, was described under glaring headlines in all of the afternoon papers as a riot of vast dimension. The effect of the riot, great or small, was instantaneous and far-reaching throughout the entire section. That evening the entire population of that section had changed from an attitude of reasonable neutrality to one of hostility. It was a psychological moment. The spark had been dropped in the powder. Next day it was as if war had been declared. There were no neutrals left. All had taken sides.

Before many days were out the strike had progressed so far that, instead of its being a small body of men engaged in cessation of work, with pacific methods of attempting to dissuade others who wished to continue their work from doing so, or by some more positive form of argument known as picketing, of preventing new comers from taking the places of those who had struck, it had developed into an active force whose frank object was to render it impossible for any man to take or hold a position as an employee of the railway company. It was not so much that meetings were frequently held and the measures advocated constantly grew more and more violent, nor that occasional outbreaks occurred, as that the whole temper of the people was becoming inflamed, and the conditions of life affected thereby were becoming almost intolerable. The call of the company on the Mayor, as the representative of the public, to grant them protection, was promptly, if somewhat evasively, replied to. No man knew better than Coll McSheen how to express himself so that he might be understood differently by different men. It had been one of his strong cards in climbing to the altitude which he had reached. But the idea that the police would render efficient aid to the company was openly and generally scoffed at in the quarters where the strike prevailed. It was boldly declared that the police were in sympathy with the strikers. This report appeared to have some foundation, when one cold night, with the thermometer at zero, a fire broke out in the mills owned by Mr. Leigh's Company, and they were gutted from foundation to roof. It was charged on the strikers, but an investigation showed that this charge, like many others, was unfounded; at least, as it alleged a direct and intentional act. The evidence proved conclusively to my mind that the fire, while of incendiary origin, was started by a gang of reckless and dissolute youths who had no relation whatever to the strikers, but whose purpose was to exihbit their enmity against a company which was held in such disfavor generally.

It was only an expression of the general feeling that had grown up in the city under the influence of the strike—one of the baleful offspring of the condition which McSheen and Wrigman and their like had been able to produce from the conflict which they had projected and fostered. The wretched youths who were arrested, told under the sweating process a series of wholly conflicting and incredible lies, and in time two of them were convicted on their own confessions and sent to the State prison, and the strikers who had not yet resorted to extreme measures of violence got the credit of the crime.

The continued spread of the strike and of sympathy with it had already reached large proportions. The losses to business and to business men and the inconvenience to even the well-to-do classes were immense and when calculated in figures were quite staggering. The winter had set in with sudden severity. The suffering among the poor was incalculable. There was not a house or shop in the poorer districts where the pinch of poverty was not beginning to be felt. The wolf, which ever stands beside the door of the poor, had long since entered and cleaned out many of the small dwellings which the summer before had been the abode of hope and of reasonable content. Only the hu-

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man wolves who prey on misfortune battened and fattened; the stock-brokers who organized raids on "the market," the usurers who robbed the poor more directly, but not more effectively, the thieves of one kind or another alone prospered. The cry of hunger increased while bitterness without and within had long since begun to be universal, so long as to be scarcely heeded throughout the poor quarters. The efforts of philanthropy, individual and organized, were exercised to the utmost, but the trouble was too vast to be more than touched on the outer fringe. The evil which Mr. Leigh had predicted had come to pass and his prophecy had been far more than verified. Many of the young women, turned from their factories, had disappeared from the places which knew them before and found their way to haunts like Mel Gallagin's "Gallery" and others less splendid, but not more wicked. Only in the sphere in which persons of extraordinary accumulation moved, like the Canters and the Argands, was there apparently no diminution in their expenditure and display. Young Canter and his comrades still flaunted their vast wealth in undisguised and irresponsible display, but older and saner heads were beginning to shake when the future was mentioned. The reefing of sails for a storm whose forerunners were on the horizon, was already taking place, and every reef meant that some part of the crew which had sailed the ship so far was dropped overboard.

The devil is credited with the power to raise a tempest, certainly tempests are raised, but sometimes even the devil cannot quiet them. Such was the case with the strike. McSheen, Wringman and Co. had been completely successful in getting the strike of the Leigh employees underway: when it started, they privately took much pride in their work. Wringman received his wage and gratified his feeling of revenge for Mr. Leigh's cool contempt of him on the occasion when he called to demand terms of him. McSheen had a score of longer standing to settle. It dated back to the time when Mr. Leigh, looking with clear eyes at his work, gave him to feel that at least one man knew him to the bottom of his mean scoundrelly soul. For a while it appeared as though Mr. Leigh would be irretrievably ruined and McSheen and his friends and secret backers like Canter would secure easy possession of the properties his power of organization had built up; but suddenly an unlooked for ally with abundant resources had come to Mr. Leigh's assistance in the person of an old friend and the ripened fruit of their labors had been plucked from their hands outstretched to grasp it. And now having raised the tempest these gamblers could not calm it. In other words, having started a strike among Mr. Leigh's operatives for a specific purpose, it had spread like a conflagration and now threatened to destroy everything. The whole laboring population were getting into a state of ferment. Demands were made by their leaders such as had never been dreamed of before. Unless the thing were stopped, there would be a catastrophe which would ruin them all. This was the judgment that McSheen and Canter and Co. arrived at. And this was the conclusion that Mr. Canter, Sr., announced to his son and heir, Mr. Canter, Jr., at the close of an interview in which he had discussed his affairs with more openness than he usually employed with that audacious young operator. "The fact is," he said, "that we have failed in the object of our move. We have not got hold of Leigh's lines—and his men are returning to work while ours are just beginning to fight—and instead of getting his properties, we stand a blessed good show of losing our own. McSheen couldn't deliver the goods and there is the devil to pay. Why don't you stop your —— nonsense and settle down and marry that girl. She's the prettiest girl in town and— Well, you might go a good deal further and fare worse. If you are ever going to do it, now is the time."

Mr. Canter, Jr., shrugged his shoulders. "How do you know she would have me?" he asked with a sort of grin which was not altogether mirthful. He did not feel it necessary to impart to his parent the fact that he was beginning to have strong doubts himself on the subject. But Canter, Jr., was no fool.

"Well, of course, she won't, if you go spreeing around with a lot of blanked huzzies. No decent woman would. But why the deuce don't you drop that business? You are getting old enough now to know better. And you can't keep hitting it up as you have been doing. There's a new system coming in in this town, and you'll get in

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trouble if you don't look out. Get rid of that woman."

Young Canter for once came near disclosing to his father the whole situation and telling him the truth. He however contented himself with his usual half light assurance that he was all right—and that he was going to settle down. He could not bring himself to tell him that he found himself bound with a chain which he could not break, and that "that woman" would not be gotten rid of. She in fact threatened not only to make a terrible scandal if he attempted to leave her, but actually threatened his life.

However, he determined to act on his father's advice. He would break off from her and if he could carry through his plans he would marry and go abroad and remain until the storm had blown over and "that woman" had consoled herself with some other soft young millionaire. It was thus that young Canter once more became a prominent figure in my little drama.

Among all the people affected by the strike none suffered more, I believe, than John Marvel. I never saw any one more distressed by the suffering about him. Others suffered physically, he mentally, and in the reflexive way which comes from overwrought sympathies. Where gloom and dull hate scowled from the brows of the working class, sadness and sorrow shadowed John's brow, though at need he always had a smile and a cheery word for every one. He was soon reduced to his last suit of clothes, and as the cold increased, he went about overcoatless and gloveless, walking like fury and beating his arms to keep himself from freezing, his worn overcoat and gloves having long since gone with everything else he had to help some one needier than himself. "Take a long, deep breath," he used to say, "and it will warm you up like a fire. What does a young man need with an overcoat?" What, indeed, with the thermometer at zero and rapidly slipping still lower! "Those I grieve for are the old and the sick and the young children."

However this was, he was busier than ever—going in and out among his poor; writing letters, making calls, and appealing to those able to give, and distributing what he could collect, which, indeed, was no little, for the people at large were sympathetic with suffering and generous to poverty. And his ablest assistant in the work was Wolffert. I never knew before what one man's intellect and zeal consecrated to a work could accomplish. He worked day and night, organizing relief associations; looking after individual cases; writing letters to the press and picturing conditions with a vividness which began to make an impression on all sides. He counselled patience and moderation on the part of the poor, but made no secret of his sympathy with them, and where he dealt with the injustice shown them it was with a pen of flame. The conservative papers charged that his letters added fuel to the flames already blazing. It was possibly true. Certainly, the flames were spreading.

As the strike proceeded and violence increased, those evidences of sympathy which came in the form of contributions grew less, and at last they began to fail perceptibly. The press, which had begun with expressions of sympathy with the strikers, had, under the impending shadow, changed its tone and was now calling on the authorities to put down lawlessness with a strong hand; demanding that the police should be ordered to protect the property and lives of citizens, and calling on the Mayor to bestir himself and call on the Governor for aid.

In this state of the case John Marvel, wishing to see what could be done to ameliorate the conditions about him, called a meeting of his congregation at his church one evening just before Christmas, and when the time came the little chapel was crowded to suffocation. It was a sombre and depressing looking crowd that thronged the aisles of the little building. The people thought that somehow some good would come of it, and many who had never been inside the walls before were on hand. I went in consequence of a talk I had with Marvel, who had casually mentioned Miss Eleanor Leigh's name in connection with the first suggestion of the call. And I was rewarded, for seated far back in the crowd, with her face a little more pallid than usual and her eyes filled with the light of expectancy and kindness, sat Eleanor Leigh. She was dressed with great simplicity; but her appearance was not the less attractive, at least, to me. She smiled from time to time to some acquaintance in the sad-looking throng, but I had a pang of jealousy to see how her gaze followed John Marvel, and

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one other member of the assembly, whose presence rather surprised me, Wolffert's.

After a brief service, John Marvel in a few touching and singularly apt words, explained the reason for having called them together, irrespective of their church relation, and urged that the blessed season which was accepted by Christendom as the time of peace on earth and good will to all men was drawing near, they should all try to lay aside personal feeling and hates and grievances, and try what effect kindness and good will would accomplish. He asked that all would try to help each other as formerly, and trust to the Divine and Merciful Master to right their wrongs and inspire compassion for their sufferings. He referred to the terrible development that had just been made among them—to the sudden arousing of the law after years of praying and working, and with a word of compassion for the poor creatures who had been misled and enslaved, he urged patience and prayer as the means to secure God's all-powerful help in their distress. His words and manner were simple and touching and I do not attempt to give any idea of them or of their effect. But I somehow felt as though I were hearing the very teaching of Christ. He would call on one who was their friend as they knew, the friend of all who needed a friend, to say a few words to them. He turned to Wolffert, who walked forward a few steps and turned, made a brief but powerful statement of the situation, and counselled patience and forbearance. He knew their sufferings, he said—he knew their fortitude. He knew their wrongs, but patience and fortitude would in time bring a realization of it all in the minds of the public. What was needed was to make known to the world the truth, not as changed and distorted by ignorance or evil design, but as it existed in fact. They had a more powerful weapon than bullets or bayonets, the power of truth and justice. His own people had been preserved by Jehovah through the ages by the patience and fortitude He had given them, and God's arm is not shortened that He cannot save nor His ear dulled that He cannot hear. He used the same illustration that John Marvel had used: the unexpected arousing of the law to defend and save poor ignorant girls, who were being dragged down to the bottomless pit by organized infamy, under the protection of men who had made themselves more powerful than the law. He told of John Marvel's going to find Elsa, and referred to the aid he had received from others, those connected with the railway line on which the strike existed; and he counselled them to await with patience the justice of God. Efforts were being made to furnish them with fuel.

It may have been Wolffert's deep, flashing eyes, his earnest manner and vibrant voice, which affected them, for, though he held himself under strong restraint, he was deeply affected himself; but when John Marvel, after a brief prayer, dismissed them with the benediction, the people, men and women, passed out in almost silence and dispersed to their homes, and their murmured talk was all in a new key of resignation and even of distant hope. I felt as though I had shaken off the trammels of selfishness that had hitherto bound me, and was getting a glimpse of what the world might become in the future.

The press next morning had a fairly full notice of the meeting—the first that had ever been given to the work done through the chapel and its minister. The chief notices in it were the connection of the minister with the case of Elsa Loewen and the attack on the system made by a Jew. One paper had the heading:

"JEW AND CHRISTIAN."

Another's headline ran:

"PREACHER MARVEL VISITS A BAGNIO."

and it was only below that it was made plain that John Marvel had gone thither to rescue a lost girl.

That day about noon Mrs. Argand received a call from her counsel, the Hon. Collis McSheen, who unfolded to her such a diabolical scheme to injure her property interests in common with those of every other important property holder in the city, by a wicked Jewish wretch and his fellow in mischief, who professed to be a preacher of the Gospel in a chapel which she had largely helped to build for the poor, that between fright and rage the good lady was scarcely able to wait long enough to sum-

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mon the Rev. Dr. Capon to her house. The Hon. Collis did not mention the fact that one of his own houses was at that moment closed through the act of this scheming parson, nor that he was beginning to shake over the idea that the investigation beginning to be set on foot in consequence of the meddlesomeness of this same person might reach uncomfortably near his own door, and that he was sensible that a force was being aroused which he could not control.

The Reverend Doctor Bartholomew Capon visited his parishioner and was quite as much upset as she herself was over the information received from Mr. McSheen. Dr. Capon had but an indifferent opinion of Mr. McSheen. He knew him to be a protector of evildoers, a man of loose morals and low instincts, but he was a man of power of the brute kind and of keen insight into the grosser conditions. And his views as to the effect on property of any movement in the city were entitled to great respect, and property, to the Doctor's mind, was undoubtedly a divine institution. Moreover, a Jew who assailed it must have some ulterior design. And to think of his having been permitted to speak in his chapel! So Dr. Capon returned to his home much displeased with his assistant and, sitting down, wrote him a note immediately.

This note John Marvel received next morning in his mail. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Marvel will call at the Rector's office to-morrow, Tuesday, at 11.30 promptly.

"(Signed) BARTHOLOMEW CAPON, D.D.,
Rector, etc., etc."

The tone of the note struck even John Marvel and he immediately brought it over to me. We both agreed that the Doctor must have read the account of the raid on Madam Snow's and of his presence there when the officers arrived, and we decided that, notwithstanding the curtness of the summons, it was due to John himself to go and make the simple statement of the matter. We felt indeed that the interview might result in awakening the living interest of Dr. Capon in the work on which we had embarked and securing the co-operation not only of himself but of the powerful organization which he represented as rector of a large church. Dr. Capon was not a bad man; in fact, in his own way, which was the way of many others, he tried to do good. He was only a worldly man and a narrow man. Like Simon, he believed that there was a power in money which was unlimited. Wolffert, who knew him, used to call him "Dr. Caiaphas."

At 11.30 promptly John Marvel presented himself in the front room of the building attached to the church, in one corner of which was the Rector's roomy office. A solemn servant was in waiting who took in his name, closing the door silently behind him, and after a minute he returned and silently motioned John Marvel to enter. Dr. Capon was seated at his desk with a number of newspapers before him, and in response to John's "Good morning," he simply said, "Be seated," with a jerk of his head toward a chair which was placed at a little distance from him, and John took the seat, feeling, as he afterwards told me, much as he used to feel when a small boy, when he was called up by a teacher and set down in a chair for a lecture. The Rector shuffled his newspapers in a sudden little accession of excitement, taking off his gold-rimmed glasses and putting them on again, and then taking up one, he turned to John.

"Mr. Marvel, I am astonished at you—I am simply astounded that you should have so far forgotten yourself and what was due to your orders, as to have done what I read in this sheet and what the whole press is ringing with."

"Well, sir," said John, who had by this time gotten entire control of himself, and felt completely at ease in the consciousness of his innocence and of his ability to prove it. "I am not surprised that you should be astounded unless you knew the facts of the case."

"What facts, sir?" demanded Dr. Capon. "Facts! There is but one fact to be considered—that you have violated a fundamental canon."

"Yes, I know it would look so and I had intended to come yesterday to consult you as to the best method——"

"It is a pity you had not done so, that you allowed your sense of duty to be so obscured as to forget what was due alike to me and to your sacred vows."

"But I was very much engaged," pursued John, "with matters that appeared to

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me of much greater importance than anything relating to my poor self."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Rector. "Cease! Cease your pretences! Mr. Marvel, your usefulness is ended. Sign that paper!"

He picked up and held out to him with a tragic air a paper which he had already prepared before John Marvel's arrival. John's mind had for the moment become a blank to some extent under the unexpected attack, and it was a mechanical act by which his eye took in the fact that the paper thrust into his hand was a resignation declaring that it was made on the demand of the Rector for reasons stated which rendered it imperative that he sever his connection with that parish.

"I will not sign that paper," said John quietly.

"You will not what?" The Rector almost sprang out of his chair.

"I will not sign that paper."

"And pray, why not?"

"Because it places me in the position of acknowledging a charge which, even if true, has not been specifically stated, and which is not true whatever the appearances may be, as I can readily prove."

"Not true?" the Rector exclaimed. "Is it not true that you allowed a Jew to speak in your church, in my chapel?"

"That I did what?" asked John, amazed at the unexpected discovery of the Rector's reason.

"That you invited and permitted a man named Wolffert, a socialistic Jew, to address a congregation in my chapel?"

"It is true," said John Marvel, "that I invited Mr. Wolffert to speak to an assemblage in the chapel under my charge and that he did so speak there."

"Uttering the most dangerous and inflammatory doctrines—doctrines alike opposed to the teaching of the Church and to the command of the law?"

"That is not true," said John. "You have been misinformed."

"I do not wish or propose to discuss either this or any other matter with you, Mr. Marvel. Your usefulness is ended. You will be good enough to sign this paper, for you may rest assured that I know my rights and shall maintain them."

"No, I will not sign this paper," said John Marvel, "but I will resign. Give me a sheet of paper."

The Rector handed him a sheet, and John drew up a chair to the desk and wrote his resignation in a half dozen words and handed it to the Rector.

"Is that accepted?" he asked quietly.

"It is." The Rector laid the sheet on his desk and then turned back to John Marvel. "And now, Mr. Marvel, allow me to say that you grossly, I may say flagitiously, violated the trust I imposed in you when——"

John Marvel held up his hand. "Stop! Not one word more from you. I am no longer your assistant. I have stood many things from you because I believed it was my duty to stand them, so long as I was in a position where I could be of service, and because I felt it my duty to obey you as my superior officer, but now that this connection is ended I wish to say that I will not tolerate one more word or act of insolence from you."

"Insolence?" cried the Rector. "Insolence? You are insolent yourself, sir. You do not know the meaning of the term."

"Oh! Yes I know it," said John, who had cooled down after his sudden outbreak. "I have had cause to know it. I have been your assistant for two years. I bid you good morning, Dr. Capon." He turned and walked out, leaving the Rector speechless with rage.

I do not mean in relating Dr. Capon's position in this interview to make any charge against others who might honestly hold the same view which he held as to the propriety of John Marvel's having requested Leo Wolffert to speak in his church, however much I myself might differ from that view, and however I might think in holding it they are tithing the mint, anise, and cumin and overlooking the weightier matters of the law. My outbreak of wrath, when John Marvel told me of his interview with the Rector, was due, not to the smallness of the Rector's mind, but to the simple fact that he selected this as the basis of his charge, when in truth it was overshadowed in his mind by the fact that Leo Wolffert's address had aroused the ire of one of his leading parishioners, and that the Doctor was thus guilty of a sham in bringing his charge, not because of the address, but because of the anger of his wealthy parishioner. Wolffert was savage in his wrath when he learned how John had been treated. "Your church is the church

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of the rich," he said to me; for he would not say it to John. And when I defended it and pointed to its work done among the poor, he said: "Don't you see that Dr. Caiaphas is one of its high-priests and is turning out its prophets? I tell you it will never prosper till he is turned out and the people brought in!"

As soon as it became known in his old parish that John had resigned he was called back there; but the solicitations of his poor parishioners that he should not abandon them in their troubles prevailed and Wolffert and I united in trying to show him that his influence now was of great importance. So he remained with his people and soon was given another small chapel under a less fashionable and more spiritual rector. I think Eleanor Leigh had something to do with his decision.

(To be continued.)

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

[In many English churches before the Reformation, a little lamp was kept continually burning, called the Lamp of Poor Souls. People were reminded thereby to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were too poor to pay for special prayers and masses.]

ABOVE my head the shields are stained with rust,
The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part.
Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust,
Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears.
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,
But not for him. O unforgotten tears,
He was so young!

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.
Into what vast dread dreams, what lonely lands,
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot.
I cannot learn the level way he goes.
He whom the harvest hath remembered not
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers;
Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,
When He treads softly down His starry stairs
And whispers "Thou art Mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.
Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,
And dreaming, look for me.

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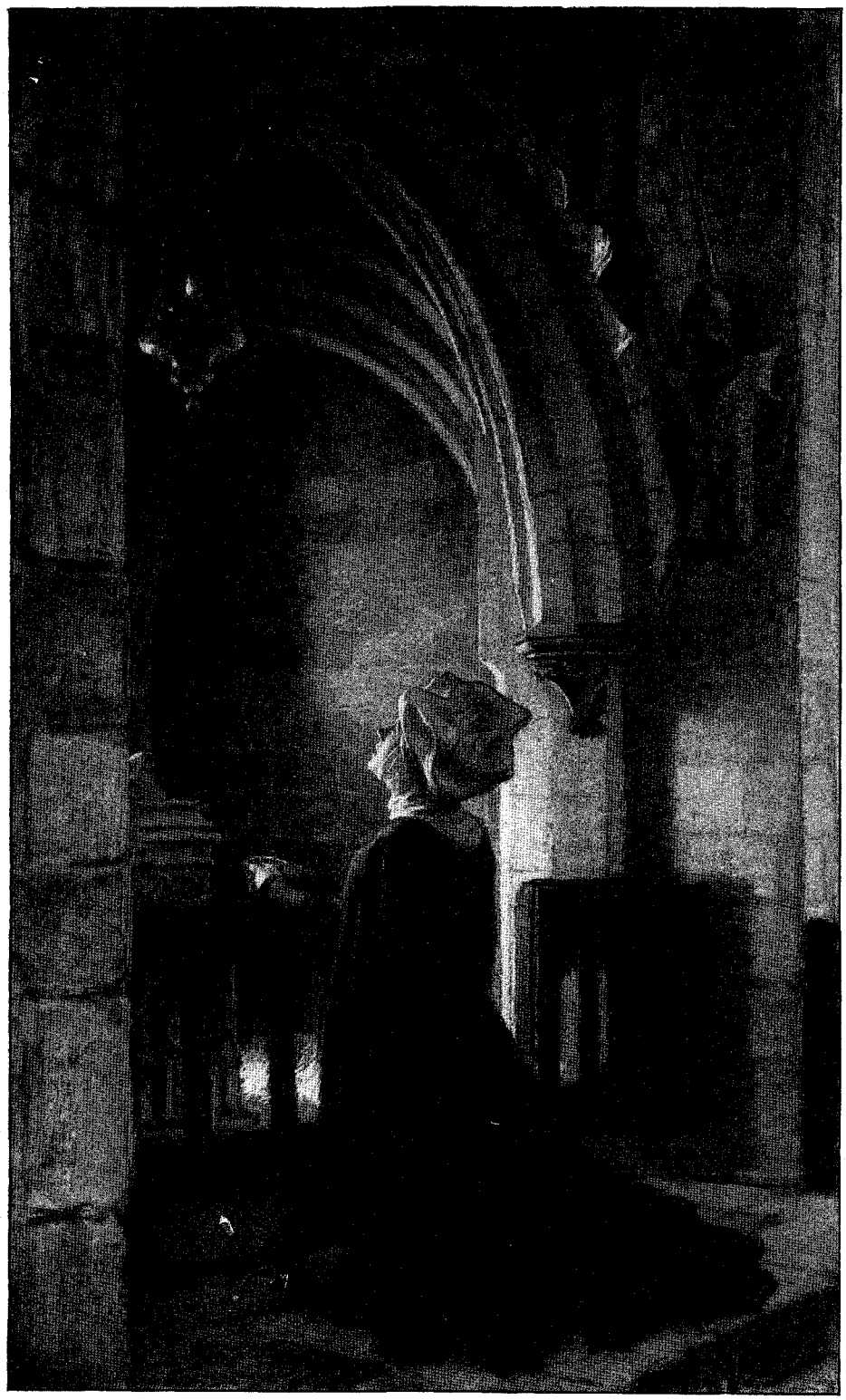

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears."

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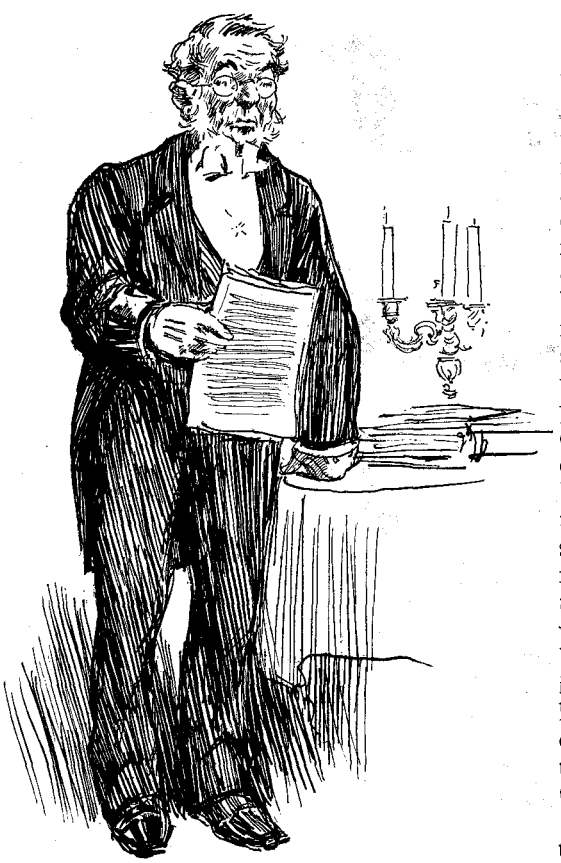
PARISIAN WEDDING PARTIES

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

WHEN it was announced that Mademoiselle Jeanne de R—— was about to become the bride of Count Maurice de S—— the news created quite a stir in the upper circles of Parisian society, especially as the marriage would unite two very old and much-respected families, well known for their fortunes and high social standing. At that time I had not been long in the French capital and was a frequent visitor at the de R——'s, Jeanne and I having become fast friends during the year we spent together in an English boarding school.

Shortly after the engagement had been made public I received an invitation to be present at the *Soirée du contrat*, and although I was vaguely familiar with the fact that the signing of a contract was an indispensable ceremony, to which only relatives and most intimate friends were invited, yet I did not know exactly what proceedings took place, and what is more, I did not dare ask! There was nothing left but to wait and see.



The Notary.

On the appointed evening I arrived at the given time, and after an excellent dinner, at which all members of both families were present, we repaired to the great drawing-room, where the chairs had been arranged in a semicircle about two small round tables. Presently two grave old gentlemen, the family notaries, who had not been seen to smile during the whole dinner, took their seats in front of the tables, and when we were all assembled the elder commenced to read a long *mémoire*, which he announced he had compiled with the help of his colleague. Then, to my utter amazement, he began to name all the possessions of the future bride and bridegroom: so many bonds and mortgages, so many houses, farms, woodlands, prairies, articles of personal adornment, furniture and jewels; the ways in which they might be used or disposed of; what would happen in case no children were born of the marriage; in case of death of one or the other of the parties. In fact, all the misfortunes, all the most terrible and saddest events had been foreseen, and cold chills began running down my back as I heard each new case mentioned. I was indignant! Positively revolted. Why were miserable questions of business allowed to foreshadow the charming union of these two young people, who had known and loved each other since childhood, and whose true and pure affection was innocent of all monetary interests? Could not all this have been spared them?

The next day I frankly opened my heart to Jeanne and her mother, explaining the sensations I had experienced the previous

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evening, and saying that in my country, when two persons were about to marry, as long as there was love on both sides and the man was able to support his wife, all such questions were usually left undiscussed.

They both listened to me somewhat astonished, and then Madame de R——, whose great good sense has always convinced me, replied smilingly:

"But, my dear, for us marriage is not only the joining of two young and loving hearts. We go further and consider the generations to come, the founding of a new family—a home. As every one knows the first years are often the most difficult, and we therefore take precautions to smoothe the paths of our children, by settling, in their presence, all business matters—once and forever, and arranging things so that the new life may develop under the best of circumstances."

And in spite of myself I couldn't help admitting the force of her arguments.

The Mayor.

The State not acknowledging the religious ceremony, a marriage at the City Hall is an obligatory formality which, for true believers, however, is considered a boresome duty and nothing more. As in the case of my friend Jeanne, the two young people, accompanied by the four chosen witnesses and the members of their families, go to the office of the Mayor in whose district they reside, the afternoon previous to the one set for the church ceremony, and there the Mayor reads them the Articles of the Code and pronounces them man and wife in the name of the law.

I had been invited to join the bridal *cortège*, but being in mourning I declined, and the following day near noon when I entered St. Phillippe du Roule I found the church already crowded with representative members of Parisian society.

Accustomed to being escorted to a seat by an usher, I lingered in the doorway and patiently waited for one to appear. In front of me all the *prie-dieux* were ararranged to form pews, as in English churches, and before the altar stood two velvet-covered chairs. The first few rows of seats were reserved, probably for members of the *cortège*. As I stood there observing all this, numerous persons passed me and, to my surprise, I found they seated themselves. Timidly I advanced, as anxious and as self-conscious as though everybody was watching me, when in reality the edifice was filled with whispered "*Bon jours*" and "*Comment allez-vous?*"

All at once, two enormous, gorgeously dressed Swiss, who, halberd in hand, were stationed in front of the entrance, threw open the great doors and the wedding party entered. Preceded by the Swiss, Jeanne, leaning on her father's arm, advanced down the long aisle. As the halberds resounded on the floor a triumphal march burst forth from the organ-loft.

Following the bride and her father came the bridesmaids and ushers, two by two, and I shall never forget my surprise when I saw Madame de R—— and the bridegroom himself bringing up the rear of the long *cortège*. I remarked that the men all wore frock-coats, a thing done but by members of the very best and highest cosmopolitan society in Paris, evening dress being used by the generality for almost every formal function, no matter at what hour it takes place.

After High Mass had been said and the final benediction pronounced, Monsieur de R—— stepped forward, offered his arm to his daughter, and the whole wedding party reformed, while the Swiss led the way to the sacristy. The assembled guests fairly elbowed each other in their haste to

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arrive first and congratulate the newly wedded pair, and for nearly an hour the little sacristy was overflowing with people, all smiling and bowing, complimentary phrases and felicitations upon their lips.

Having succeeded in embracing Jeanne and pressing the Count's hand, I stepped aside to survey the whole scene, and the human comedy that was enacted there was most interesting to behold. Evidently at such functions people come to see and to be seen. Old friends greeted one another, rival social leaders posed to their best advantage, and from the fragments of conversation that reached my ears I gathered that Mademoiselle S——, of the Opera, sang "Isolde" divinely; that Monsieur So-and-So's race-horse did not come up to expectations, and various other frivolities that to me were most amusing because they were so entirely foreign to their surroundings.

The "Suisse."

Finally when the Swiss decided that all persons had had an opportunity to shake hands with the family, they rapped on the floor with their halberds, and this time the Count offered his arm to his bride, leading the way down the aisle and out of the church, where the brilliant sunshine lit up their happy young faces, and caused the crowd of curious outsiders to murmur complimentary words as they descended the church steps toward their carriage. And what a carriage! Instead of timidly concealing the fact that they are newly married, in France every couple seems anxious that all partake of their joy, and so, according to their means the families decorate the interior of the white-cushioned *coupé* with cut flowers or branches of orange blossoms, while the liveried coachmen wear great *boutonnières* and have streaming white ribbons tied to their whips.

The average bourgeois wedding takes place much in the same way, in Paris. The *mariage en grand style* is a most formal affair, where every one tries to ape *le grand monde* without knowing just exactly what he is trying to imitate, and in consequence the whole atmosphere is very stiff and cold, resembling a funeral more than anything else.

Almost invariably the whole bridal party lunches at one of the famous cafés on the Grand Boulevards, and late in the afternoon they start in landaus for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, some people thinking this as essential to the wedding as the ring or the veil.

"Why, I shouldn't think myself really married if we didn't drive down the Champs-Élysées," declared a little friend of mine when we were discussing the plans for her wedding. And there you have it, though the once fashionable custom has become almost as hackneyed as the "Lohengrin" bridal chorus.

As to the third-class marriage it is by no means the least interesting, and a *roman du peuple* having occurred in my own surroundings, I watched its humorous development with keen attention.

My husband employs in his studio a young man, Auguste by name, who had

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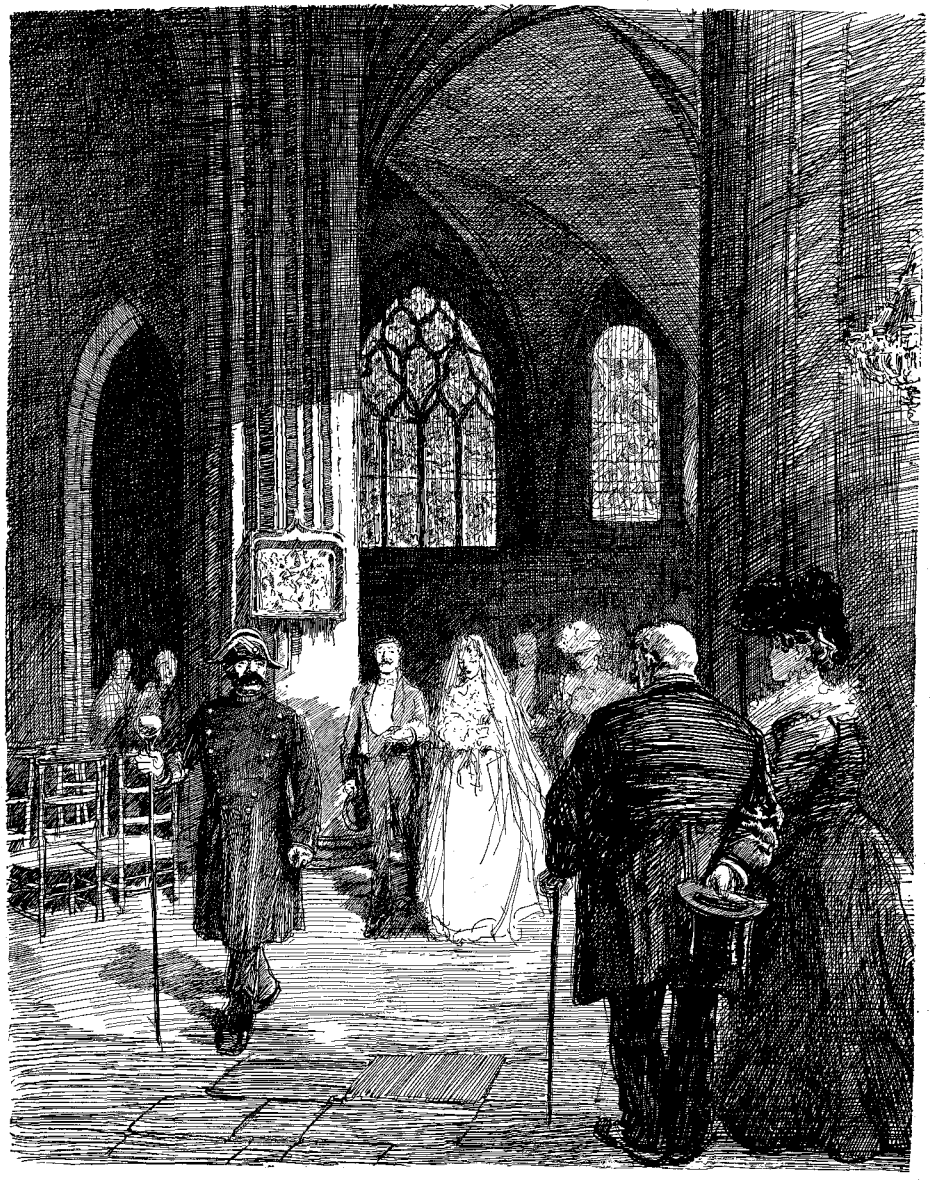

The wedding procession.

once been an orderly in the army. He is the *Maître Jacques* of the household, caring for the studio, the palettes, and brushes; posing when he is needed, running errands, waxing the floors, and serving at table when occasion requires. He is always gay, good-humored and happy to be alive, for as he works he sings

"*C'est pour la paix que mon marteau travaille.*"

I have often wondered if it was the human sentiments embodied in that song, together with his (Auguste's) quality of being an *homme serieux* that made an impression on Marie, our cook, a fine, honest, hard-working girl in whom we have all confidence.

To be brief, love declared itself in the pantry before either my husband or I had remarked the symptoms, and one morning I was most surprised when Marie, blushing and embarrassed, came to me and an-

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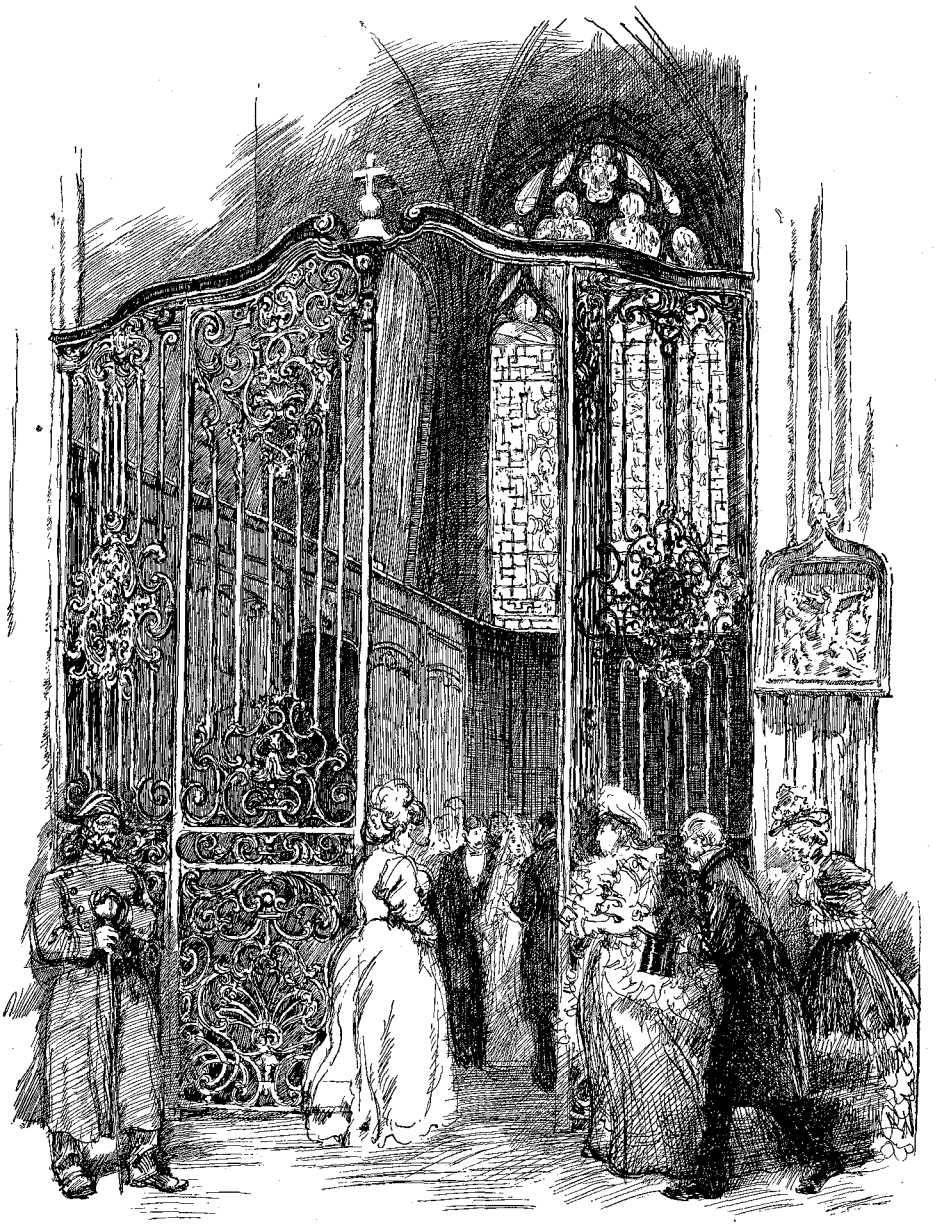
nounced that an indescribable something drew her toward Auguste, and she asked my permission to regard him in a light other than that of a friend. I congratulated her on her choice, assured her we were willing, and she betook herself to the kitchen, her cheeks aflame, her eyes radiant with happiness.

At noon, when my husband returned for luncheon, ere I had opened my mouth he announced:

"My dear, I've truly a piece of news for you. Auguste is in love with your cook. He told me so this morning, and you must not be surprised to see his parents come here to ask you for Marie's hand."

The following Sunday, Auguste, with an air of deep mystery, informed me that his



At the sacristy.

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Promenade in the Bois de Vincennes.

parents would arrive in Paris that very afternoon, and he begged leave to meet them at the station.

"And would Madame deign to receive them? For they have something important to communicate."

I was somewhat embarrassed. Scarcely over twenty myself, and married but a short time, the idea that two old people should come to ask me for the hand of a girl eight or ten years my senior rather troubled me. Then timidity seized me and I sought out my husband and declared that I would just as soon dispense with the ordeal. He laughed heartily at me and exclaimed:

"What? Why in your own house that would never do. Your girl has neither father, mother, nor any close relative, and in her eyes you represent the paternal and maternal authority she has lost. You wouldn't purposely offend all those good people who are so devoted to you by refusing to receive the homage they intend paying? If you are truly as frightened as you pretend, I'll come and help you through."

At three o'clock, precisely, the chambermaid announced Monsieur and Madame Nouvel. An elderly man in a frock-coat and a derby hat, an old woman wearing a flower bonnet and bearing a basket on her arm—two real types of Seine-and-Marne peasants—advanced toward me, followed by Auguste, beaming from ear to ear, attired in his best suit plus red gloves and the most extraordinary green tie I have

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ever seen. Auguste presented his parents and I begged them to be seated.

"Madame," stuttered the old man in a thin, visibly nervous voice, "we have come for the happiness of our young man to ask the hand of Mademoiselle Marie, your cook."

At these words two large tears rolled down the mother's cheeks and she hastily mopped them off with her enormous red-and-yellow handkerchief.

I replied that I was much flattered for Marie; that I knew her and Auguste both very well, that doubtless they were made to understand each other, and for my part I should be very glad to see them united, but that it would be better, perhaps, to question Marie herself, and be sure of her opinion in the matter. I rose and was about to ring for her to be sent for, when the old man motioned me to stop.

"One moment, just one, Madame, if you please. We must not forget to talk about the business matters. Our son has economized 600 francs ($120). We intend making him a present of 400 more, together with his wedding suit. We will also pay for the dinner and the church ceremony. Furthermore, our son will inherit a third of our property when we shall no longer be above ground. It is a *joli parti*, as you see. Now, will you have the kindness to tell us what the young lady possesses?"

I was indignant at this barter. How did I know what Marie possessed? I was about to reply to the effect that her brave heart, her honesty, and her good humor ought to be sufficient, when my husband came to the rescue.

"Monsieur Nouvel," he said, "Marie has economized 1,500 francs, 500 of which are in the bank and the other 1,000 in bonds of the Northern Railway Company. There is also a trousseau composed of underwear and household linen, a half dozen of each article." (Where he got his information was more than I knew.) As he continued enumerating the other things, at each new piece the old people's faces kept lighting up, and when he announced that he offered the young folks a hundred dollars as a wedding gift, they could hardly control their astonishment and shook their heads until I couldn't help thinking that they resembled a couple of Chinese magots.

When he had finished my husband rang for Marie. Pretty soon the door opened and she entered, her eyes fixed on the floor, her cheeks so red that I was almost frightened.

"Marie," said I, "here are Monsieur and Madame Nouvel, who have come to ask your hand for their son. What shall I reply?"

"Say 'Yes,' Madame if you please."

Then the old people rose and embraced the girl tenderly.

"Now, you, my son," added the father.

Auguste came forward, clumsily turning a ring between his fingers.

"Mademoiselle," he gasped.

"Monsieur," she replied, making a courtesy and holding out her finger. He slipped on the ring and kissed his betrothed on both cheeks. The old mother could no longer control herself.

"Do you remember, Louis?" she hiccoughed to her husband, who himself was wiping his eyes with a handkerchief no smaller than the one used by his companion.

By this time Marie was sniffling and Auguste had grown very pale.

"Come, come, my friends," volunteered my husband, a trifle anxious as to where the tearfulness would end. "Come, come. This is the happiest day of your lives. We must drink in its honor."

He rang. Armandine appeared with a tray on which was a bottle of Barsac and some biscuits. Although Marie's friend and confidante, I was amazed at her discretion, for she appeared not to notice the presence of any one, and left the room without turning her head.

"Here is the good health of the newly betrothed," proposed my husband, and we all lifted our glasses.

In a few moments they all retired with many thanks and blessings.

"Well, my dear," said my husband a few days later, "perhaps you had better begin to prepare for the ceremony. You know it is my duty to lead Marie to the altar and yours to see that she has the necessary papers."

"Oh, we have plenty of time."

"Perhaps, but it is a longer job than you fancy. For my part, six weeks is hardly sufficient for me to aid Auguste to get things straightened out. Think of it! The poor boy must produce his birth papers, his military book, an extract from his Civil Code proving his citizenship, a certificate proving him to be of good moral

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Auguste presents his parents.

character, and a paper signed by both parents giving their consent to his union. Besides all this, the marriage must be published at least two weeks beforehand at the City Hall, and the banns announced for three consecutive Sundays in the church."

"Heavens! And Marie?"

"Well, both parents being dead, she must not only have their death papers but those of her grandparents, and you must be careful to find out that she has no living relative who might come forward at the last moment and protest. Of course, she must have her own birth papers and her certificate of baptism (in fact they both need them for the church) as well as a *billet de confession*."

It is needless to say that I set about my task immediately, and before I had finished I understood why the divorce rate is so low in France. For if it takes half as long to sever the knot as it does to tie it, I don't wonder people think twice before meddling with the business.

Of course, there were questions of bridal gowns, veils, wreaths and a thousand other little things that are always interesting to women, and I must admit that Marie busied her head more about my costume than her own. One morning I surprised her and Armandine standing in front of my open wardrobe, engaged in a warm discussion as to my toilet.

"Madame really ought to wear the gray

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gown with her big feather hat," remarked my maid.

"No, you'll see. She'll wear the blue one. It's more dressy," replied the bride-elect.

So when the wedding day arrived the blue gown was donned, much to Marie's delight.

We had many and long discussions as to the bridal costume. Marie, whose practical mind dominated her sentiments, wishing it to be of black woollen goods, so that she "might wear it again."

"Hugh! I shouldn't feel I was married unless I wore white," retorted Armandine.

"But I shall have a veil, and orange blossoms in my hair and for a bouquet," retorted Marie.

"Pooh! People will think you're a widow!"

This was the last straw. Coquetry gained the day, and white was decided on.

It was Armandine who dressed the bride's hair and arrayed her in her frock, while our two concierges took possession of Auguste's robust hands and literally sweat blood trying to make them go into a pair of gloves that must have been two sizes too small. They despaired several times, but at length the deed was accomplished, much to Auguste's discomfort, however, for though happy at being properly gloved, he could not move a finger and was miserable because he had lost the entire use of his hands.

Besides the bride, the groom, his parents and ourselves, the wedding party was composed of Armandine and a neighboring chamber-maid, a dragoon (Auguste's brother), an omnibus driver (an intimate friend of both parties), and several other young people whom I had never seen before.

At eleven o'clock, when a white upholstered landau, gorgeous with its shiny nickel lamps, followed by an eight-seated brake and two ordinary cabs drew up before the door, everybody in the quarter rushed out to see the bridal party descend, pile in, and drive off for the civil ceremony.

As Saturday is the popular wedding day for people of the working classes, when we entered the City Hall there were already half a dozen couples, seated one behind the other on the low red-velvet benches, patiently waiting their turn for their knots to be tied.

We took our places and listened to the Mayor, who, wearing his great tricolored scarf and standing behind a desk, reeled off the Articles of the Code as though anxious to be rid of his tiresome duty. As one by one the couples departed, we kept moving up and taking their places until at length it was Marie's turn.

Though much calmer than the bride, I was unable to understand a word that was said—so fast did the ceremony proceed. But, then, perhaps my attention was attracted by a very humorous chap who seemed to think it his duty to liven up the party by cracking jokes about everything and everybody. When, finally, the Mayor dismissed us, the whole *cortège* descended into the street, and as St. Gervais is just across the way, they spurned the carriages for such a short distance and throwing her train over her arm, the bride led the way to the church.

At the doors we were met by the "Confrèrie de Ste. Philomène" a society to which Marie belonged. Their banner headed the procession, and then followed all the members wearing the blue ribbon of the order about their necks, white wreaths, and long tulle veils which ill-concealed the dress of shop-girls and chamber-maids who had stolen the time from their luncheons in order to be present at the wedding.

Then came the Swiss, and finally the bride, leaning on my husband's arm.

Mass was said at the altar of the Virgin, the Curate pronounced a short discourse, the "Confrèrie" sang a couple of hymns, and after the benediction we made our way to the sacristy. Here the head of the "Confrèrie" stepped up to Marie, embraced her, and divested her of the blue ribbon and silver medal that hung about her neck. Then all the society ranged themselves in a row and Marie passed in front of them, kissing each one separately. These were her *adieux de jeunne fille*. By the time she reached the end of the line, two great tears were glistening in her eyes, and she turned toward us to thank "Madame and Monsieur" for the honor they had done her. The little sacristy was overflowing with neighboring store-keepers and tradespeople, all anxious to have a peep at the young couple, for Marie and Auguste are much loved in the quarter.

There were more hand-shakings, and finally we all set off for luncheon at a restaurant. There we left the party having promised to join them for dinner.

Near seven o'clock we arrived at a large

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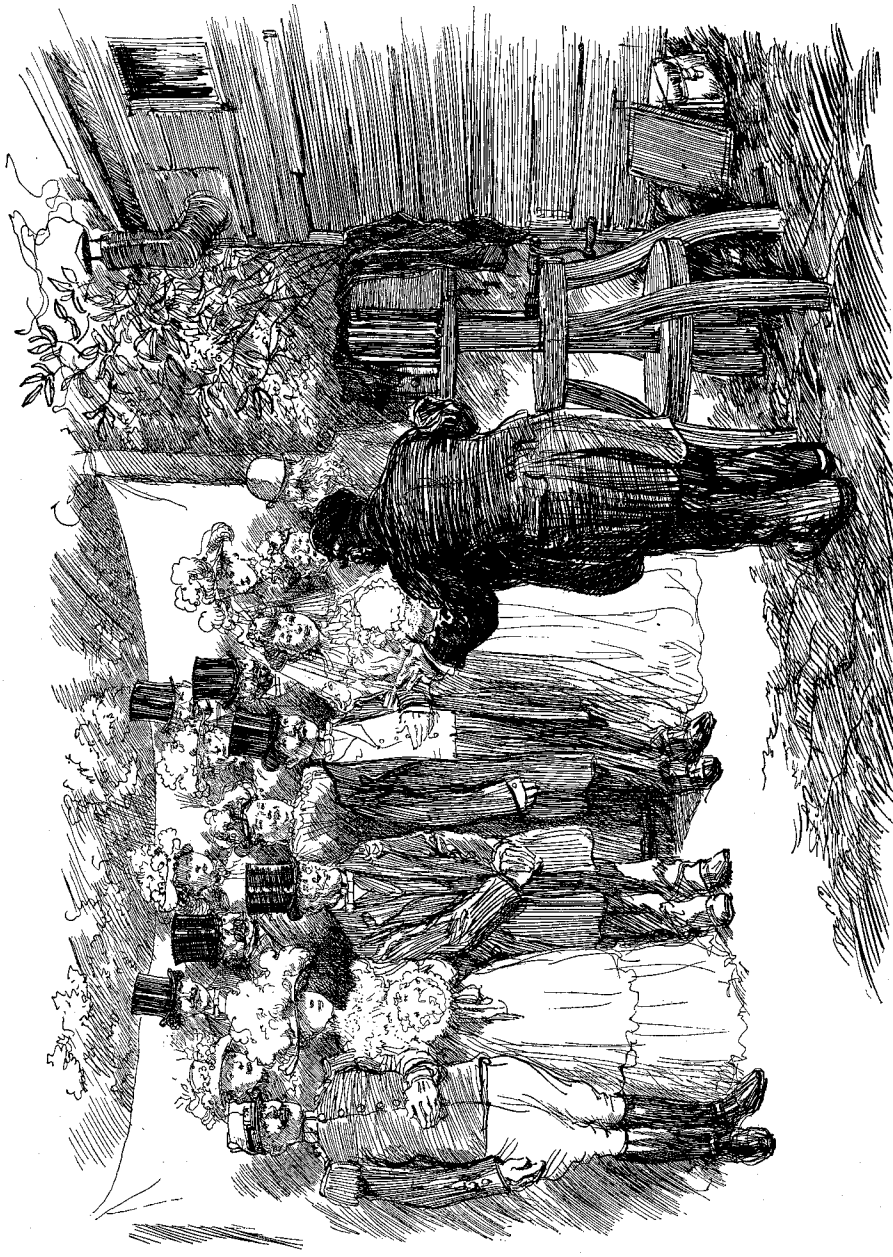

They had been photographed at St. Mandé.

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Our party arrived for dinner.

pavilion on the Avenue St. Mandé, well known for serving *Dìners de Noce*, and where, for five francs a head, one can obtain *Filet de Sole Marguery, Chevreuil perigeux* and champagne!

Our friends had not yet arrived and as we sat in a little garden waiting for them to come, I watched with interest various other wedding parties that drove up to dine.

Their dress was less correct than in the morning. The emotion was over, and they were now free to sing and shout as they pleased. One thing in particular I remarked; all these people, most of them workmen or very small commercial dealers wore frock-coats, that uniform of ceremony which the *peuple* in France bring out on grand occasions only. Some of the men had grown stouter, others thinner, since the days when their clothes were new, and most of the coats were decidedly out of style. All these good people had the deepest respect for the waiters in evening attire, and many of them tried to address the *Garçons* in superior tones that were miserable failures. The waiters, conscious of their prestige, used and even abused it, and their familiarity was shockingly amusing.

Amid the tumult of song and the blasts of trumpets our party arrived. They had ridden round the lake in the Bois de Vincennes, danced at St. Mandé, and been photographed at Joinville. In fact, they had drained the cup of pleasure to its very dregs.

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"Such a heavenly day, Madame," exclaimed Marie, as we walked in to dinner.

Every one seemed ravenous, and the conversation did not become general until the meal was well advanced. Then the dragoon began telling trooper's tales, father Nouvel explained to his neighbor how he made a $60 income by raising rabbits, while the omnibus driver recounted his exploits against the automobilists, his enemies.

At dessert, when the champagne was brought on, everybody became reanimated. My husband rose and proposed the health of the bride and groom, wished them long life and happiness amid thundering applause.

Then old Monsieur Nouvel got up, coughed, and said:

"Monsieur and Madame, how are we ever going to thank you for the honor you have done us?"

Then wishing to add something that would particularly please me, he hoped I would thank my family (for him) for having brought me into the world! He mentioned all their names, which he had learned for the occasion, but after he had pronounced them he could get no further and was obliged to retire after I had assured him that I would transmit his message.

Then followed more toasts and finally songs. Marie was called on and responded with the "Monastery Bells," while her husband, after assuring us that his hammer worked in the interests of humanity alone, favored us with a patriotic ditty in which, from all I could understand, the "Germans broke their fiddles because they had French souls." Father Nouvel quavered "*Je sais attacher les rubans*" and his wife hummed a dear old peasant song. There were still others, most of them patriotic or sentimental, yet not a single vulgar verse marred the evening's enjoyment.

At length a waiter announced that the dance hall was open. This was our cue to withdraw, and so we took our leave after wishing them all much pleasure and happiness.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I

THE close of the nineteenth century was marked by the rise of an unmistakable moral sentiment and philanthropy. The air came to be filled with an ardent altruism. A glowing idealism began to mark our literature and our academic activity. Its chivalrous desire to make the world better is still with us, and we all have a distinct feeling of pride that our kind have been able to bring such altruism to fruition. Whatever the exciting cause—whether or not the outcome was the immigration from England of the fine spirit set aflame by Maurice, Kingsley, Green, and Morris—our own generation here has felt the touch of a passion for righteousness the like of which has not been known for many a decade. It is a thing to be proud of; a thing which increases our faith in man,—in spite of the ugly dragons which it is obliged to drive out of its pathway. Possibly the sordid meanness of selfish struggles for power and wealth in politics and industry, in these last decades, has given a need to which this spirit was an immediate response. This zeal to make bad things better appeals to all of us high and low; and so far as in us lies we all wish to help on the coming of the dawn.

In this spirit, which aims to further, rather than to hinder, the progress of kindness among men, and to spread farther and extend deeper the curative processes in society, it will be permitted, I am sure, to examine searchingly the aims and methods by which the so-called "new philanthropy" is trying to work out its undeniably lofty purposes. No doubt any one who attempts to question any part of the programme is in danger of being misunderstood and of being vehemently set upon as a hostile, cold-blooded, and unsympathetic outsider; but even at that risk, one who is really inter-

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ested in seeing the reign of better things become a permanent condition of our life will be justified in the hope that he will be at least granted the possession of an honest purpose. When a dog-sledge party is being sent to rescue a lost explorer in the arctic snows, it is not hostility, but real vital wisdom, to insist that the expedition shall go with food and supplies sufficient for all possible needs, and not with empty sleds driven only by excitable enthusiasts.

The course of this admirable renaissance of philanthropy has now run so long that we are in a position to take stock of results, and to put the methods to some tests of common sense. And as the finest and best results have appeared in the social settlements planted in our various centres of population, they will be the subject of our examination. Here, it may be necessary again emphatically to protest against any possible misinterpretation of one's motives. This examination is made in an honest belief that the usefulness of such institutions may be increased, and not lowered, by forcing a kindly and thorough discussion of their aims, methods, and limitations. If any and all discussion is regarded as an indication of unfriendliness, then such discussion is all the more necessary as a means of breaking down the barriers of a narrowness that is unwilling to bear any light. The crust of habit in any course of action, especially if quasi-religious, is not always a sign of perfection. And, of course, those in our settlements who have given the most real service to others are the very ones who are most generous in welcoming suggestions, and most anxious for any criticism which is constructive and not destructive. For no one could possibly wish to minimize the good and the service which some splendid characters like Samuel Barnett and Jane Addams are now doing for their fellow men. Any way, their fame is too securely founded for any lesser persons to detract from by word or implication, even if they wished,—which they do not.

II

At the very outset the inquiring mind is obliged to ask of the Social Settlements: What is the objective; and what are the conscious means of reaching that objective? That they wish to do good is to be admitted at once; but that is not enough. Intelligent service must have a definite purpose. More than that, even if the purpose is clear, and all agree in its desirability, it is of great interest to know by what methods that purpose is to be reached. Even if there is agreement as to the end, there may be honest differences of opinion as to the wisdom of specific means.

In its origin, the settlement was the creation of non-religious altruism. In England, although Toynbee Hall was the suggestion of an English clergyman, Mr. Barnett, the initial movement came from non-clerical sources. In this country, the social settlement undoubtedly came forth because the churches were either sunk in self-contented inaction and not doing the work of practical Christianity, or because they were unable to satisfy the upward striving of the masses for better ethical guidance. It is the social settlement which has stung the church into action, not the church the social settlement. And, no doubt, the distinctly religious appeal is an obstacle to success, especially where divers nationalities and beliefs are crowded together in the poorer districts. Therefore, by way of differentiation, it cannot be said that it is the aim of the settlement to teach any particular religious creed. Possibly the real trouble with some of the churches is that they have been so long occupied with dialectics about the devitalized tenets of theology that people have reacted against all creeds; and the kindly disposed have gone off where they can find emphasis put upon the introduction into conduct of an active service to others. If it be assumed that religion is a way of introducing into conduct a code of ethics based on service to others, it may be said that the settlement, as an institution, has, to a certain extent, superseded (or done the work of) the church. By divesting service to others of religious dogma, it has succeeded in drawing into altruistic work those who, by nature or training, were not likely to be reached by the church of to-day.

When we try to express how the aim of service to others is to be carried out in the settlement we touch the crux of the whole matter. Toynbee Hall was founded, said Barnett, to carry a message to the poor expressed in the life of brother men. That is, if new ideals, or new principles of ethics, were to be implanted in those who had

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wrong ideals, or none at all, they must be enacted in the lives of those who come to live in the settlement. Edward Denison said as early as 1867: "Those who would teach must live among those who are to be taught,"—which, after all, was the rule of Loyola for the Jesuits, and it is undeniably true. It may be said, in passing, it is the reason why the economic education of the Mississippi Valley cannot be carried on from New England or the Altantic seaboard. In short, the distinctive advance on the methods of some churches was the practical means of bringing into contact at the social settlement different classes of society who possessed different social and ethical standards, but who were at present so disassociated in work, residence, and education that they were growing apart. This separation of interests, although due to increasing population, enlarged production, the growth of our cities, accumulation of wealth, and other such forces, was nevertheless the cause of suspicion, envy and hatred, and contained in it the possibilities of permanent class consciousness based on the unfortunate belief that the interests of the classes were divergent. Anything which would bring about a better understanding between the rich and the poor would be of advantage to both: the rich, or the employing classes, could be brought to see the point of view of the poor, or the working class, and thus be enabled to know why they did what to them seemed foolish, or inexplicable things; and the poor could be made to see that the rich were not always revelling in operas, balls, and tables of Levi, but that many of them were human beings, who also wished to help others wherever a sane and practicable method were shown to them; and that altruism had also inspired the fortunate to work for the help of the unfortunate.

III

THE aims and methods of social settlements are both easy and difficult to state; and the reason for this delphic statement is not far to seek. The poverty and the misery of many, the existence of wrongs in industrial and municipal life, the hostile strife between laborers and employers, and the existence of vicious practices due to a low moral sense, have set remedial forces into action. The settlement represents a part of the crusade for industrial, civic, and moral improvement; while the movement also involves the very essentials of the whole problem of abolishing poverty. It is easy, therefore, to say truly that the settlement aims to advance every agency which will work for righteousness. On the other hand, the aims must be more definite than this, and the methods ought to be worked out to accomplish the practical ends; still, it is difficult to express with great exactitude the precise policy of the settlement, and, *a fortiori*, the precise methods to be followed out. In fact, almost all the leaders in settlement work agree in stating that they have no definite policy, and they also mention the diversity of problems in different neighborhoods, and the necessity of first learning the peculiarities of their constituency before fixing on any definite policy. Yet, while the particular work of each settlement may differ from that of another, there are certain general aims common to all, which may be regarded as characteristic of what is now sometimes called a "movement."

The whole big problem attacked is that of making the world better. How the church has proposed to do this we all know; and we know the measure of its success. The settlement, however, has a fairly definite and local programme. It hunts out the spots in our cities where there is the least knowledge, the worst conditions, and the greatest lack of ameliorating forces, in order to introduce the practical means of raising the material and moral standard of those living there. And yet it must act under the guidance of some general principles. Its purpose is wide—almost despairingly wide. On its economic side, it must face practically the whole problem we discussed in "The Abolition of Poverty." * But it includes more than this: it aims to cover also the elevation of the moral and civic standards of its constituency. This is the reason why the residents are sometimes surprised to find that the paving of an alley is tied up with the civil service reform of the city; or that the control of the "white slave" traffic in their own bailiwick is also a matter of national concern. They are really concerned with principles and problems of general import, involving many fields of inquiry, political, economic, and moral. To improve the race is a staggering task, but idealists do

* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1909.

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not shrink from any task. One, therefore, watches and inquires for their policy in this great undertaking with a fascinated interest like that with which one might in person follow an army as it goes into action.

What is the strategy, and what is the tactics of this settlement army? What is the plan of operations, and how is the plan to be carried out? The purpose is to overcome evil and to advance schemes for the progress of society in industrial, civic, and moral ways. Here we are met with a difficulty at the start,—one which results from the fact that the settlement army is a citizen or volunteer force: there is no organized strategy. Here and there are some conspicuously fit officers, and here and there are some obviously unfit ones. From the fit ones, we get the best idea of the plan so far as it has been evolved. At the start, they will tell you, they think the strategy can be worked out only by experience in the field; that they have very little use for economic West Points; that science has very little help to give. This view seems to apply not only to the discovery of the ultimate purpose, but to the practical methods to be followed. Such an attitude is much the same —to change the illustration—as if medical progress should be expected to come more effectually from physicians engaged in actual practice, than from the scientific laboratories of Pasteur or Erlich. In fact, the discovery of a principle may—and has —changed the whole character of therapeutics. If the cause of a disease be discovered in a new microbe, then the methods of prevention of that disease would be radically changed from the former treatment.

We may speak similarly of the great central economic problems which confront the resident of a settlement. Of these the chief one is to find the principle to be followed if we should hope to raise the material comfort of the poorest paid wage-receivers. Poverty, like disease, is what we hope to remove. Is this end to be reached only by the work of residents in the practical experience of settlement life, or by the study of trained economic investigators—or by both allied? It is obvious, of course, that settlements are not the only places in which students of economics may come into intimate relationship with the conditions of the very poor. Many persons who have never seen a settlement may yet be thoroughly informed of, and closely in sympathy with, the struggle of the lowly for a better existence. Of course, it is actual experience, no matter whether it is within or without a settlement, which is to be regarded as the necessary condition of a correct prescription for the economic ills of society. But, even on this wider ground, may it not be asked whether experience is the sole requisite for a true insight into the problem of correcting these ills?

Immediately, we are obliged to inquire as to the qualities of mind and heart which are needed in such a search. In making an economic analysis of stated facts, and in rightly arriving at causes, it is patent that a thorough economic training is of the first importance. No one in his senses would think of allowing an untrained layman to determine whether the high temperature of a sick patient were due to typhoid fever or to appendicitis. And when the settlement resident is required to pass judgment upon, or to take a personal share in, an economic dispute, it is quite possible that an error may be committed, unless the person is competent to think accurately in the subject and to grasp all the elements of the problem. To follow the immediate promptings of the heart may result in more ill than good—and only too late bring the conviction that after long years of service no real progress has been made in solving the difficulty. Mitigating present suffering—or social nursing—is essential to any bad situation; but it is a larger and better task to work out the preventive principle lying behind the facts of suffering. And yet, how can the investigator possibly make any penetrating study of causes at work in a bad economic situation unless he can get into close touch with all the facts? There are economists who spin their theories in the closet, and whose symmetrical, metaphysical systems satisfy all the demands of an analytical mind, except to explain the actual facts of life. On the other hand, there are those who know only facts, and who have no power to classify or organize them, or to discover causes at work. The truth can never be reached by either class of these extremists. The principles needed to guide us in the complexities of daily life can be obtained only by those competent to discover causes and who are also in a position to get all the results of experience. To stake all

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on experience is, therefore, to ignore half of the process. This is the old dispute as to the possibility of arriving at economic truth solely by induction,—a method which no longer receives much support.

Social settlements are, of course, not laboratories where the hypotheses of cold-blooded theorists are to be tried out experimentally at the expense of human victims; far from it. But they should be places where principles of economics, carefully ascertained by sound method, should be relied on and applied in actual conditions as they arise. That is, the settlement needs the results of economics as much as medicine needs the results of the scientific laboratories. It is wrong to put the case as in the following words: "The settlement stands for application as opposed to research; for emotion as opposed to abstraction; for universal interest as opposed to specialization." There can be no safe basis for application and emotion without previous research and study of causes. It was Arnold Toynbee himself who said "that thought and knowledge must now in philanthropy take the place of feeling"; and also that "if we cannot live by bread alone neither can we subsist solely on nectar and ambrosia."*

IV

WHAT, then, as to the qualifications of the usual settlement resident for such serious work as determining on the objective to be followed? Let me disclaim the slightest intention of depreciating or of even speaking in a possibly patronizing way of zeal. It is a necessary part of an altruistic service, and it deserves our respectful admiration. But zeal alone is, as every one knows, not enough for this social duty. Beyond it and the possession of tact, sympathy and moral earnestness, the settlement guide should be entirely competent to act as teacher and judge in the complicated economic questions which underlie the problem of improving the condition of the very poor; or, if untrained, such person should have the discretion to avoid becoming a partisan and assuming the whole matter in question as settled by those only who happen to be nearest and most emphatic as to facts alone. Not infrequently the ranks of settlement residents are filled with women who go to the settlement, as women in the middle ages went to the cloister. Besides willingness, there is often little to recommend them as fitted for the important tasks before them, and for which a rigorous professional training should be exacted. Indeed, the practical question has already been raised, at least in one university, of forming a special course of study designed to prepare persons of ability, having an altruistic ambition, for a career in practical philanthropy. Certainly, the day of untrained persons in social nursing ought to have gone by as entirely as it has in medical nursing.

All that has been said may have been regarded as applying only to subordinate helpers, and not to those in authority; but it should also apply more strongly to those in a position to determine the general policy of a settlement. As we look over the field, do we conclude that the directors of the settlements are those who have first shown their pre-eminence by ability, training, and approved capacity to settle serious economic problems? Nor does one mean by this to exact agreement with any obsolete economics, or any preconceived point of view, but the ability to think in the subject rationally and to have intellectual grasp on serious economic topics. Is it right, or even expedient, to give the entire direction of the policy of a settlement to a person, no matter how good and amiable, who has had no thorough training in economic and civic studies—to say nothing of hygiene and law? The head of a settlement often is, but should not be, a preacher of special tenets. To an individual that may be allowed, but not to a director of an institution representing the joint activities of those coming from poor and rich alike. A preacher of duty, of service to others, every worker must be. But personal vanity and cock-sureness should be sunk in public duty; and policies should be determined upon only after careful discussion by judicial persons who are interested in narrowing, rather than in widening, the gap between social classes. One of the reasons for the lessening influence of the church is the poor quality of some of the clergy; and if the workers in the settlements show lack of training and ability, their institutions also will surely lose prestige.

* F. C. Montague, "Johns Hopkins Univ. Studies," VII, pp. 26, 28.

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V

KEEPING in mind the desire of the settlement to bring about a higher level of satisfactions for the workingmen, at least one industrial objective is to assist in securing "a living wage." What has the method based on experience brought forward to accomplish this end? Of course, the same policies are not followed in all settlements, since the individual views of the person who dominates the institution is usually reflected in the special forms of activity; but the attitude toward wages and the unions is more or less the same in many settlements. Perhaps the common form of interest is in the struggle of the poor to better their material condition. Obviously this is to be accomplished through higher wages. Then, what methods have the most intelligent leaders in the settlement movement suggested for this purpose? Although no two persons would state the method alike, yet there is a prevailing attitude characteristic of the current thinking in and about settlements—and that is the recourse to legislation. Just as the labor element try to force an eight-hour day by legislation, so throughout the settlements one hears often the wish to establish a minimum wage by legislation. Recourse to law to change industrial conditions is evidently popular. Apropos of the anthracite strike, if peace had been maintained, it was suggested that public sympathy would have urged legislation on the minimum wage, after the manner of New Zealand. Here we have an example of the results following from the methods arrived at by experience.

It is precisely in such a case that the method by experience needs correction by science and a wider knowledge of principle. Time and again economics has shown that legislation is futile, if not in accordance with the economic laws of the market. Nor does one have to go far afield to discover that, if wages have fallen below a living rate, it is not merely a question of demand; it is also a question of supply. If the supply of unskilled labor is so abundant at a particular point of competition in a city district that pitiable conditions result, it is no remedy to legislate as to what wages ought to be. Laws fixing the prices of goods or of labor are now regarded as the evidence of a mediæval mind. If wages are too low, they can be raised either (1) by reducing the supply of competitors, or (2) by increasing the demand for labor. By reducing supply is not meant massacre, but the transfer to other points where supply is short, or the elevation of the worker by increasing his industrial productivity. To fix a legal minimum wage is merely to transfer to the user of labor the responsibility for the excess of supply of labor over which he has no control. We all wish that the laboring man should have increased consumption, and no one is cold-blooded and unsympathetic who insists that this increased consumption cannot be obtained by legislation, but by conformance to laws which permanently regulate the price of labor. As explained elsewhere,* increased consumption is a function of increased productivity, or an increased demand relatively to supply of that particular kind of labor. This view is not the outcome of an individualistic philosophy any more than the law of gravity is individualistic. But it is a definite correction which science can make to any induction from experience alone which seems to rely on legislation as a means of securing results.

There is, however, an allied matter on which the settlements are clearly in the right, and in which they are likely to be of great service. One way of influencing the productivity of laborers is through a modification of their standard of living. It is not a hopeless or unsympathetic mind which believes that improvement is within the control of the laborer himself; and that permanent progress is most likely to come in this way rather than by external influences such as legislation. And yet the dual nature of the problem is such that environment as well as internal change is effective. The rise of the standard, to be sure, is largely a matter of character and morals. Although its results are economic, the forces affecting the change of standard are mainly un-economic. Here, then, we have a field for the fullest activity of the settlement; and one of the expressed aims of the settlement has been to raise the standard of living. In a very important way, so far as the standard can be touched by environment, legislation is a powerful help; and all ethical and idealistic impulses, emotion

* "The Abolition of Poverty," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1909.

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and stimulus to the heart, have here an undisputed place. It is possible that the matter of changing the standard is the chief and most useful function of the social settlement. Indeed, it gives the key to such a plan as that of Toynbee Hall.

No doubt many who have passed out of the sordid byways of Whitechapel into the artistic and cultured atmosphere of Toynbee Hall have tried to formulate the principle by which the residents influenced the life of the neighborhood. Would not the injection of men living a life of culture and comfort into a region of poverty and misery only aggravate differences? Toynbee himself hoped to dedicate his life to the "social expression of culture." Obviously, the existence of these cultivated Oxford men in Whitechapel does not directly raise the wages, or increase the consumption, of the poor. But their very presence there, without patronizing, unmistakably sets before those who have not had it a sample of democratic helpfulness and fulness of life which must help in the formation of a higher standard of living. The man who comes from a damp basement tenement to the warm parlors and cheerful club rooms of Toynbee Hall will get a stimulus toward trying to improve his own lot. More than that, he will get a helping hand and intelligent assistance. If the spirit of improvement is introduced, the practical means of carrying it out is sure to be found in one way or another. Therefore, to the extent that the settlement is creating a new spirit of progress and improvement it has an unquestioned future. Given the purpose which is to be put into action, the really difficult question is as to how the purpose may be carried out. If the concrete methods be asked for, according to which the poor are to get higher material rewards, then the aid of economic training is essential. The principles by which men progress up the scale of wages and comfort cannot be settled by emotion as opposed to research.

It is, moreover, the function of the settlement residents to put principles to concrete tests. They, more than most others, are placed where they must have practical results. Examples of effective work by the settlement are found in the enforcement of sanitary and smoke ordinances, in meat inspection, in laws to secure proper fire escapes in factories, and to obtain protection to workmen from dangerous machinery. Metaphysical abstractions are useless; principles must be translated into rules of action for every-day life. The mechanic in the shop comes to know whether a tool does its work well or not; yet he may not know the principles of the science of thermodynamics or electricity by which his tool was constructed. So, very often a settlement worker may accomplish good results under good principles, without knowing much as to the constructive processes by which the principles were arrived at. Although some mechanics are inventors, few could have devised the machine they work with; and, likewise, while some residents may have capacity and training to work out a constructive policy, the most of them must accept the rôle of following the rules laid down by their leaders. In the main, to bring into contact elements which are of mutual benefit, and to mediate between alienated classes, so that common bonds of interest and feeling are established, are important things for the content of any community. The aim is right, even if errors are made in carrying it out.

Even though the settlement wishes to bring about larger material rewards for the poor, and even though it aims especially at raising the standard of living, it consciously plans to do more. Civic and moral ends are always in its programme. As a result of seeing much of those who are least happy and comfortable the resident gets no exalted idea of the existing industrial organization. Consequently, a reaction in favor of a better industrial system is likely. The present form of society tried under conditions due to the imperfection of mankind is almost certain to be contrasted with another form of society conceived under ideal conditions such as would follow a perfected human nature. Hence, there is in the settlement a not infrequent sympathy with socialism. If settlement residents are not avowed socialists, yet avowed socialists always find a congenial atmosphere in the settlement.

Most of our settlements are placed where they must deal with masses of newly arrived immigrants. Indeed, the questions centring about immigration, their care on arrival, the protection of women, the duty of giving them intelligent civic instruction, and the like, are constantly emphasized by those in direction of settlements. Perhaps

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one of the most praiseworthy qualities in a settlement worker is that of sympathy, and the ability to show a stranger that his point of view is understood. In thus opening the mind to what is passing in the foreigner's thoughts and feelings the settlement worker comes into close contact with all the forms of antagonism to government of the autocratic kind now existing in the countries of the immigrants' nativity. Obviously the most pronounced type of that antagonism —especially when it cannot be continued against our free institutions as it was against European absolutism—takes the form of socialism. The newcomers, fresh from the activity of foreign agitation, are full of socialistic doctrines especially of the metaphysical sort. The settlement resident may listen sympathetically to the eloquent analysis of the wrongs of capitalism, hear difficult economic propositions glibly discussed and disposed of, hospitably encourage full and free discussion, and give rooms for the meeting of any and all kinds of thinking whether socialistic or anarchistic. There can be no real dissent from the wisdom of this method; for free discussion is doubtless the best preventive of radical error. But how as to the original purpose to bring about a better understanding between different classes of society? Is this to be accomplished by hearing and sympathizing with only one class in society? Does free discussion mean the presentation of only one side of a difficult question? When the radical socialists newly arrived are warmly welcomed in the rooms of the settlements, do they hear anything of the errors of Marx, or of the impossibilities of socialism? If the settlement allows itself to think only in terms of one class, and in antagonism not only to another class but to all organized society, as established by the long experience of the race, then it is certainly not creating but preventing a better understanding between different parts of society. Such a situation, of course, is not to be found in all settlements. Whatever this tendency to socialism may have been in the past, it is quite evident it is very much less active in settlements at the present time.

VI

Since raising the standards of living is a slow process, it would be natural to expect that attention would be directed to improving the quality of neighborhood life. Perhaps this is what the resident has in mind in speaking of wishing to give to the hard worker more life. In trying to ascertain the purpose of social settlements, we find the following interesting statement from Jane Addams:*

"The residents are actuated, not by a vague desire to do good which may distinguish the philanthropist, nor by that thirst for data and analysis of the situation which so often distinguishes the 'sociologist,' but by the more intimate and human desire that the workingman, quite aside from the question of the unemployed or the minimum wage, shall have secured to him powers of life and enjoyment, after he has painstakingly earned his subsistence; that he shall have an opportunity to develop those higher moral and intellectual qualities upon which depend the free aspects and values of living. Thus a settlement finds itself more and more working toward legal enactment, not only on behalf of working people, and not only in co-operation with them, but with every member of the community who is susceptible to the moral appeal."

In similar vein, it is declared that it is the aim of the settlement to express the meaning of "life" in forms of activity; and we also meet the idea that what men want is "life and not theories about life."

It is obvious that we should know what is meant by "life." That is, what moral ideas are conveyed by this expression? Such an object is clearly ethical; and the ethical code is briefly contained in the word righteousness. Whose conception of life, and whose idea of right and wrong are to be expressed? In actual fact, of course, it is the conception of the one individual who has the force to lead in any given situation. Grant that we wish to secure for the workmen powers of enjoyment, and the opportunity to develop higher moral and intellectual qualities, by what definite steps can these things be gained? Again, it is hinted that the effective means is legislation. Certainly many things in a bad environment can be bettered by legislation; but, on the other hand, the weaknesses of heredity cannot be thus removed. In fact, the problem of abolishing wrong is beyond the powers of legislation, and can be funda-

* "Annals of the American Academy," May, 1899, p. 50.

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mentally touched only by work which will change the ideals and character of specific persons. It is a moral, not a legislative process; it must work from within and not from without. The prevalence of the policy of resort to legislation as a cure for industrial evils is characteristic of the day, if it is not also characteristic of the settlement.

More than this, it is said that the group of toilers have in many respects a different ethical code from that of the well-to-do. The former are readier with their sympathy and less selfish and more generous than the latter. The cautious and reserved policy of a well-fed, well-educated charity visitor as against the quick responsiveness of the poor is, perhaps, evidence of the emphasis on foresight which partly accounts for the present difference in the relative conditions of each. The fable of the ant and grasshopper is old. But, further than this, the two groups are said to differ in their ethical attitude on primary questions. Yet in the main, one very much doubts if the two groups, such as the employers and employees, can be separately classified on the basis of a different code of ethics. The laborer is set on gaining his end in the struggle for higher wages; so is the employer in holding his own for the accumulation of wealth. Both are actuated by selfish motives, and many in both classes are apt to depart from what is right. There is no monopoly of right and justice on either side. One man sins in disregarding his duty to his operatives; the other in his duty to his employer; one keeps his men for long hours in unsanitary rooms; the other will make work, and throw biting acid on his enemy's horse. As soon as a workman comes up from the ranks and becomes a successful boss over others, he shows the same disposition to bully and take advantage of his laborers which he so resented when he was the under dog. The moral regeneration needed should reach both those above and those below. The moral line cannot be drawn between the employer and the employed.

Back of all the ethical differences is, undoubtedly, the feeling that the worker is not receiving his just distributive share. Hence he may regard as justifiable what to others is hitting below the belt, because in a limited knowledge of the world it seems essential to the success of his purpose. This case discloses clearly the true relations of economics to ethics, of research to emotion. It is not possible to say what is right or wrong until the causes and effects are known; and a scientific analysis is as necessary to a basis of ethical judgment as is the cause of death to the verdict of a coroner's jury. If light-minded persons, incapable of serious economic analysis, get a wrong, or very superficial, notion as to the causes producing a pitifully low rate of wages in certain instances, they may apply emotion, or legislative correction, in a way to cause great damage. The widest and deepest insight into economic distribution is a condition precedent of any correct moral judgment, or of a programme of social reform.

It is a matter greatly to be deplored, if philanthropic zeal be stirred up and applied in such ways that after decades of effort it is reluctantly to be admitted that no progress has been made, and that the same old conditions exist only for more people than before. Unless there is a cordial and mutually respectful relation between science and social reform, there is not likely to be much permanent good accomplished. Yet, even if such a relation cannot be established, the settlement will still have certain fields to work in, which are certain to yield good fruit. In municipal and social reforms, such as quickening public opinion, developing neighborly kindness and sociability, lightening drudgery by recreation, and aiding in the work of organized charity, the settlement has a large and important work. But in industrial questions, except so far as it gives industrial and manual training—which can be carried out in a comprehensive way only by the public itself—the settlement cannot hope to do much to raise the actual level of wages and comfort. By raising the standard of living in spots, to be sure, some indirect influence may be exercised on the rate of wages. It is in its power, however, to do a higher thing: it can continue its efforts to touch the conscience of the community and to create among the lowly a sense of the brotherhood of all men. Much may be done to establish democratic relations between all our classes; but industrial democracy can come about only when there is a generally diffused knowledge of the true principles affecting the incomes of society, so that a comprehending public will accept what is justified by intelligence, and so that some will not war against others on the basis of prejudice and ignorance.

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THE LUCK OF A BOOK FARMER

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD E. SMITH

I HAVE very good reasons for remembering the year 1904, and especially June 1 of that year. For one thing, when noon came I had worked just a year and eight hours for Mr. Jonathan Burwell, on his farm overlooking the Mohawk Valley, and then after dinner we made a bargain for another year.

"My year was up last night, sir," said I, after he had shoved his chair back from the table, "but I thought I would put in this morning for good measure."

Mr. Burwell's eyes closed a little—a trick he had—and then he said:

"Have another piece of pie while we talk it over."

It was cream custard pie, but I had eaten so much fried chicken with hot biscuits and gravy that I couldn't do it, and I said so.

"I've been thinking I'd raise you a dollar a month for the next year, if you stay," he said.

"Make it twenty-five cents a week and I'll do it," said I.

"No," said he. "You've had $18 a month, and that's fifty cents better than anybody else is paying. In fact, I don't see where the money is to come from to pay what I'm offering—um—unless I get a chance to trade horses with old Dunlap again."

He grinned, then, for he had beat old Dunlap out of forty dollars at least that very morning; and I had to grin, too, for it was done so slick. Well, there was no use of arguing with him, and so I took his offer.

But that isn't all that happened. While I was cultivating the corn that afternoon I saw Mr. Burwell go down the road to the farm joining us on the south, the Ogden place, and then cut across into the gulf, as we called it. The gulf was a deep gulch at the back of the Ogden farm. A big spring came out at the head of the gulch and both sides were lined with trees down to the bottom. I reckon that was the coolest place in the county, but what Mr. Burwell went down there for was more than I could guess, and I was puzzled the more because I'd seen him going there before. However, in less than ten minutes a neighbor came up from town bringing the mail, and then out comes Miss Nellie, and says:

"Where's papa, Jacob?"

"He's just gone over to the gulf to cool off, I reckon," said I.

"The idea!" said she. "Then you'll have to go and tell him to come home."

"I'll be glad to go if you say so, Miss Nellie," said I; "but he told me to keep the cultivator hot, and——"

"Oh, that's all right, Jacob," she said. "Tell him I sent you. He'll frown and say, 'She hadn't ought to take you from the work,' and then he'll say, 'I suppose you had to come when she told you to,' and then he'll smile and say, 'All right, Jacob, hurry back'—you know how it'll be."

She was right about his humoring her. She was his only child, and as pretty as they grow, and educated, too. Why, she'd graduated already, though she was only twenty. Mr. Burwell often said he enjoyed the fun of making money as much as anybody, but the most he cared about it was to give her as good advantages as any of the swells in town had. Of course, I hurried to the gulf, but Mr. Burwell did not smile, as we had expected. He jumped up and, swinging a big hammer as if he would brain me, he said:

"What ye sneaking around following me for?"

He had been breaking some red kind of stone with the hammer, and when I saw that, I wasn't much scared by his actions; I told him what Miss Nellie said, and then I added:

"It looks like you wanted to be secret about that red rock you've been breaking, and all I've got to say is that if you think I'll blab about it, you don't know me, and you'd better discharge me at once."

His face changed, then.

"That's so," he said. "I never had a man keep his mouth shut as close. Um—you know what the rocks are?"

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"No, I don't *know*, and I don't aim to ask," I said. "But they look like the iron ore I used to work in——"

"That's it," he said. "The whole gulf's an iron mine, and I guess you knew it the moment you saw the stuff, seeing you worked in a bed of it up in Jefferson County. Now you keep still until I get title to the farm, and I'll make you foreman of the gang when I begin development work."

I calculated I shouldn't have to wait more than a year for that job, for I'm lucky, but things don't always happen as I expect.

When we got home, Miss Nellie met us in the front yard.

"Here's a postal from Ogden's nephew," she said, holding it up. "He's to reach the Falls at four o'clock. You wanted to be called, if necessary, you know, so I sent Jacob."

"That's right, Nellie," said Mr. Burwell. "I knew you wanted me the moment I set eyes on Jacob. Um—we'll all be as friendly as we can to young Mr. Ogden. It's no more than right we should, seeing his uncle was our nearest neighbor for so many years. We must make him feel comfortable."

As Miss Nellie turned away, her eyes half closed, just as her father's did when he was making a bargain, and I knew she was thinking he was up to some kind of game when he was talking about being friendly to the young man. And it was a slick game, too, but of course I didn't show any interest in what was said and done then.

As I said, the Ogden farm joined ours on the south. It lay where the land began to pitch down into the valley. The house was small and old, the barn was worse, and the whole place was grown up to weeds and quack and briars. I have heard that Mr. Burwell used to complain about the eyesore as much as anybody, but for the last year or so before old Ogden died (he'd been dead about a week when his nephew came), there wasn't a man in the country that showed any sort of friendly interest in the old crank but Mr. Burwell.

Did I call old Ogden a crank? Well, that's what he was. He'd been a machinist in his day. Then he bought the farm and said he'd show people how to raise big crops. And he did it, too, for a time; but he lost his grip, some way, the place went to the bad, and when he found he had to die soon he made a will leaving the farm to some kind of asylum down in the valley, unless a nephew of the same name living in New Jersey, somewhere, would come up and raise a crop on one acre that would sell for a thousand dollars. And the crop was to be raised within two years of taking possession.

The will as first written called for a five-hundred-dollar crop, but the price was raised, and just why no one seemed to know or care, at that time, though I had an idea, which I kept to myself.

Well, Mr. Burwell soon hitched up his roadsters and drove away. It made me smile to think how the young man would feel when he came to see his farm, especially if he really were a farmer, as everybody said he was. But I never was more mistaken in my life. As Mr. Burwell was driving up past the place, he said to the young man, joking, of course:

"You see you've got a good start with blackberries, already. I've heard that cultivated berries pay big money, sometimes."

"Not blackberries," said Ogden. "At least not big enough for me. Strawberries do with hill culture, but as for me, I like string beans. The land lies right and looks right for beans, too."

"Um, I'm afraid the quack'll give you a lot of trouble if you try beans," said Mr. Burwell.

"Oh, I don't mind quack," said he, as cheerfully as if quack were as easy to get rid of as dandelions. "The heavier the quack, the better the soil."

He was talking as if he was really determined to try his luck; and so he was. Mr. Burwell set him down as about as much of a crank as old Ogden had been. But this is not to say the young fellow did not examine the land. He looked at every rod of it, and he would have seen the ore if Mr. Burwell hadn't thought to send me down and hide what was in sight. When he was done, he said:

"It needs humus and it needs lime, but it's got the making of the best soil I ever saw. Best of all, it slopes to the south, and then there's the spring for irrigation. I think I can make it show up as well as Uncle Ben wanted me to do."

Mr. Burwell said it was hard work to keep from laughing when he said that, especially as the soil was underlaid with limestone, a few feet down, and it cropped out along the road. But what he did first of all

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seemed more foolish yet, for in spite of the slope he laid three lines of tiles under the patch, 66×660 feet large, that he laid out for beans. At the upper end of each line of tiles he put in an elbow, and so with added tiles made openings from the drains to the surface. Then above these openings he fitted iron pipes painted black. I had to ask what they were for.

"You know a chimney makes a draft, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," said I.

"Of course you do," said he. "Well, these iron chimneys will heat up in the sun and make a draft that will draw the cold air out of the drains, and they will then draw the warm air into the drains from the lower ends. So, when spring comes I'll put them at work, and the warm air will warm up the soil all around the drains and clear up to the surface. My soil will be ready for beans two weeks at least ahead of any other around here."

"Will those pipes keep the frost from nipping your early beans?" said I.

"Why, yes, to some extent. The ground being warmer will protect them; but I have another plan for fighting frost, as I'll show you when the time comes."

In the meantime Mr. Burwell hired him for the harvest—two dollars a day, and worth the money, as I had to admit, though I hated him for his airs. Between hay and oats he had a few days off, and he put in the time ploughing under the weeds on his patch. Next he spread on a ton of quicklime and harrowed it in, after which he put on a ton of phosphate (he called it "a mixture of potassium sulphate and acidulated rock!"), and harrowed that in. Last of all he sowed Canada peas in drills.

Did I say he had determined to try his luck? Well, the old saying, "A fool for luck," came true. Rain fell just right, the weather was coolish, and along in August the vines were a foot deep, and solid, as one may say, all over the patch. Then he ploughed them under and, after spending more money for phosphate, he sowed vetch and cowhorn turnips, "for a cover crop to plough under next spring," as he said.

His luck in rains changed then, but he put a big ram at the spring in the gulf and it throwed the water right to the head of the patch. It was a sight to see his stuff grow after that, but it was just disgusting to hear him talk about it. And that wasn't all that roiled me, either. He had a big lot of books sent up from his old home—he was living at his place, then—and nothing would do but we must all go down and look at them standing on shelves, and tell him how much we appreciated that sort of thing; at least, Mr. Burwell did, but I didn't. Then he kept bringing books up to our house; and they weren't all about farming, either. Some of them were poetry—I looked to see—and one day I heard Miss Nellie say to her mother:

"It does seem good to have some one in the neighborhood with some culture, doesn't it?" And her mother smiled when she said, "Yes, dear, it does indeed."

Of course, he didn't talk poetry to Mr. Burwell and me. It was all about his books on soils and crops and "rations"—especially rations for the stock. He said it was a waste of land to let cows run to pasture, and that one acre of land like ours could be made to supply two head of stock with hay or fodder. Mr. Burwell humored him, of course; but when we were alone together, he said to me:

"The boy's got his head full of his book nonsense, but he means well, and when we've taken the conceit out of him he'll make a farmer all right. Of course he knows some things now. He's learned how to work up soil from those market-gardeners down near New York, and I'm thinking that if his uncle's will hadn't called for a thousand instead of five hundred he might have won out, even though no one ever got more than three hundred out of an acre down in the valley."

He laughed softly when he'd said that, but he didn't say anything more.

That winter Ogden went to the Falls and got work in a livery stable.

"Couldn't you get a better job?" I heard Miss Nellie ask him.

"Yes, in a way," he said, "but the wages are better there, and you know I need every cent I can get."

I don't know why Miss Nellie asked that question, but I know that the work did not keep him out of society. Why, before the winter was over he was lecturing in one of the churches. I heard him once, but that was enough for me. He generally talked about birds and posies and what he called the wonders of nature; and when I heard

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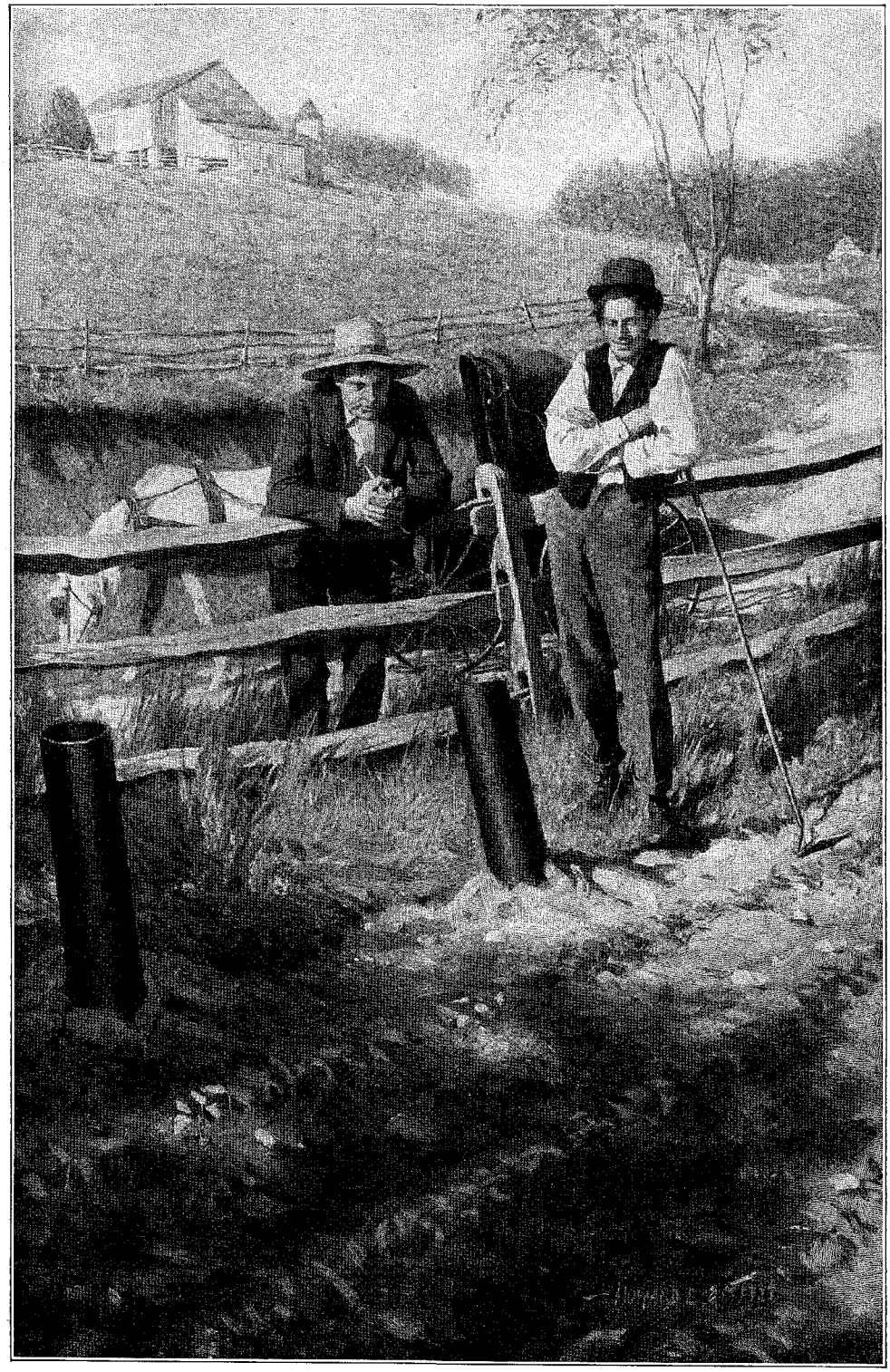

Drawn by Howard E. Smith.

"Will those pipes keep the frost from nipping your early beans?" said I.—Page 352.

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him he said everything in the world—even the steel in an axe—was made up of little bits that he called molecules, "just as a sand-bank is made up of grains of sand," he said. Then he said all of the molecules were all the time in motion and not one of them touched the other. Huh! Some of the people thought he was saying something great; but I had used an axe in my time, and always found the edge tolerably firm.

Still he had some sense. He got chummy with the owner of the stable, who said he helped business, and so he was able to buy what he called "old stable sweepings" at a bargain. He put fifty loads on his bean-patch in March, and ploughed them in, for the snow went off early that spring; and it went from his bean-patch first of all, on account of that aeration business, he said. After he ploughed the ground he kept his harrows—dish and smoothing—going about all the time. Some snow fell, of course, before the end of the month, but it did not lie a day on his lot. Finally he spread on another ton of his "potassium sulphate and acidulated rock"—huh!—and worked that in. Then on May 1 he put in his beans.

"It's all right now," said Mr. Burwell, that night. "The frost'll mow his crop for him. I was getting scared over the way he has handled that land. It's the best piece of ground in the State for any crop. I think he stood to win, if he hadn't been in such a hurry to plant; but now it's all off, and he'll soon pack up for home."

I felt relieved about the beans myself, but I wasn't so sure that the young fellow would go back to New Jersey; though, of course, I didn't say anything about that.

Of course, we all watched his patch after that. Ogden kept his chimneys drawing every warm day, and he plugged them at four o'clock every afternoon to stop the draft for the night. The soil dried out rapidly, but he made little ditches between all the rows—east and west—and he kept the irrigation ram thumping whenever water was needed—"about an acre inch at an application," as he said. Nobody ever saw such beans in our country, nor better anywhere. And the more they grew, the more nervous the young fellow seemed to get. Or if he didn't, I did. Anyway, I got in the habit of taking a quiet look at the patch every night; and I generally saw him out beside it, if the weather was anyway cool. He had two thermometers tied to a stick with a wet rag around one of them, and he told Mr. Burwell that they would tell when frost was due.

No frost came, however, and time passed until the 15th of May; and the weather records kept at the Falls showed that we'd never had a frost after that date.

"It's just as I said, sir, 'a fool for luck,'" I said to Mr. Burwell, that afternoon.

"It may be so," he said, "but there's a sign of frost in the air this minute."

He shut his eyes about half-way and then wet his finger in his mouth and held it up in the air.

"We'll have some frost here for sure," he continued; "but whether it will touch his warmed-up slope, who knows?"

We went about our work and said no more, but both of us were thinking about the frost and the chance of getting an iron mine. After supper I had to hitch up a carriage-horse for Mrs. Burwell and Nellie, who said they were going to some kind of church doings down at the Falls, and then I walked down the road and cut across the meadow to the head of his bean-patch.

"If he sees me," thinks I, "I'll tell him I came to learn his trick of keeping off the frost, as he was telling me when we talked about the chimneys."

He was always glad to talk about such things, and I knew I could fool him out of thinking I was spying on him. There was no moon that night, but the stars were bright as they always are on a frosty night, and I could see everything. I was expecting to find him out with his thermometers working, but not a sign of him could I see; and then I noticed that there was no light in the house. Seeing that almost took my breath, for the same minute I saw the water was running into the waste-drain from his irrigation-pipe, and it occurred to me that there was the chance to make sure the frost would cut those beans for good and all.

First I knocked at the door to make sure, and when I got no answer I hurried home. Mr. Burwell was in the yard looking at the sky.

"Come on, sir," said I. "Ogden's gone away and we'll just help the frost a bit. We'll just turn on the irrigating stream and see that the whole patch is wet. The evaporation will cool things off, as he is always telling, and the frost 'll do the rest good and slick."

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Drawn by Howard E. Smith.

"Nellie and I had become very friendly."—Page 356.

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"That's so," he said, and then he stopped. "It's malicious mischief in the eye of the law; and what's more, the risk is too big, no matter how much I may lose if I don't do it."

"All right, sir," said I, "if that's the way you feel about it; but I can't afford to lose the job of foreman of a mine gang, risk or no risk. So if you are scared, I'll go alone."

That settled it. He went, and we gave the patch one of the "acre inches" the young fellow was always talking about. We calculated to give a little more, but we heard a team coming up the road, and just dropped everything and went home.

I've an idea Mr. Burwell was feeling pretty nervous when we got there. Anyway, he kept saying, "It's a good thing I've always been friendly to him. It always pays to be friendly." Then when we cleaned our shoes, I noticed that he was extra careful to get the dirt out of a crack where he had a patch on one heel. I had to laugh quietly at that, for the dirt was from the road, and even if it had been from the bean-patch, no one could have told the difference. So, all things considered, I was feeling pretty well when I went to bed, and all the better, maybe, because Mrs. Burwell and Nellie had not come in yet.

Next morning Nellie did not come down to breakfast. Mrs. Burwell said she needed more sleep, and Mr. Burwell said "All right," in a way that showed he was thinking of something else. We'd seen frost when we were doing the chores, and when we went out after breakfast the frost was still there.

"It looks all right, sir," said I.

"Yes," he said. "I never saw one as late as this before. Your job on the mine gang is all right; of course I'm a little anxious for a look."

We were on the way to the barn, but just then we heard a noise at the gate, and both of us turned. What we saw was young Ogden coming in. He was having some trouble shutting the gate, and when that was fixed he came on rubbing his hands into all kinds of shapes.

"Just you keep shut and let me do the talking," said Mr. Burwell. "He's seen the beans, and he's taking it hard." Then, as the young man came near, he continued, as cheerful as ever:

"Good morning, Ben. You're out early, eh?"

"Thank you, sir. Ye-es, sir. It's earlier than I ever called before. But when I saw what you had done for the beans I just had to come and—and—I don't hardly know how to go on, sir."

"Now see here, young man," said Mr. Burwell firmly, "I don't know what you are talking about; but if you have anything to say just begin at the beginning and tell us all about it."

With that young Ogden pulled himself together.

"I'll try to, sir," he said. "It was all on account of that iron ore in the gulf. You see, the lawyer who drew Uncle Ben's will told me, last winter, that the sum to be secured from an acre of ground was raised from $500 to $1,000 at your suggestion, and I connected that fact with your interest in the ore. He offered to bring suit to annul the will, but I didn't care to do that. It wasn't necessary to do that, anyhow."

He paused for a moment while his mouth twitched as if he were trying hard not to laugh, and then he went on:

"The fact is, I wanted to make good under the will just to show what I could do, and I had my reasons for doing that. Of course I felt a little hard toward you. I see now that I was wrong and that I ought to have told you that Uncle Ben brought that ore from a mine in Jefferson County, intending to fool somebody into buying the farm for an iron mine. If I'd told you about it, everything would have been all right, I hope, but seeing, as I supposed, that you were working a game on me, I thought I'd get even in a game of my own. You see, sir, Nellie and I had become very friendly—ah—we were engaged, sir. So I told her and Mrs. Burwell about the ore and the—ah—what I thought about your wanting me to fail with the beans so you could bid in the farm at the sale, and—well, sir, they agreed to my plan, though Mrs. Burwell told me I'd be sure to lose if I locked horns with you. Anyway, she went with us last night, sir, as you know, and after the social we were married.

"I forgot all about the beans until after Mrs. Burwell and Nellie came on home. Then I hurried out for a look, and found the water running around all the rows. It was the one thing that could have saved them, and it was what I was intending to do from the first. Then I hunted for the tracks to learn who had done it, and found

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that while I was treating you—ah—as I did, you were down here saving my crop for me. And all I seem able to do, sir, is to acknowledge my error."

He stopped and began twisting his hands as he did when he was coming in from the gate. Mr. Burwell had listened to what he had been saying without a twitch of the face or a motion. Now he looked from Ogden to the house, looked back to Ogden, gave a glance at me, and then, looking at Ogden again, he said:

"When we came out, wife said Nellie wasn't feeling very well. Perhaps if she knew you were here she'd be better soon."

Then he turned to me, and closing his eyes a bit, he said:

"I think, Jacob, there's nothing more to be said by any of us on this subject, but—um—it may be I was a little too close in making the bargain for the year with you. I think—um—I think I will make the raise twenty-five cents a week, as you wanted, instead of the dollar a month."

WOMEN AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS UNDER THE ROMAN REPUBLIC

By Frank Frost Abbott

SOME day the story of the "emancipation" of the Roman woman will be told. It will set forth the steps by which she gradually freed herself from the mastery of the *paterfamilias*, gained control of her dower, the privilege of holding property in her own name, and, except for the absence of political rights, a more favored position before the law than her husband held. I have no intention of attempting to tell that story here. My purpose is merely to bring together a few facts from the history of the late Republic, that may throw some light upon the rôle which women played in the political life of the Roman people during that period.

Tombstones record the virtues of many Roman matrons, and it is easy to see from them what the Roman's ideal of womanhood was and what he thought properly fell within and outside the range of a woman's activities. The prevailing sentiment is illustrated by the well-known epitaph on the tomb of Claudia outside the walls of Rome: "Stranger, what I have to say is quickly told; stop, and read it to the end. Here is the unbeautiful tomb of a beautiful woman. Claudia was the name her parents gave her. Her husband she loved with her whole heart. Two sons she bore; of them the one she leaves on earth, the other she buried beneath the sod. Charming in discourse, gentle in mien, she kept the house, she made the wool. I have finished. Go thy way." Claudia was the devoted wife and mother, who gave an air of grace and charm to the home life, and skilfully directed the affairs of the household. She was the ideal matron of the good old days, whose influence on public life came from the example which she set to others in performing faithfully and well the duties which fell to her lot, from the respect which her husband had for her judgment, and from the training which she gave her sons.

But time brought changes with it. Roman women never won nor claimed an equal share with men in public affairs, but they found means, as civilization advanced, to make their influence felt more and more directly and effectively in the management of them. However, even in the stormy days of early Rome, when the mailed hand ruled, tradition is fond of recording the large part which women played in the affairs of state. It recounts to us in the pages of Livy the pathetic story of Horatia and her Alban lover and the heroic death of Lucretia, with its tragic results for the line of Tarquin. It gives us the story of Tarquinia, the Roman prototype of the notorious Catherine of Russia, whose boldly conceived plans and whose determination, unweakened by a single touch of justice or of mercy, carried her

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husband to the throne. It sketches for us the masterful and resourceful Tanaquil, who saved the realm for her foster-son, Servius Tullius, and directed him perhaps in those great reforms which have made his name famous in the early history of the city on the Palatine.

It is a pleasant thing to turn from the deeds of violence which the names of Horatia, Tarquinia, and Lucretia suggest, and to recall the fact that the first woman mentioned in the legendary history of the city of Rome was an apostle of peace, and a successful one, too. When a Sabine people, enraged at the treacherous seizure of their women at a festival, had rashly entered Roman territory, had been overwhelmed by the army of Romulus, and were face to face with the cruel treatment which the primitive practices of war prescribed for the conquered, Hersilia, the wife of Romulus, in the name of the Sabine wives of the Romans, met her victorious husband as he entered the city on his triumphant return from the campaign, and prevailed upon him to pardon her kinsmen and even to make them Roman citizens. It is a pleasant thing to recall the fact that Numa, the prototype of the righteous, peace-loving king, drew his inspiration from Egeria, and that her counsel directed him in the policy which made Rome for many years, as the myth of Numa tells us, a mighty influence for peace and harmony throughout central Italy. Perhaps in real life there was never an Hersilia who prevailed upon her husband to make peace. The story that Tanaquil quieted the people after the death of Tarquin by her clever speech from the upper story of the palace may be a pure myth, but the Roman of a later day, when the legends of the early period grew up, evidently thought these situations not improbable, or he would not have made them a part of the history of Rome.

When women do first appear on the political stage in historical times it must be confessed that the setting is not quite so romantic nor is the cause for which they stand so serious as is the case with these women of prehistoric days, yet the movement which they lead is more characteristically feminine. The date is 195 B. C., and the question at issue a sumptuary law. Just after the disastrous battle of Cannæ, when Rome needed to use all her resources against Hannibal, and when a display of wealth by the rich might have stimulated a class feeling which would have been disastrous in the national emergency, the Oppian law was passed forbidding any woman to have more than half an ounce of gold, to wear a parti-colored garment, or to ride in a chariot within the city or within a mile of it, except for religious purposes. But in 195 the stress of war was over; prosperity had returned; women wished to enjoy their privileges once more, and succeeded in persuading two of the tribunes to propose the repeal of the law. But they did not content themselves with this preliminary move. The bold methods which they used in carrying their plans to a successful issue shocked the sedate historian Livy, who tells us that "the matrons could be kept at home neither by persuasion, nor by a sense of modesty, nor by the authority of their husbands. They blocked up all the streets of the city and the approaches to the Forum, importuning men as they came down to the Forum to vote for the restoration of their rights. The leader of the party opposed to them was Cato, who held display in dress and the new woman in like abhorrence. These are the two topics upon which he descants in his indignant speech against the repeal of the law. He cynically asks the women: "Are your ways more winning in public than in private and with other women's husbands than your own? And yet not even at home ought you to concern yourselves with the laws which are passed or repealed here. Our fathers have not wished women to manage even their private affairs without the direction of a guardian; they have wanted them to be under the control of their parents, their brothers, and their husbands. We, by our present action, if the gods permit it, are letting them go into politics even, we are letting them appear in the Forum, and take a hand at public meetings and in the voting booths." Cato closes his appeal to the men with this gloomy picture of the future: "Pray, what will they not assail, if they carry this point? Call to mind all the principles governing them by which your ancestors have held the presumption of women in check, and made them subject to their husbands. Though they have been restrained by all these, still you can scarcely keep them in bounds. Tell me, if you let

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them seize privileges and wrest them from you one by one, and finally become your equals, do you think that you can stand them? As soon as they have begun to be your equals they will be your superiors." Lucius Valerius, the champion of the women, replied to this fiery oration of Cato by recounting the sacrifices which women had made for the state in the past, and by asserting that they were not now taking a hand in public affairs for the first time, and that they should have a share in the good times which had returned to the city. "Magistracies, priesthoods, triumphs, insignia of office, the prizes and spoils of war may not come to them," he said. "Elegance in adornment and dress—these are their insignia; in these they delight and glory." Two of the tribunes had announced their intention to veto the repeal bill, and in their final tactics the Roman women seem to have anticipated political methods which are not unknown to-day. They beset the doors of these officials in a solid phalanx, and did not give over their demonstration until the tribunes promised not to oppose them. The repeal bill was passed by unanimous vote in the assembly, and Cassius Dio, the historian, tells us that "the women put on some ornaments right there in the assembly and went out dancing."

From this time on to the middle of the next century a dozen or more attempts were made to limit by statute expenditure on dress, at dinners, and at funerals, but they were all ineffective. We may suspect that the silent or organized opposition of the women brought many of these measures to naught, but history throws no light on the point.

They did protest, however, a century or more later when, as Valerius Maximus tells us, no man dared take up their cause. The members of the Second Triumvirate were hard pressed for money in the year 43 B. C., in equipping an army for the impending struggle with Brutus and Cassius, and published an edict requiring fourteen hundred of the richest women to make a valuation of their property, and to contribute such portion of it as should be required. The women affected by this proclamation at first appealed to the sister of Octavianus and to the mother and the wife of Antony to enlist their support against the execution of this arbitrary measure, but meeting with only partial success, as Appian in his "History of the Civil Wars" tells us, they came down to the Forum, forced their way to the tribunal of the triumvirs, whose acts no man dared question, and protested vigorously through their spokesman Hortensia, the daughter of the great orator Hortensius: "Let war with the Gauls or the Parthians come," she said, "and we shall not be inferior to our mothers in zeal for the common safety; but for civil wars may we never contribute, nor even assist you against one another." It was Hortensia who enunciated on this occasion, for the first time in history, so far as I know, the principle of "no taxation without representation." "Why should we pay taxes," she cried, "when we have no part in the honors, the commands, the state-craft, for which you contend against one another with such harmful results?" Appian informs us that "when Hortensia had thus spoken the triumvirs were angry that women should dare to hold a public meeting when men were silent, . . . and they ordered the lictors to drive them away from the tribunal, which they proceeded to do until cries were raised by the multitude outside, when the lictors desisted and the triumvirs said they would postpone till the next day the consideration of the matter."

We hear nothing more of the concerted action of large bodies of women until we come to the *conventus matronarum*, or "the little senate," as the biographer of the Emperor Heliogabalus calls it. This body held its meetings on the Quirinal and by its decrees settled questions of dress, precedence, and the use of carriages. The ancient historians are inclined to scoff at the deliberations of this assembly, but some modern courts might not be sorry to have the troublesome questions of court dress and official etiquette decided peacefully by a majority vote of court ladies. A feminine critic might even say with some justice that the deliberations and acts of "the little senate" at this period were as important as those of the senate made up of men. Before leaving this branch of our subject it may be interesting to recall the fact that, among the political posters found on the walls of Pompeii recommending certain candidates to the attention of voters, one is signed by two women; but women do not seem to have taken a very active part in the support of political candidates.

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If we knew the history of the escape of woman from her position of tutelage in the family, we should probably learn a great deal about her influence on public affairs. Unfortunately we know only the concrete results, not the influences which brought them about. The betterment in her condition was a natural result of the advance of civilization, and possibly all the advantages which she had gained by the middle of the first century B. C. would have come to her even if she had remained passive and contented with her position. In point of fact much of the improvement in her lot resulted from a change in public sentiment which found no expression in law. And yet there were certain statutes which materially improved her position, and the fact that we know nothing of organized support of these measures by women would seem to be merely an accident of history. The vigorous and successful attack which we have seen them making on a sumptuary law in the second century, and their protest against taxation in the first century before our era make it reasonably certain that they would actively support those projects of law which would give them a greater measure of liberty and happiness in their everyday life. The great improvement which woman's position in the family underwent will be clear if we call to mind her status in the early period. Her consent to a marriage was not necessary; the matter was arranged by the fathers of the bride and bridegroom. On marrying she passed under the complete control of her husband, who could, with the approval of the family council, inflict corporal punishment on her, or even put her to death. Her property passed into her husband's hands and her earnings became his; he could dispose of his estate by will as he pleased, and, under the best conditions, as an heir to her husband's property she stood on the basis of a daughter, and the inheritance which came to her was managed by a guardian appointed under the will. In course of time the conception of marriage upon which these practices rested underwent a complete change. The theory grew up that marriage was a contract which, like other contracts, required the free consent of the two people concerned, and could be dissolved if they wished it. As in other partnerships, the two contracting parties stood on an equal footing; the wife controlled her property and willed it as she pleased. Even an unmarried woman, by a fictitious marriage which was at once dissolved, could secure a guardian of her own choice and through him manage her fortune as she pleased. It is significant that the most important of these changes, so far as they were brought about by legislation, came after the close of the Second Punic War, and, therefore, followed closely on the repeal of the Oppian law.

Although history has not left us an account of the circumstances under which these laws were passed, so that we hear little more than has been given above of the united political action of women, we *do* hear much of the great influence exerted by individual women under the late Republic. To begin with the earliest authentic instance of the sort, a woman may well be given credit for initiating the great revolution in society and government which, beginning toward the close of the second century before our era, worked itself out into the democratic empire of Julius Cæsar and the dyarchy of Augustus, for Plutarch is probably right when he intimates that Tiberius Gracchus, the forerunner of the revolution, drew his inspiration and the direct impulse to his land reforms from the teachings and admonitions of his mother Cornelia, and from what we know of her character it would seem highly probable that she trained her other son Gaius to take up the work of his brother at the point where Tiberius left it when he fell a victim to his political enemies. She spent her declining years in her villa near Misenum. Here she was visited by many of the distinguished men of the time and kept the memory of her sons alive by recounting their deeds and their hopes. Through her the cause for which Tiberius and Gaius died lived after their death, and we may well believe that some of the men who carried on their reforms went out from this little circle about Cornelia.

In the next century a woman of a far different type made her influence felt in a similar way through the circle of brilliant men whom she attracted to her. The salon of Clodia on the Palatine and in her villa on the seashore at Baiæ drew together the foremost politicians, poets, and orators of the time—men of the older generation, like Cicero and Metellus, young men like her

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brother Clodius, the brilliant and erratic tribune, or Cælius, whom Cicero calls "the best-informed politician in Rome." "The burning eyes" of Clodia, which Cicero celebrates in his fierce attack upon her, her brilliant wit, her versatile character, her skill as a dancer, her abandon and bohemianism, her Claudian pride and contempt for popular opinion are all marks of that fiery southern temperament which could find no middle course between love and hate, which would hesitate for no scruple and be thwarted by no obstacle from gratifying her desires or satisfying her thirst for revenge, which would be as fickle as it would be relentless toward fickleness in others. It is her glory and her misfortune that her character and exploits have been painted by the most gifted poet, the greatest orator, and one of the most brilliant wits of her time. She tired of Catullus, and he poured upon her all the vials of his wrath and scorn. She failed to ensnare Cicero, and she avenged herself upon him by driving him into exile and taking his property from him. She was jilted and laughed at by the once-devoted Cælius, and consequently brought a charge of attempted murder against him and almost compassed his ruin. Whether she deserves the abuse which Catullus heaps upon her in his later poems, whether she merits the epitaph of the "three-cent Clytemnestra" which Cælius puts upon her, or is "the Palatine Medea" that Cicero paints her in his defence of Cælius, we may never know. At all events she was one of the most striking figures of the period and exerted a tremendous influence upon the public life of her time, upon the fortunes of individual politicians, and upon the fate of the Republic, and this is the side of her life in which we are interested here. It will be remembered that it was the primary object of the First Triumvirate to break the prestige of the senate. This could be accomplished in no better way than by robbing it of one of its greatest leaders and by humiliating him personally. The case against him must be one which would appeal to the masses, and the hand of the triumvirs must not be disclosed in the attack. All these conditions pointed to Cicero. He was the great orator of the senate and a recognized leader in it. He had exposed himself to popular wrath by executing the Catilinarian conspirators without granting them an appeal to the popular assembly. In Clodius circumstances put in the hands of the triumvirs the tool to be used. To accomplish his object, Clodius had himself elected to the tribunate; he brought against Cicero the charge of putting citizens to death without due process of law, and secured his banishment and the confiscation of his property. Perhaps Clodius was a radical by nature, and perhaps his political sympathies or his hope of advancement by the triumvirs induced him to make this attack upon Cicero, but the success of it called for fixity of purpose, for years of preparation, and the surmounting of innumerable obstacles, and Clodius was erratic and unstable. Who or what held him up to his purpose and drove him on through every hinderance to the accomplishment of it? Is it not probable that Clodia's savage hate for Cicero, who had repelled her advances, as Plutarch tells us, helped to keep her brother true to his purpose? Her influence over him was boundless, and, knowing her temperament, we can be sure that she would not stop until she had satisfied her desire for vengeance. This theory of the situation is strengthened by what Cicero writes to his friend Atticus in the year before his banishment of the calls to battle of "the ox-eyed one," and by the anxiety which he feels during his exile to know what she is saying and doing. It is confirmed by the vindictiveness with which she pursues Cicero's wife and daughter during his absence from Rome. Clodia had a share, then, in delivering the first fatal blow to the senate. Senatorial government would not have survived indefinitely and the revolution would have come about in time had it not been for her fierce hatred of Cicero which made itself felt through her pliant brother, but her political leadership was one of the instruments in the hands of fate which put an end to the old régime. One woman, therefore, Cornelia, set the revolution in motion; another, Clodia, brought the movement to a climax.

The period of the triumvirs saw women play a new rôle in politics. Leaders strengthened their political relations with one another by intermarriage, very much as the ruling houses of Europe do to-day, and such marriages had a profound influence on the course of events at several critical

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moments. The theory mentioned above, that marriage was a contract which the two parties entering into it could terminate at will, lent itself readily to the new political methods which have just been mentioned. A politician upon some plausible pretext could put away his wife, and could enter into a new marriage relation more consonant with his new political plans. Julius Cæsar seems to have been the first statesman to adopt this political policy systematically by marrying as his first wife the daughter of the democratic leader, Cinna, and upon her death by taking in marriage Pompeia, the granddaughter of Cinna's great opponent, the dictator Sulla. By this means he came into close relations with the leaders of both the great political parties. The other most noteworthy cases of the sort are those of Julia, Octavia, and Scribonia, and they deserve a moment's notice. The political compact into which Cæsar and Pompey entered at Luca in 60 B. C., known as the First Triumvirate, was cemented in the following year by the marriage of Pompey to Cæsar's daughter Julia. Though more than twenty years younger than Pompey, her devotion to him, her beauty, and her personal charm, won her Pompey's affection and respect, and her tact preserved friendly relations between her father and her husband up to her untimely death in 54 B. C. It is a significant proof of her political influence over the triumvirs that the renewal of their agreement took place the year before her death, and that the breach between the two members of the combination who survived after the death of Crassus began within a year and a half after her decease. Pompey wished to bury her remains on his Alban estate, but the Roman people, in grateful remembrance of the service which she had rendered to the state and to the cause of peace, insisted upon giving her a public funeral and upon burying her in the Campus Martius.

So helpful had Julia been in maintaining a cordial feeling between the two leaders that on her death Cæsar offered his grandniece Octavia in marriage to Pompey, but Pompey declined the proposal. Fate had reserved her for another political alliance and imposed upon her the rôle of an advocate of peace in still more trying circumstances. When Cæsar and Pompey passed off the stage, their places as masters of the state were taken by Octavianus and Antony, who watched each other with suspicious eyes as Cæsar and Pompey had done. By 40 B. C. the bond which held them together was strained almost to the snapping point, but, fortunately, by the treaty of that year they were brought together again, and the clouds of civil war which had hung over the country were for the time dispelled. But the soldiers of the two armies had come to see the efficacy of political marriages, and insisted upon the marriage of Antony to Octavia, who was the sister of Octavianus. Antony, with the remembrance of Cleopatra still in his mind, hesitated, but the soldiery forced his acceptance of the proposal. The part which Octavia played from this time on in averting war is so well known that it needs no detailed recital here. When the powers of the Triumvirate expired by limitation at the close of the year 38 B. C., when Octavianus was suspicious and discourteous in his treatment of Antony, when Antony had given up all attempts to reach an understanding with him, it was Octavia who crossed over to Italy and prevailed upon her brother to renew the alliance. In the mean time Antony's relations with Cleopatra were well known in Italy and excited great indignation against him and sympathy for Octavia. Octavianus planned to augment these sentiments to his own advantage by ordering his sister to leave Antony's house where she was staying in Rome. This she firmly refused to do. Devoted as she was to Antony, stronger than her devotion to him was her desire to avert a war between her husband and her brother and to keep the East and the West in harmony. Cleopatra's object, if Ferrero's acute analysis of her policy is correct, was also political. "She hoped by marrying Antony to save Egypt from the common fate of the other Mediterranean peoples, the fate of servitude to Rome." She had tried to attain her end through Cæsar, but failing in her plan with him, sought to carry it out through Antony. It was a desperate political game played by two women for the favor of one man. Both were beautiful, brilliant, and accomplished women of the world. Both had shown themselves to be skilful women of affairs: Cleopatra, in the management of Egyptian interests and in the far-sightedness of her policy;

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Octavia, in securing troops and supplies for her husband's Armenian campaign and in cleverly arranging a basis for a compromise between Antony and Octavianus when all others had failed. The stakes for which Cleopatra played were the secure establishment of her dynasty, the independence of Egypt, and the upbuilding of a great Oriental monarchy in Egypt and Asia. Octavia played to win the Eastern revenues, to save Italy from financial ruin, to protect the Empire from a possible division into two parts, while civil war trembled in the balance. The people of Rome watched the duel between these two women with intense interest. Not only the noble character of Octavia and the indignities put on her appealed to their sympathies, but they felt, as they had in the case of Julia, that peace, prosperity, and the integrity of the Empire were staked upon her success in defeating the wiles of Cleopatra. She failed. Yielding to the entreaties of Cleopatra, in 32 B. C., Antony sent a message to Rome divorcing Octavia, and war followed.

Another woman sacrificed on the altar of politics was Scribonia. Octavianus hastily married her in 40 B. C. to secure an alliance with Sextus Pompeius, who controlled the Mediterranean, and as precipitately divorced her two years later when he felt prepared to cope with Pompeius.

This constant intermarriage between the families of leading politicians, which is illustrated by the cases of Julia, Octavia, and Scribonia, brought many of these families into blood relationship to one another and went far to make the ruling aristocracy a close corporation. A "new man" had very little chance of election to the consulship if he were pitted against a Metellus or a Cornelius, who could rely not only upon the support of the Metelli or the Cornelii, but also upon the many other powerful families with whom they were allied by marriage. That marriages should be arranged largely on political grounds was a natural development, given the basis upon which the Roman aristocracy rested. This aristocracy was made up of those who held office, or whose ancestors had held office. That fact separated it from the rest of the social world and gave it its exclusiveness. That fact connected it with what was most distinguished in the society and history of the past, and conferred upon it the right to highly prized privileges, insignia, and marks of social distinction. Social and political ambition, therefore, could be gratified by the attainment of one object only, political success, and to this end men and women devoted their most earnest efforts. From this union of society and politics each took its color in large measure, and by it the character of Roman women during the last years of the Republic was profoundly influenced. What the effect of such an alliance is upon politics can be appreciated from a glance at English conditions to-day or from a study of certain periods of French history in which women have played an important rôle behind the scenes in public life. Where such conditions exist, the policy of the government is determined by the salon as well as by the parliament, and political preferment comes largely through social influence. Cæsar's engaging personality, for instance, his dashing manner, and his chivalrous bearing counted largely in his political success. A Marius or a Cincinnatus would have had small chance of winning the prizes in public life. Intrigue is likely to play an important part under such conditions, while revenge and jealousy, personal likes and dislikes will color political aims and methods. A cursory reading of Roman history for the last two decades of the Republic shows the presence of these characteristics in it. They come out clearly, for example, in the brief analysis which has been made of Clodia's share in the politics of her time.

The reflex effect of these conditions on women was equally noteworthy. They made women astute, well-informed, and experienced politicians. Their effect is well shown in the character and career of Servilia. Her antecedents would naturally incline her to the party of reform, since her mother was Livia, sister of Marcus Livius Drusus, the tribune of 91 B. C., who met a violent death because he advocated an increase in the size of the senate and the concession of citizenship to the Italians. With such influences about her in early life, we are not surprised to hear of her in 78 B. C. as the wife of the democratic leader Marcus Junius Brutus, who cast in his lot with Lepidus in the armed revolt against the senate and the Sullan constitution. From this time on for a period of twenty-five years she was actively interested in politics, and no

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history of this quarter-century is adequate which does not take her into account as a political factor. Her first husband, as we have just noticed, was Marcus Junius Brutus, the radical leader of 78 B. C.; her second husband, Silanus, the democratic consul of 62; her half-brother was Cato of Utica, her lover, Julius Cæsar, while her son and her two sons-in-law were respectively the conspirators, Marcus Brutus, Cassius, and the triumvir Lepidus. In this list we have most of the powerful leaders of the late Republic, and over these men, with the possible exceptions of her first husband and her brother Cato, she exercised a great influence. We know from the "Correspondence" of Cicero and from Plutarch that many of the moves which they made were dictated or advised by her. Could we know all the facts Servilia would undoubtedly take her place as one of the most important political figures of the closing years of the Republic. Her influence was always cast with the radicals except during the years immediately following Cæsar's death, when the position of her son Brutus induced her to lend her support to the senatorial party. As the wife of Silanus she made her house a democratic centre. It was here that Cæsar met her. Notoriously fickle as he was in love affairs, he continued in his devotion to her to the end. It was probably her remarkable intellectual qualities, and perhaps her charm of manner, rather than her beauty, which kept him constant. As a mark of his admiration he presented her with a pearl in 59 B. C., which, according to Suetonius, was valued at a quarter of a million dollars. It is significant that this gift was made during the year of Cæsar's first consulship, in which he brought in his first great reform bills and his measures in favor of his two colleagues in the newly formed Triumvirate, Pompey and Crassus. Servilia was in a position to influence Cæsar, therefore, at the very beginning of his active career. That she used it effectively is clear enough from a covert reference in one of Cicero's "Letters" of this year to a sudden change in Cæsar's policy in the affair of the notorious informer Vettius, a change which, from Cicero's words, we should naturally attribute to Servilia. Cæsar's intimate relations with her probably continued from this time up to his death, and it would be of great interest to know what part of his policy was suggested by her, and how much he owed to her advice and to her social and political influence in carrying it out successfully. Cæsar was a skilful, resourceful politician and did not need the open assistance of Servilia, so that contemporary accounts are silent on this point. But with his death the situation changed. The "liberators," as Cæsar's assassins called themselves, were without purpose or plans. As Cicero says in the light of the murder and of the helplessness of the conspirators after its accomplishment: "Our courage has been that of men; our plans, those of children." The party was without a leader and without organization. Of the conspirators, Decimus Brutus, Cimber, and Trebonius gladly seized the pretext of taking up their provinces to hurry away from Rome. Marcus Brutus and Cassius shut themselves up in their houses in Rome until, from fear of the mob, they thought it wiser to withdraw from the city. Cicero was completely disheartened at the lack of foresight and concerted action which the movements of the conspirators showed, and retired into the country. The republican cause was left without a single leader of weight in the capital. It was this situation, and the danger threatening her son Brutus which forced Servilia to come out openly as one of the leaders of the senatorial party. It must have been a bitter thing for her to join with those who had murdered Cæsar, but her son Brutus was of the number, and that fact constrained her. The tragedy of the situation would be brought home to her still more keenly if Cæsar was the father of Brutus, as some of the ancient writers believed. With Marcus Brutus and Cassius, upon whose military operations in the East the success of the Republicans depended, Servilia was in constant communication, and they turned to her so frequently for advice as to exasperate Cicero, who seemed to find her policy too often determined by a desire rather to protect her son than to further the interests of the party. In like manner Cicero thought it incumbent on himself to oppose her vigorously when she tried to prevent the senate from declaring her son-in-law Lepidus a public enemy. It was at her house that a meeting of Cicero and the conspirators who were still in Rome was held, and it was she who

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directed the deliberations of the gathering and asked each one present to state his view of the situation. She was present, too, at the eventful council of war held at Antium in June, 44 B. C., shortly before the departure of Marcus Brutus and Cassius for the East, and she took a leading part in the discussion there. Her political influence at this time is well shown by the promise which she made on that occasion to bring the senate to repeal one of its decrees to which the conspirators objected. Probably no one of the men present could have made such an undertaking with any hope of success.

This meeting was also attended by her daughter Tertulla and her daughter-in-law Porcia. The marriage of her son to the last-mentioned woman a few years before was a bitter disappointment to Servilia. Porcia was the daughter of Cato, who had been unwearying in his attacks on Cæsar and the other two members of the triumvirate, and the widow of Bibulus, Cæsar's stubborn aristocratic colleague in the consulship of 59 B. C. Porcia was as uncompromising as her father, as devoted to the aristocratic tradition as her first husband, and Servilia viewed with anxiety the influence of such a wife upon the weak and impressionable Brutus. If the latter part of Brutus's career, which is so hard to understand, were analyzed in the light of the influence exerted upon him by Servilia and Porcia, much of his vacillation and inconsistency could be explained. In the years immediately preceding Cæsar's death, the mother and the wife can never have worked in harmony in directing the political action of Brutus, and we can help our understanding of his course by taking into account at one moment the dominance of Servilia, at another, that of Porcia. So, for instance, Brutus's consent to join the conspiracy against Cæsar's life, after receiving so many marks of Cæsar's affection and favor, should be laid, in part at least, to the door of Porcia. Servilia can have had no hand in it, and probably knew nothing of his participation in the enterprise.

It is strange that no writer of fiction has ever thought of making Fulvia his heroine. Ambitious, jealous, cruel, avaricious, and vengeful, she made herself mistress of Rome, and ruled Italy with a capricious tyranny, which surpassed even that of the triumvirs. She married in succession Clodius, Curio, and Antony. To recount their careers is to recite the wildest political excesses of the period of revolution. It was Clodius who for nearly two years held Rome firmly in the grip of his armed bands of desperadoes, overawing the courts and the assemblies and at times even scoffing at the triumvirs and their legions. His career came to an end in a manner befitting such a man. He was killed in a street brawl in 52 B. C. by the faction of Milo, a rival leader. Fulvia married her second husband, Curio, therefore, just before the outbreak of the war between Cæsar and Pompey, when his wild career was at its height. This "most accomplished rake," as Velleius Paterculus styles him, transferred his political allegiance so many times that it is a bewildering task to follow him. His sympathies were first with the bourgeoisie, later he was a conservative, finally a democrat, and in each of his affiliations joined the extreme faction of his party. Shortly after he married Fulvia, Cæsar purchased his services for 100,000 sesterces, as current gossip reported. It was money well spent. For six months during the critical year 50 B. C., Curio single-handed held the senate at bay, and by his clever parliamentary tactics and his appeals to the populace prevented Pompey and the conservatives from carrying through any one of their measures against Cæsar. It was Curio who, according to the current opinion of the times, finally "lighted the torch of war," as Velleius puts it, by inducing Cæsar to cross the Rubicon and advance upon Rome. He was one of the first victims of the war, but Fulvia found a worthy successor to him in Mark Antony. What part she had in spurring Clodius and Curio on to their audacious acts we cannot say, but her course of action after her marriage to her third husband is a matter of history. When Cæsar was struck down, no party and no leader seemed capable of action. The conspirators had looked no further than Cæsar's death, and were without plans. Octavianus, Cæsar's heir, was in Epirus, and Antony, the consul, suspecting further designs on the part of the conspirators, and not knowing their strength, made no move. But this situation of turmoil and confusion was the breath of life to Fulvia. At her instance, Antony took possession of Cæsar's papers, forged docu-

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ments to suit his own purpose, reorganized the Jacobin clubs, which had served Clodius so well, stirred the populace to indignation at Cæsar's murder, and began the hasty recruiting of troops. It was these measures which forced Brutus, Cassius, and their fellow-conspirators to leave Rome and to abandon Italy to Antony and Fulvia. Her political career reaches its most dramatic point during the months of proscription after the formation of the Second Triumvirate, and after the battle of Philippi in 42 B. C. She rioted in the carnage and confiscation which followed the return of the triumvirs to Rome in 43 B. C., and when the head of Cicero was placed in her hands she pierced with a golden needle the tongue which had scored her first husband Clodius and branded Antony in the Philippics. After 42 B. C. she was practically in control of Italy. She had elevated her brother-in-law Lucius to the consulship, and with his help cowed Octavianus, sowed dissension throughout Italy, and brought the country to the verge of an armed conflict. Only the prompt action of Octavianus's general, Agrippa, in shutting up her adherents in Perusia and reducing that city by a siege, saved Italy from the horrors of another civil war. Thwarted by this reverse in her efforts to precipitate war in Italy, she crossed to Greece with three thousand troops, and, although Antony refused to see her, the bitter feeling which she had stirred up induced him to embark for Italy and lay siege to Brundisium. The war was on in earnest, but at this critical moment Fulvia died, and with her disturbing influence at an end, Antony and Octavianus quickly came to an agreement.

Fulvia typifies the spirit of unrest, disorder, and passion which characterizes the closing years of the Republic as perfectly as Livia, the proud, self-contained, far-seeing, tactful woman whom Octavianus married two years after Fulvia's death, personifies the ideal of the new régime. But Livia belongs to the Empire, not to the Republic, and is outside the limits set for this paper.

PLUS AND MINUS

By Alan Sullivan

IT was at the close of a dreary winter day that three men sat in front of a great fireplace in a well-known city club—three men whose distinctive personalities were revealed by the yellow light of leaping flame. Around them was the subdued atmosphere which men of affairs look for and appreciate in their social haven, an array of deep yawning leather chairs and broad flat tables littered with periodicals, an expanse of sober-colored carpet into which the foot sank noiselessly. Their talk had drifted unconsciously from the topics of the day to what might be termed individualities—they were expressing not so much their opinions as themselves, and—old cronies all—each offering to friendly vivisection was made in sincerity and received with courteous respect.

Penrose, the artist, a tall, slight, delicate man, was speaking, slowly and thoughtfully. "It is curious," said he, "how very few things do really interest and hold us; we live in such a kaleidoscope that our attention is continually diverted to some new phase—color scheme—to speak professionally, and as our minds grow agile in movement they seem to lose retention. Perhaps it's our interpretation of things that is at fault. Personally, I am deeply conscious of loss in this respect."

The others did not speak at once; they were wondering how Penrose could complain of a deadened sensibility—Penrose, who had mixed into his paints such a quintessence of delicate feeling and perception that his work was prized above that of any modern artist.

At last Stevenson, the ironmaster, broke in: "My dear fellow, if Hulett or myself had entered that complaint there would be reason in it; but you—you see things that we are blind to and cannot realize till we

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get the chance of buying your paintings, and that doesn't come any too often."

"Perhaps I will be more clear if I put it another way. There are things which one may think are not worth the effort to obtain; some other one makes the effort and does obtain. Now, although we still question the value of that particular thing to ourselves, we begin to be just a trifle disgruntled, because some one else has decided otherwise, and acted upon that decision."

"Heavens, Penrose," put in Hulett, "that sounds remarkably commercial to come from such an untainted source as yourself!"

The others both laughed, and Hulett continued: "What do you feel the need of? You've got the world to paint, and the world wants you to paint it. Stevenson makes steel rails and is haunted by tariff reform, and I manufacture cloth and fight the labor unions. You don't want to change places with us, do you?"

"No, I don't. I suppose it's all due to that unrest which some good-natured poet has called divine, but honestly I am impressed by what you men are doing. You feed thousands; you create wealth; you strengthen the nation—and, curiously enough, my keenest impression is not about my own work but Stevenson's."

The latter turned in his seat and looked at Penrose: "What is it, old man?"

"It's the trip I took with you two years ago. It seems to grow more vivid every day; I have forgotten much, but never that!"

Inquisitive to see the picture of his own work in the artist's mind, Stevenson said: "Tell us, just as you see it now."

The slight figure in the big chair began to speak very quietly.

"I went on board a steel ship, one-eighth of a mile long, and took possession of as perfect a cabin as I ever had on the Cunard. I was borne across a great inland ocean to a place where another ocean plunges into it, was lifted up, and in twelve hours had gone another two hundred miles."

Stevenson chuckled—"We had her wide open for his benefit, Hulett," but Penrose continued:

"Then I came to great caverns that went down into the very bowels of Mother Earth. Here a regiment of huge machines were tearing and gnawing at mountains of iron ore, and dropping it by the ton into steel cars. The cars were hurried away to the water's edge, and were seized by some kind of mechanical monster, and their contents literally upset into gaping pockets. The pockets emptied themselves into the steamers that lay beside them, at the rate of ten thousand tons in six hours. Across the water they swept to long docks where machines with titan arms and hands plunged them into the holds of the ships, scooped out the ore and flung it into other cars. These bore the ore to other artificial mountains, from which the furnaces were fed with fuel and stone and iron. Night and day they roared and vomited molten metal, out of which the dross was blown by a cyclonic blast. Then came the rolls—monumental, resistless, inflexible—they received the steel billets, crushing, flattening, shaping, till out of heat and toil and power came the steel rails, miles and miles of them, as I watched. All this without the touch of a human hand. Now that is something I can never forget, and I see it all more vividly than the greatest canvas of the greatest painter—and yet I call myself an artist," he added, half contemptuously.

Stevenson's gray eyes were riveted on the speaker. It was all true—just as Penrose had told it. It was his work—good work—and he knew it; and yet he had never looked on it in this way; he had been too much a part of the picture himself to appreciate its magnificent proportions. A curious idea came into his mind, and, anxious to prove it, he turned to Hulett.

"Impressions are in order, Hulett, tell us yours—the impression above all others."

The latter sat gazing studiously into the red coals. "Well," he said at length, "oddly enough, my memory goes back thirty years. I had just left Yale, and was having a fling before shouldering my burdens, and had drifted up into Canada, moose shooting. We, the guide and I, had been out all day, and when night came were miles from camp; it had been a hard day, too, on snow-shoes, and I was about all in. Dark found us on top of a ridge looking down into a spruce-covered hollow; pretty inhospitable, I thought, till the guide raised his hand and pointed.

"'Look,' he said—'Smoke——'

"Smoke sure enough it was, a thin wreath of it curling over the tree tops. We dived down the slopes and in a few minutes

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found the camp. It was a Hudson Bay trapper's—a big teepee made of skins and bark—about twenty feet in diameter, and pointed like a Pierrot's hat. We lifted the flap and looked in. The trapper, a fine old chap, was mending snares, and his wife and daughter—the latter a perfect beauty—were sitting on rabbit-skin rugs and making snow-shoes. The place was spotless and a fire crackled in the middle of it all—I tell you I never saw anything so inviting in my life."

"Youth, youth, ever blessed youth," murmured Stevenson, but Hulett raised an insistent hand and went on:

"There was mighty little there, and I knew it, but what there was, was complete. There lay the beauty of it. The old fellow welcomed us with the manner of an aristocrat—asked not a single question, except were we hungry. The women got kettles and things, and he went outside, dug in the snow, and brought in some partridge and rabbits and fish, and put them all in the pot together; then they made dough-boys—delectable balls of flour and grease—and put those in. They had tea, and made that, and when all was ready waited on us with a grave solicitude that I have only seen equalled in the chief steward of this club. When we had finished, they gave us robes to sleep in, and as I rolled over, I noticed that the old woman had already started to mend my socks.

"It seemed only a few moments till I woke, but it was morning; our breakfast was ready, and it was as good as our supper. When I was leaving, I noticed a red sandstone pipe the old boy had been smoking, and offered to buy it. He took it out of his mouth, and said: 'It is yours.'

"And now listen. He put us on our trail, and when I insisted on his taking money, he simply drew himself up like the gorgeous old pagan he was, and said:

"'No, no—you would have done the same for me,' and was off like a shot.

"Now, gentlemen, would I?—That's the question I have been asking myself periodically ever since. His interpretation puts mine to shame nine times out of ten; he had nothing, but he gave much, and gave it with grace and modest confidence, looking for nothing. He had the largeness of heart which the competition in our lives is choking to death. I tell you that terrapin and pommery have not killed the savor of that stew, and I don't intend that they ever shall. Stevenson suggests 'youth.' I am with him to a point, but that old fellow had youth and sweetness of spirit while we seem to be getting dried up before our time. Well, you have it, and I expect it's hardly the kind of impression you were anticipating—eh, Stevenson?"

The ironmaster had just lit a cigar and was intently watching the dwindling end of a match. "Well, I don't exactly know," he answered; "I almost did expect something like that, although my knowledge of your tastes does not associate you with stews and dough-boys. I have some kind of an elemental idea in my head that we are all more or less pagans, or would like to be sometimes—just periodically. We profit by our civilization, of course, hugely, but there are some primitive joys we miss on account of it. We are apt to get so infernally refined that we become unnatural. Do you remember Bishop Blougram in Browning, how he

> 'Rolled him out a mind
> Long crumpled, till creased consciousness lay smooth.'

That's what most of us need—to get the wrinkles out of our mental compositions. I did once, completely and absolutely—it's my one great impression.

"After the Steel Trust took over our plant, I went abroad. It had been heavy work; you know perhaps that our people were the biggest independents outside the Carnegie lot, and when the smoke had cleared away and papers were signed, I went over and stayed in Algiers. I wanted to get away from everything and everybody, so moved on west till I came to a little town called Kroubs, a white-washed patch not far from the edge of the Sahara. The people were practically all natives, Moors, Nubians, and Arabs, with perhaps half a dozen French.

"All that part of Africa was under French military rule—it was a grazing country—and Kroubs was really the head-quarters of the business for the province. I stayed in a small Arab hotel fronting the main street, and lived on coffee, dates, eggs, and black bread, and spent most of the time picking up languages and poking my nose into other people's business. One morning I got up early and sat at the window before

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sunrise. The sky had been purple all night and was just showing a little pink, and across the road was a big sheep-pen, with high stone walls around it and a heavy, narrow wooden gate. I could look right into it, and see hundreds of sheep packed like sardines in a case, and presently an Arab chief came up all dressed in white with a couple of Nubians behind him. The two were like ebony statues, big, tall, and beautifully built; all they wore was a loin cloth, and they carried gourds for water-bottles. I noticed the chief had a big iron key hanging from his girdle, and with this opened the gates. You could hear the old wrought-iron hinges creak a mile away in the stillness, and the Nubians stood one on each side as the sheep came out. There was just room for one at a time, and, as I live, the Nubians had a name for each sheep, and they knew it as they were called, and turned right or left one after the other. Now, mind you, there was not a sound, except the shuffle of their trotters and the queer words these big black men were saying in a curious, guttural chuckle of a voice, and yet the sheep knew their shepherd.

"Pretty soon the yard was empty—that white-clad Arab relocked the gate, and his flocks stood waiting behind the Nubians. Then they turned off into the plains—long, low ridges, just like ground swells covered with short grass. The Arab disappeared, and I watched the others, one going south and the other east. They dwindled as they went, those black pillars with their white patches following after, until they dropped out of sight behind a lift of the desert. I rubbed my eyes and stared. It seemed somehow that a corner of a curtain had been thrown back and I had had a glimpse into days when Abraham's herdsmen watched their sheep. It seemed as if those same Nubians had been guarding those same flocks in just that way every day since the world was young, and all the time I kept saying to myself: 'The sheep knew their shepherd.' Now that was the most impressive thing I ever saw."

There was a long silence around the fireplace as Stevenson finished. Something of the mystery and beauty of the scene was in the minds of the three and they were loath to part with it, when a door opened and two men entered—one of them was speaking rapidly.

"The whole thing might have been avoided with a fractional loss. It was pure carelessness—alarm system out of order—engines did not arrive till too late. It was a mistake in wiring; got their positives and negatives confused, and there was no current."

Stevenson smiled contentedly across the hearth at the others. "That's it—that's what I was after—for electricity substitute life; we don't know what it is, but we can produce it; and it has, in every case, these elements, apparently conflicting, but, as a matter of fact, absolutely necessary for the performance of work. Otherwise you get a dead wire. If we happen to be positives, we must have our negatives—somewhere, somehow. And in our own cases there seems to be no doubt about it."

"The artist and the blast furnace," put in Hulett.

"The ironmaster and the sheep," chuckled Penrose.

"The manufacturer and the doughboys," concluded Stevenson.

THE ETERNAL THEME

By Curtis Hidden Page

THE years are flying, love,
  And youth is dying!
Then seize this hour, my sweet,
  And pluck life's flower,
Lest, having never lived,
  We die deceived.

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SPECULATION AND STOCK EXCHANGES

By Samuel H. Ordway
Member of the Hughes Investigating Commission of New York.

THE growth and development of stock exchanges is one of the most striking features of the last century. Their activities are characteristic of what is best and of much that is worst in the financial and commercial world of to-day. They influence and affect the community vitally, for they not only furnish the machinery necessary to the success of the gigantic financial enterprises which make practically effective modern discoveries and inventions, but, by tempting the people at large within the whirl and grasp of that machinery, often ruin and destroy their fortunes and their lives. Naturally, they have long been the subject of careful study by economists and sociologists, and of bitter criticism by a large part of the community and of the press. Wide differences of opinion have developed, ranging from the views of those who argue that the facilities afforded are so essential to modern business and finance that there should be no restriction of their activities, to those of others who urge that the abuses inherent in the system call for its absolute abolition, or at least for drastic State control. The problem is difficult, and must be solved by study and experiment rather than by *a priori* reasoning or arbitrary legislation. While there is not space here to cover the ground adequately, an attempt will be made to outline in a general way the form and chief characteristics of the leading stock exchanges and the nature of speculation itself, so as to make more intelligible the questions involved and the methods suggested for the correction of existing abuses.

Markets came into existence as soon as men acquired property and began to buy and sell; in the course of time, as these markets were organized and regulated by convention or by formal rules, they became exchanges. Commodity exchanges have existed from the earliest times, but security or stock exchanges are comparatively modern. Although some of the existing stock exchanges in Europe claim great antiquity, they were of very small importance until within the last one hundred and fifty years. Certain securities were issued and dealt in to some extent prior to that time, but it was not until governments became large borrowers, and the form of business organizations known as corporations became common, and began to issue and endeavor to dispose of their securities to the public, that stock exchanges began to assume their present importance. They are now absolutely necessary to the transaction of modern business in modern forms. Their function is, primarily, to supply a place where purchases and sales can readily be made, and where prices are fixed by the volume of transactions which take place on them, and, secondarily, by providing a wide, continuous, and open market, to furnish the necessary machinery for the raising of the enormous amounts of capital required by governments and private enterprises. The exchanges as such do not transact any business, but merely supply a place where information can be obtained and transactions executed, and they surround the business transacted upon their floors with such regulations as seem to them necessary for the protection of their members and the public.

Since it is a fundamental human instinct to desire to acquire wealth, there flock to these exchanges not only those who desire to dispose of securities which they have for sale, and those who desire to invest in such securities, but also all those who believe that by the exercise of their knowledge and judgment as to future events and changes in prices they may secure a profit from their transactions. These latter are commonly known as speculators. In a broad sense, all dealings in commodities and securities are speculation, but that word is generally used to indicate operations having in view the securing of a profit from fluctuations in prices, and to exclude ordinary trading and investment, and it is in this sense that the word is used in this

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article. Fluctuations are the cause of speculation rather than speculation the cause of fluctuations.

However subject speculation may be to criticism because of unsound methods or excesses, it is economically reasonable and proper, and even necessary to the true development and operation of the functions of the exchange. As with commodities, so with securities, the law of supply and demand will sooner or later have a controlling effect upon prices, the demand for securities being ultimately determined by their earning capacity. So also the successful progress of the country and of the enterprises organized therein, good crops, and general business prosperity, on the one hand, and crop failures, floods, earthquakes, pestilence, wars and rumors of wars, and general business depression on the other hand, necessarily have a very great effect upon the prices of securities.

It is the proper function of the speculator to forecast the effect of all these considerations upon the course of prices, and by his transactions to discount them. The fundamental characteristic of speculation is the assumption of risks, and the speculator is to some extent an insurer against those risks. So far as he is reasonably well informed as to the facts, and possesses good judgment as to the effect of passing events and as to coming events, his transactions tend to regulate prices and to make more gradual fluctuations which without his operations would be often violent and even ruinous. One of the most important and valuable functions of the exchange being the fixing of prices, to the end that it may always be possible for the owner of securities to turn them into cash at a fair price at short notice, and for the purchaser of securities to be able to buy them in the same way, it is necessary to the proper performance of this function that the transactions upon the exchange should be large in amount, continuous, and, free. The operations of the speculator tend to promote this necessary end.

Notwithstanding the important and valuable assistance which the speculator thus lends to the promotion of the legitimate objects of exchanges, speculation as actually conducted is not always accompanied by good results. Where speculation is excessive, or based upon insufficient knowledge of the facts or unsound judgment as to the future, or conducted upon insufficient capital, it frequently does an enormous amount of harm. It is the avowed intention of all exchanges to make the necessary regulations for the control of business, so that what is good and useful may be conserved and what is evil and injurious may be repressed. Like most human institutions, stock exchanges are imperfect, and have not accomplished all that they have intended to accomplish, much less all that they ought to accomplish, and the evils which have grown up in connection with the transaction of business upon their floors are notorious and have led to a widespread demand for reform.

The leading stock exchanges of the world are the New York Stock Exchange, the London Stock Exchange, the Paris Bourse and the Berlin Boerse. There are many others of considerable importance, among which are the exchanges at Vienna, Frankfort, Hamburg, Manchester, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Although their general objects are much the same, they differ materially in their organization and rules.

The New York Stock Exchange is an unincorporated voluntary association, limited to one thousand members, governed by a board of governors consisting of forty members, in addition to the president and treasurer. Seats upon the Exchange are very valuable, selling at the present time for about $80,000. The origin of this Exchange dates back considerably more than one hundred years, to a time when brokers used to meet informally under a tree on Wall Street near Pearl. At that time there were few, if any, rules governing transactions, but a more organized form was adopted in 1792, and the present exchange was organized in 1817. Its constitution declares that its objects are to maintain "high standards of commercial honor and integrity among its members, and to promote and inculcate just and equitable principles of trade and business." A larger volume of business is transacted upon its floor than upon any other exchange in the world. The average annual transactions in stocks amount to more than $15,000,000,000, and the average annual transactions in bonds amount to nearly $1,000,000,000.

Originally the members acted solely as brokers or agents, but for many years it has

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been customary for them to act also as dealers for their own account. Probably the majority of the members now speculate to a greater or less extent, and certain members, known as traders, do little or no business as brokers, but buy and sell almost wholly for their own account.

A class of members known as specialists has also developed of late years, who deal in one or more special securities to the exclusion of others, and are largely employed by other members who wish to buy or sell those securities. Each member is responsible to every other member with whom he deals for his transactions, but there is no guarantee thereof by the entire body of members or by the Stock Exchange itself. The regular rule is that all transactions must be carried out and settled for on the following business day, the custom of the Exchange thus differing from those in Europe, where there are fortnightly or monthly settlements.

There is no rule governing the margins to be required by a broker of his customers; that subject is left to mutual agreement, but margins are usually insisted upon. The rate of commissions is strictly regulated. Wash sales, that is, fictitious transactions, are forbidden; being difficult of detection, they undoubtedly occur, although probably not to the extent generally supposed. The rules and customs of the Exchange are in accord with the law of the State of New York, and all wagering transactions are prohibited; in other words, every transaction must be not only enforceable under the rules of the Exchange but also at law.

Members are forbidden to deal on the floor of the Exchange in securities which are not formally listed by the Exchange; that is, in any securities which have not passed the scrutiny of the Committee on Stock List, which requires the filing of full financial statements by the company whose securities are to be listed. There is, however, an unlisted department, so called, by which a comparatively small number of securities are admitted to dealings upon the Exchange although they have not passed the formal examination necessary to full listing. This unlisted department is being gradually reduced, and it is to be hoped will soon disappear except for interim or temporary securities. The Stock Exchange does not guarantee or in any way approve the financial standing of any of the corporations whose securities are admitted to the list, or the value of the securities, but merely endeavors to secure and make public balance sheets and full statements of the affairs of such corporations, and to assure itself of the regularity of the securities issued and listed. The investing and speculating public is expected to form its own judgment as to the financial standing of each corporation and the value of its securities.

Members of the Exchange are not allowed to be members of or to do business upon or with the members of any other security exchange in New York City. Members are allowed, however, to deal on the "Curb" in securities not dealt in upon the Exchange. The "Curb" is an informal and practically unorganized market for securities occupying a portion of Broad Street near the Stock Exchange. Any one may deal on the "Curb," but the majority of the transactions originate with members of the Stock Exchange. Owing to lack of organization and control over persons dealing there, and the absence of any adequate scrutiny of securities dealt in, swindling operations and scandalous misconduct frequently occur, and are proof of the necessity of careful organization and rigid control, in some form, of all large markets for securities.

The London Stock Exchange is also an unincorporated association, and in general does not differ very much in its rules and methods from the New York Stock Exchange. There are, however, some important differences. Settlements are made fortnightly instead of daily; that is, when a man buys or sells securities it is not necessary for him to carry out the transaction and settle for the same until the next settlement day. There is upon the London Stock Exchange a class of members, known as dealers or jobbers, who are forbidden to act as brokers or agents, but are permitted to buy and sell only for their own account. Owing to the existence of these dealers, it is generally the custom for brokers having orders to execute for customers to go to the dealers and make their transactions with them instead of with other brokers. This adds somewhat to the cost of the transaction to the customer, but the system is defended on the ground that it enables purchases and sales to be made more certainly

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and more speedily. As in New York, so in London, there are no rules governing margins as between broker and customer; but margins are unusual, most of the business being done wholly on credit. Members who are brokers and not dealers are not forbidden to buy and sell for their own account, and are sometimes speculators.

In 1877 a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the London Stock Exchange and to recommend measures to correct certain conditions which had been widely criticised. The Commission sat for more than a year, and made an elaborate report suggesting some minor reforms, most of which, however, were urged upon the Exchange, for its own action, rather than upon Parliament for legislation. Changes in the general methods of doing business were not recommended.

The Paris Stock Exchange, or Bourse, differs very materially from the New York and London Stock Exchanges. It is really a government institution, limited to seventy members, who, although elected by the governing body, must be approved by the French Minister of Finance, and are appointed by the President of the Republic. Memberships have sold as high as $500,000. Every member is responsible for the transactions and indebtedness of every other member. They act solely as brokers or agents, and are forbidden by law to deal for their own account or to be interested in any other commercial enterprise. Dealing is generally "for the account," with fortnightly settlements, as in London. Margins are seldom required from customers, and most of the transactions "for the account" are wholly on credit until the settlement. The books of members are subject to official inspection. The French Bourse proper, known as the Parquet, deals in so limited a number of securities, is under such stringent laws, and is so thoroughly a government institution that there has grown up an open board of brokers, known as the Coulisse, which has finally received a sort of recognition, and meets within the precincts of the Bourse itself. The Coulisse, although to some extent controlled and regulated by the State, corresponds in some respects to the New York Curb. Any one may deal there, but only in securities not listed on the Parquet, or Bourse proper. As a result, transactions in the Coulisse are frequently larger than in the Parquet.

The Berlin Stock Exchange, or Boerse, again differs materially from the others which have been referred to. It is really an open board of brokers, where any one may come and for a nominal fee do business subject to the general laws of Germany. The rules of the Exchange are much less numerous and rigid than those of the other exchanges. Most of the transactions are "for the account," with monthly settlements. As a general rule, margins are not required. There is no regulation as to the rate of commissions. As the persons dealing upon the Boerse are not subjected to any scrutiny and comparatively little control by the Exchange itself, the transaction of business has been accompanied by difficulties and abuses which have led to the severest criticism. This was the condition of affairs prior to 1896. In 1892 an Imperial Commission was appointed to investigate the Exchange and recommend measures of reform. After sitting for nearly two years, it made an elaborate and valuable report suggesting important changes. Owing, however, to the pressure of public opinion resulting from the evils above referred to, and to the activity of the Agrarian party, the Reichstag went far beyond the recommendations of the Commission and adopted, in 1896, a law of the most drastic character, which attempted to control and end the existing evils, but went to such extremes as to disorganize business in Berlin and throughout Germany, and, as a result, to a large degree, drove it from the country. The law created a State Commissioner, and gave him general supervision and control over the Exchange. It provided minute regulations for the issuance of new securities and for the receipt and handling by brokers of their customers' securities. It attempted to prevent short sales by forbidding all dealings for future delivery in grain and flour, and all dealings for the account in mining and industrial securities, and further provided that in all other cases no transaction for future delivery or for the account should be valid or enforceable unless both parties thereto had theretofore entered their names in a special Exchange Register. The object of these latter provisions was to prevent short sales of certain commodities and securities absolutely, and

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to prevent short sales of all other commodities and securities by unregistered persons, that is, by the public generally.

This German law, therefore, attempted to do the very things which have been so generally advocated of late in this country, that is, to prevent manipulation, to restrict short sales, and to prevent what is known at stock-gambling by the uninformed public. Briefly, it was a disastrous failure. Legitimate business was largely driven out of the country, and was transacted upon the London and Paris exchanges through *remissiers*, who acted as local agents for foreign brokers. With very few exceptions, persons speculating in securities and commodities refused to register, and such transactions as took place in Germany were subject to the risk of repudiation. In some cases speculators dealt on both sides of the market, that is, bought and sold the same security at the same time; if the security went up, they endeavored to carry out the transaction in which they had bought and repudiated the other; if it went down, they insisted upon their sale and repudiated their purchase. Even where honest dealers intended to carry out their transactions, it often happened that, in case of their death, their executors were compelled to treat the transactions as illegal. As a result, such business as was done in Germany fell largely into the hands of large banks. The injury to German business and to Germany's financial prestige was so enormous that public opinion gradually changed, and in course of time came to demand the repeal or amendment of the law, and in 1908 the law was very materially amended so as practically to do away with the system requiring the registration of speculators and to permit short sales of securities within certain limitations. The experience of Germany is valuable and instructive, and shows the danger of injury to legitimate and necessary business resulting from extreme efforts by the State to control and eliminate the evils connected with speculation.

Clearing-houses exist in all the leading exchanges for the purpose of offsetting and clearing purchases and sales of securities and the indebtedness therefor. They are similar in purpose and character to the clearing-houses maintained by the banks of all large cities. They were adopted in Europe nearly fifty years ago. In this country the Philadelphia Exchange was the first to organize a clearing-house, in 1870. The New York Stock Exchange was the last to do so, in 1892. While stock-exchange clearing-houses certainly facilitate undesirable speculation and manipulation, they are essential to the transaction of the legitimate business of the exchanges, and greatly reduce the strain upon the banks and the money market during periods of great activity.

As already stated, there can be no doubt that many and serious evils have grown up in connection with speculation and transactions upon stock exchanges. What is commonly known as stock gambling, and *is* virtually gambling, although the forms of law are observed and the transactions are legal and enforceable, has increased enormously, and demands most serious consideration, since it tends to demoralize a large part of the community. Its evils are aggravated by the tendency to do business upon very small margins, the result of which is that many speculators are closed out and lose their all as the result of comparatively small fluctuations, such as are certain to occur in all markets. Since the broker's income increases with the volume of his customers' transactions, he is tempted to urge excessive speculation, upon insufficient margins, and in many cases the wholly unjustifiable operations of the uninformed speculator of small means are due to the advice and frequently to the solicitation of his broker. Large operators possessing great capital and a superior knowledge of financial events frequently manipulate prices in such a way as to make large profits for themselves and at the same time to injure, and even ruin, many of their smaller competitors and the speculating public. In addition, these manipulators and other speculators frequently spread false rumors and misrepresent facts in order to cause violent fluctuations and induce timid holders to close out their commitments.

Besides these evils, there are undoubtedly many cases of misconduct on the part of individual brokers. Recent failures have uncovered illegal and even criminal acts upon the part of brokers for which the present laws seem to provide little punishment and no sufficient remedy. Some brokers who are not guilty of actual crime undoubtedly engage in improper practices, for example, by rehypothecating their cus-

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tomers' securities for more than they themselves have loaned upon them, by lending them, and by trading against their customers; that is, making a sale for their own account to offset the customer's purchase and then delivering his stock to make good their own sale, thus virtually "bucketing" the order. There is bitter complaint also that specialists sometimes take advantage of the various orders which they receive in their own special securities and, by dealing in them for their own benefit, make a profit at the expense of their customers. This class of evils is, of course, analogous to other crimes and wrong-doing which occur even in the most civilized land. They can no more be eradicated by legislation than murder or theft, but the fact that they exist leads to popular criticism of the exchanges and of the whole system.

In addition to the evils already mentioned, there are many swindling operations which have no connection with the exchanges, but which have their home in the same neighborhood and are to some extent confused with the exchanges in the public mind. These consist of the organization and exploitation of unsound corporations and the distribution and sale of their worthless securities by means of false or deceptive advertising and circulars. A class of tipsters has also grown up who advertise in certain of our newspapers, which are open to the severest criticism for accepting and publishing such advertisements, and who do not differ in any respect from the tipster or tout at a race-course.

All of these swindlers endeavor to cloak their operations under the form of legitimate stock transactions, and frequently advertise themselves as members of some so-called stock exchange; although no such exchange exists, the victims are apparently unable to distinguish it from the regular exchanges, and lose large sums of money by investing in securities which, if they have any legal existence, certainly have no real value. The distinction between the latter class of transactions and those conducted on the legitimate exchanges should be emphasized, for, while there are evils connected with the best exchanges, the more serious evils, and those most subject to criticism, have no connection with them, but arise from the activities of outsiders. Mining stocks are a specially favorite field for these swindlers, and seem to have a peculiar attraction for credulous investors, because of the mystery which surrounds them, the large profits occasionally made in them, and the extravagant promises which promoters hold out to unwary readers of advertising literature. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a loss results from such operations. The existing laws are sufficient, if properly enforced, to punish and to some extent to prevent many of these swindles. Under the laws of the State of New York, and of most of the other States, the obtaining of money by false pretence is larceny, and in the worst cases the main difficulty in punishing those guilty is to catch them and to find some one who is willing to come forward with the evidence. Where, however, the swindler confines himself to prophecy as to the outcome of his scheme, and refrains from stating any definite facts, the law affords no sufficient remedy. In such cases the public must protect itself by refusing to be entrapped by specious and alluring advertisements and circulars which on careful reading will be found to assert nothing but possibilities and hopes.

Those evils, however, which seem to be inherent in stock speculation and the transaction of business on stock exchanges, such as excessive speculation, doing business on insufficient margins, manipulation of prices, short selling, and other matters already mentioned, are not so easily corrected. They are in all cases so intimately connected with legitimate and necessary transactions that extreme caution is required in undertaking legislation to prohibit them.

A large part of the community and many influential papers have for a long time advocated a law to prevent so-called stock gambling. There are distinguished economists who claim that even such transactions as may be described as virtually gambling, by adding to the breadth and freedom of the market, perform a useful function in the business life of the nation. But even if this theory be sound, the individual misery and ruin which result seems to be too high a price to pay, and it would undoubtedly be desirable to eliminate such operations if that could be accomplished without at the same time obstructing and limiting legitimate transactions, which are not only desirable and necessary in themselves, but essential to the existence of such

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a market for securities as must be provided if the business of the nation is to be done and to develop and progress. The form of the various transactions is identical. The difference between them rests not merely in the intention of the parties but frequently in a state of mind which in many cases cannot be described as an intention and often changes from day to day. So long as they are in form legal and binding contracts to deliver and receive securities, which can be enforced by either side, there seems to be no practicable method by which they can be classified in certain cases as legitimate and in others as illegitimate; any effort to do so would be almost certainly futile, and would do vastly more harm to business than it would good to the community. Of course, it must be remembered that this statement does not apply to wagering transactions, where there is no intention to make a binding contract, but which amount merely to a bet upon fluctuations in prices, that is, what is ordinarily known as "bucketing." These transactions are not only illegal, but are crimes in the State of New York and in many other States, and are contrary to the rules of all of the leading exchanges.

Serious complaint has been made, and justly, of the injury done to the community by speculation upon margin. This system is the foundation of a large part of the great speculative structure, and undoubtedly increases enormously the volume of speculative transactions. The so-called lambs and suckers who speculate in Wall Street generally do so upon small margins, which are insufficient to withstand even the natural fluctuations of the market. The result is that they lose their all, and thereafter bitterly assert that some indefinite large interests caused the fluctuations with intent to ruin them. In most cases their losses are due solely to the fluctuations which occur in every market, against which a small margin, unless backed by ample capital, is a wholly insufficient protection. The probability is that if those speculators paid in full for whatever they bought, their losses would be extremely small as compared with their losses under the present system, and in many cases, as they are apt to be purchasers rather than sellers, there would be in the long run no loss at all, but a profit. Undoubtedly this is a very serious evil, but the question is in the last analysis one of credit, which is always a most dangerous subject of legislation. The California Legislature has undertaken to forbid dealings on margin, and the constitutionality of the law has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, but the law is a dead letter. Our whole financial and business structure is founded upon credit, and any attempt to provide that in any large class of transactions there shall be no dealings upon credit, while it may protect certain people, is likely to do damage to vastly more.

So, also, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to devise any safe system of legislation to restrict the manipulation of prices. No one has yet been able to suggest a form of statute which will prevent improper manipulation of prices and will at the same time permit legitimate transactions on a large scale.

Short selling has been the subject of constant attention and very serious criticism from the public and the press. It is difficult to see why it is economically or morally wrong to agree to sell something that one does not possess but expects to obtain in the future, any more than it is to agree to buy what one has not the money to pay for at the present time but expects to have the money to pay for later on. Contracts and agreements to sell and deliver in the future commodities which one does not possess at the time of the contract are common in all forms of business. The manufacturer sells what he has not yet produced; he must do so to keep his factory open and his hands employed the year around; the farmer agrees to sell his growing crop; the contractor agrees to deliver the house built of bricks he has not yet purchased and with labor he has not yet contracted for; and so on *ad infinitum*. While undoubtedly the short selling of securities may temporarily cause a serious lowering of prices and even a panic, still in the long run it tends to steady prices and to prevent both rising and falling markets from going to extremes. It must be remembered that the man who has sold short must some day buy back in order to return the stock he has borrowed to make the short sale. If short sales were prevented, or even substantially limited, it would be possible for daring manipulators to run prices up to an abnormal height, from which they would come down with a crash

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that would ruin all involved, as in the case of the South Sea bubble and John Law's Mississippi Scheme. Short sales made by speculators whose judgment enables them accurately to forecast the future, increasing as prices mount upward, always tend to prevent extremes from being reached.

Outside, therefore, of the crimes of individuals, which the criminal law ought to punish, those features of stock speculation which are most often and most severely criticised are so closely interwoven with the necessary system of dealing in securities that it is largely impracticable and dangerous to attempt to correct them by legislation. This does not mean, however, that there is no remedy. There is a remedy, and it is in the hands of the stock exchanges. By virtue of their great powers over their members—powers all the greater because the exchanges are unincorporated and therefore not controlled by the strict letter of a charter or of the general corporation laws—they are able to make and enforce such rules as will subserve the best interests of their members and the public, and can punish and largely prevent a misuse of the opportunities afforded by their own existence and by the laws regarding transactions in securities. The officers and governors of the New York Stock Exchange are men of long experience and great intelligence. They know what is being done, or if not they can easily find out. They can demand to see the books of any member. They can call him before them, summon witnesses, and conduct a short investigation without legal forms or the law's delays, and enforce substantial justice. If they find that excessive manipulation of certain securities is going on through a few brokerage houses, a hint from them, backed by their power of discipline, to those involved in the manipulation would receive immediate attention. If they find by common report, or by the complaint of customers, that certain brokers are in the habit of unduly encouraging excessive speculation, or of doing business on too slender margins, or of dealing against their customers, or of misusing their securities, an investigation will speedily show the facts and enable the governors to impose such punishment as will be a deterrent in future. The New York Stock Exchange has been very prompt and severe in its punishments where the misconduct on the part of members has been publicly disclosed. It has, however, not always been so ready to investigate their methods before any public disclosure of wrong-doing, although the Street may be full of rumors and the members generally know that something is wrong.

The time has come for the stock exchanges to grapple boldly with the evils in the present system, which are undoubtedly increasing, and, by controlling and preventing them, not only to put an end to the serious criticism now levelled against what is known as "Wall Street," but to protect the community in future. It will not do for them to seek to maintain the privacy of a club, and to say that they are voluntary associations attending to their own business and that no responsibility rests upon them to enforce higher standards, or to endeavor to detect and prevent misconduct before the crash occurs. While they are not incorporated or legally subjected to any public duty, nevertheless they are in the control and government of large organizations which are transacting business essential to the welfare of the community, and in which very large numbers of their fellow-citizens are immediately and vitally interested. They must be regarded as quasi-public institutions, and undoubtedly constitutional laws could be devised to subject them to State supervision and control, to the end that the evils referred to should be regulated and prevented. It is true that such supervision and control, and such methods as would have to be embodied in State legislation, would probably not be so effective to correct the evils as the voluntary action of the exchanges, if they would only undertake to do all that it is in their power to do. Public opinion upon this subject is growing, and undoubtedly demands to-day that the stock exchanges should set their houses in order, to the end that well-founded criticism of their methods should be satisfactorily met. If they recognize this public opinion, and assume the plain duty which lies before them, they can eradicate existing evils, so far as it is possible to do so, before the millenium. If, however, they are unwilling to do so, and prefer to allow matters to go on as they are, and the misuse of their facilities to increase, they must expect that public opinion will demand, as it ought to demand, that, even though it be not fully effective, the State should at least make the effort to regulate things itself.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IS display among those most plentifully provided with the means therefor going out of fashion? Are the rich, even the newly rich, losing the habit which for so long made them the butt of the comic papers—court jesters to King Demos—and adopting new views, new devices, new relations with the public?

If comparison be made with the facts a little more than a century ago, on the eve of the Revolution, for France, a little earlier for England, a very good case for the affirmative could be made out. For these two countries there is one incontestable and portentous difference between the past and the present. The rich no longer possess certain means of lavish display which to the remainder of society must be wholly lacking. Look, for example, at the matter of travelling. It is not easy for us to imagine whole peoples, with the exception of a small privileged class, absolutely without the power to move from the places in which they were born save on foot, bound to the native town or estate, as completely as the Russian serf or the negro slave, peoples to whom the very conception of a public conveyance was for the mass as unthinkable as that of an automobile or an aeroplane. Now among such peoples the display of wealth by those who had it, in connection with travel alone—the costly coaches, the trappings of horses ridden or driven, the retinue of attendants, the robes of the master and mistress, the liveries of servants, the whole *équipage*—was the established custom, as much expected and observed as clean linen now-a-days; and accepted as completely by the mass, unquestioning and hopeless, as a fixed element in the general plan of things. It was but one of many evidences of the practically impassable gulf dividing the rich from the rest of the community.

Are the Rich Hiding?

Of course, no such gulf ever existed between a class and the mass of the American people, save so far as there was an exception in the Southern States during the existence of slavery. But it is within the memory of men who do not like to think themselves very old, that there was in our country an impressive remnant of vast difference in display between the rich and the non-rich. Until relatively recent times display was regarded by those having the means for it, as a natural and almost inevitable mode of making manifest the possession of wealth, as a legitimate part of the enjoyment to be derived from such possession. If this were, as it was, especially the view of those to whom wealth was a novelty, particularly the women—the Mrs. Potiphars of the first half of the last century, so exquisitely presented by George William Curtis—it must be remembered that new wealth was more common than old, and that the women, for the most part, had the spending of it. To this class publicity was as the breath of their nostrils. They took, and made, every possible opportunity to show themselves and their wealth, or the visible, tangible evidence of it, to their fellow beings. Wealth accrued so rapidly in the hands of numbers unaccustomed to the handling of it, without standards, conventions, restraints, that it was inevitable that they should first of all seek to demonstrate and parade it, to demonstrate it by parade. It was the stage of evolution where there was consciousness among the rich of material difference between them and the non-rich, but not of anything approaching class distinction.

That came later, or the desire for it, and with it the thirst for exclusiveness. This was not wholly a mere thirst. It was in part the aversion from the multitude due to the formation of tastes which the multitude did not share or understand, tastes luxurious, it is true, but often refined. But probably with the majority exclusiveness became an aim from much the same motive as that of the previous display. There was a feverish impulse to establish a substantial distinction between the rich and the non-rich. But it prompted withdrawal from the public gaze rather than voluntary exposure to it. Its expression is in the closely guarded "cottages" of Newport, in lieu of the monstrous Saratoga hotels of the fifties. It tended to the creation by the rich of a *monde* of their own, with fairly defined and narrow limits, a sufficient theatre for all desirable display by its members. This, I think, is the process now going on in this country, It is not, obviously, wholly admirable. Some of its results are dis-

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agreeable enough, some unwholesome and even vicious. But at least it is gradually tending to abate the offensive form of vulgarity for which our land was once noted. In time the better possibilities of it will develop, whether in sufficient strength to redeem the others remains to be seen.

Travels

THERE is only one thing stupider than the average person's travels—and that is the book written to describe them.

We all know how it began—back in those remote ages when stage-coach and chaise were in use; when one passed swinging highwaymen at Tyburn; and the chapmen found books about Jonathan Wild and Cartouches their "best sellers." In those days it took a certain amount of courage to travel—and a certain amount of cash, too; unless one were a *picaro* and wrote "Lazarille de Tormes" afterward, which very few travellers did, as a matter of fact. But now it takes more courage not to travel than to travel; more courage to read the literature of the subject than to pass through the adventures described. It is a curious matter, the way in which a travel book is born. One goes abroad—family or friends beg, in the affectionate unrestraint of leave-taking: "Write lots of letters—long ones, remember!" And one obliges them, of course—to fill in the time between going to the post-office and sitting down at the *table-d'hôte;* and then, I don't know just how many months afterward, some one says: "You ought to collect those letters, you know, and publish them"; and one *does* collect them; finally, one publishes them with a dedication, "To Blank—, at whose suggestion these travel sketches were prepared for the press." Oh, it is easily understood, this temptation to write books of travel; but so is the temptation to kill readily understood, though we deplore the practice. It is time that a paternal government took steps against the depletion of our forests through the diversion of wood-pulp to travel literature.

Do you know John Sanderson's "The American at Paris?" Sanderson was a Philadelphia school-master of the early nineteenth century; *his* letters home fill two little volumes. "I had partly the intention, in writing these letters, to dress them up one day into some kind of shape for the Public." He tells us this in his preface; and any reader of his letters may see for himself that Sanderson speaks true. And yet he has his picturesque touches. On one side of the Boulevard de la Madeleine, he tells us, lay a sad-looking garden. "I asked a Frenchman whose it was; he says, 'it is the Minister of Strange Affairs,'"—M. Guizot's. Mildly humorous, this; and Sanderson lays claim to being nothing more than "a snapper of unconsidered trifles." It is the vice of books of travel that they *are* mildly humorous: otherwise they would not cheat us of our time. Fortunately, contemporary travel books exist only for the pictures' sake. It is taking an unfair, unexpected advantage to peek into the text and see what is written there. They say that Gautier first wrote his book on Spain; then, on the proceeds, went south to see if the country lived up to his description of it. Like most pleasant anecdotes of genius, the legend is suspect. But how much better it would be if travellers were definitely forbidden to describe any countries except those that they have yet to see! Besides the spur to the imagination, think of the great gain in this: there would be much less written. For we have travelled everywhere, we twentieth century folk; we will go a thousand miles to escape staying at home with our dull selves. It is by means of travel that we get in our bragging, too; first, we brag of home while we're abroad; returned, we brag of what we've seen.

"I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it," Sterne writes in his "Journey"; and by Smelfungus he politely designated the learned Dr. Smollett. "'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit,' said he." A bilious person like Tobias Smollet, who dragged a sick body through France and Italy, and lived just long enough to tell the tale and perish, could never find a publisher to-day. The travel books of our times are one thing, at least: enthusiastic. Travel must be idealized if we are to make books of it. But why make books at all? Travels in themselves are well enough—the trouble lies precisely in trying to make capital out of them. Vincent says in Mistral's "Mirèio," the fiftieth birthday of which we have been celebrating:

> Tambèn a soun plesi, lou viage,
> Et l'oumbro dóu camin fai óublida la caud;—

"all the same, travels have their delights; and in the road's shadiness we forget its heat." What we cannot forget, however, is the probable dulness of Vincent's journal, had he kept one.

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THE best way to know that sub-conscious self of which we hear so much is to know it through our dreams. And by this I mean quite simply the dreams one dreams while one is asleep, not while one is awake. Dreams seem to be stirrings into unusual activity of this sub-conscious, remembering, in all its cells, the past of the race. I contend that if we gave these stirrings due attention we should learn extraordinarily much of what this race of ours has been through in past ages. It is, for example, very illuminating that pain plays so great a part in the emotions as we have them in dreams. We all know that the pain of dreams is often acute beyond what the actual painful experiences of waking life can induce in us. The only forces (barring great griefs) which will produce the same impressions, in degree and kind, are music and poetry; not all music, nor all poetry, but the music which reproduces moods very closely, and the poetry in which there is a preponderant measure of that quality which we call Celtic.

Dreams and the Sub-conscious

One finds oneself harking back to this notion of Celtic quality, indeed, whenever one ponders the recollection of certain dream impressions. There is something in the Celtic race—this oldest of the European civilizations, which least has embraced reality and been taught by it, least has kept step with the changes of progress, little learned, and nothing forgotten—that tells us what were the bygones of that group of humanity to which we belong. Gaining little from the revelations of science and the exact practise of daily, orderly, industrious living, and receiving the lessons of life apparently only through the medium of the intuitions, all its channels of receptivity seem to be turned toward the voices of the inside. It is as if we could quite plainly see how man had once been a mere bundle of susceptibilities, gathering pain and joy from immemorial sources in nature herself—a reed in the wind.

If we experience pity in our dreams it will not be for many of those conditions which move to sympathy the busy mortals of to-day. And this, again, is very illuminating. The sub-conscious cells know nothing obviously as yet of some of our paramount modern interests. They know nothing of universal suffrage, of political equality, of the emancipation of women, or the social brotherhood. You may dream of such things (the chances are that you won't), but, if you do, they will awaken no response, there is no pathway made down which they will echo reverberatingly into the deep places of the soul. You will dream none of your great dreams with the stuff of which your daily waking thoughts are made; none of those dreams so shaking and permeating that body and mind keep the saturation of them through hours of waking activity, making the actual remote, and tangible forms transparent mist-shapes through and beyond which the Vast shows. The materials of these unforgetable dreams are simple and primal. Their joys have the primitive intensity of their pains. Their loves have cruelty and fatefulness, the cruelty and fatefulness of the race when it was young.

I can have no respect, certainly, for the intelligence of my sub-conscious life if I judge it on the thought of its appreciation of the laughable. Fear, and passion, and the sense of mystery were great in the life of our forebears, but interludes of mirth were few, and they were made, it seems, of coarse fibres. Primitive man did not know humor as we know it. It is mankind gallantly struggling with his fate, who, for his own protection, creates this sense for himself in the process of his making. And so it is the buffoonery of a silly action—some such buffoonery as might strike the sense of the comical of a Calabrian peasant to-day—that excites hilarity in dreams. The old Greeks, with their musical modes built upon semi-tones, and again the extreme moderns, like a Debussy, who can translate the sound of water and the color of moonlight into tone, reproduce the stammerings of man—his *balbutiements*—in the face of cosmic events. Our dreams are just such stammerings. What makes the poet or musician great who interprets such moods is the measure of his sense of the stored-up passion of all the ages of the world contained in those sounds the surge of which, as from beyond shut doors, beats up for a moment to his ears. Yet this sense, which a Charles Martin Loeffler or a Maeterlinck can give us in one happy phrase, may be ours, any chance night, with a millionfold the power and evocativeness, when we slip over the border of sleep, in some dream the details of which, but a little later, will have the insubstantiality of a wraith, and whose very outlines we may hesitate to recall for a futility that shames us, an inconsequence that seems to sever them from all the human experience of intelligent man.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SOME NOTABLE PAINTINGS AT THE SEATTLE EXPOSITION

THE Department of Fine Arts at the Seattle Exposition occupies a building that is ultimately to become a part of the University of Washington—a building containing eight galleries, four below and four above. Two of the lower rooms are devoted to a retrospective exhibition of works by deceased masters, loaned by various art institutes and from private collections.

Though of decidedly uneven merit—for some of them are of more than doubtful origin, while others are excellent examples of the masters they represent—they form upon the whole an interesting display, and a surprising display, too, when one stops to consider the remoteness of Seattle and the easily comprehended reluctance of collectors to part with their pictures for so long a journey and so long a time.

Unfortunately, however, they have been hung without thought of grouping—English portraitists, Barbizon landscapists, and Italian and Dutch masters elbowing each other for wall space. In these days of commercial activity, when every article of price (and many not of price) is most carefully displayed to set off its full value, why is it that our current art exhibitions have not fallen into line and endeavored to display their pictures in the most attractive manner possible? The Secessionists in Munich, perhaps the first to appreciate this point of view, have done much in this direction, and no one who saw the Lenbach Exhibition a few years ago will ever forget the effect of its beautifully toned galleries with their garlands of dried laurel, their clipped trees in tubs and, above all, the careful and judicious spacing of their pictures, each of which in consequence showed to its very best advantage.

Similar ideas have prevailed of late in New York to a certain extent and have been used to advantage. Here at Seattle, however, the pictures have been simply hung upon the walls and each left to tell its own story. And this is surely to be regretted. Aside from their æsthetic appeal for educational reasons alone (and this aspect of an exhibition is not to be overlooked), a systematic grouping of the various schools would have been a great aid to the public's appreciation. One heard enough eager groping for knowledge and enough intelligent criticism in these galleries—though the larger proportion of the public was undoubtedly attracted primarily by the "pretty"—to wish that the more discriminating class of visitors could have been aided in their enjoyment by a careful segregation of the pictures.

There are upon the walls enough paintings of each school to have formed an instructive display. That of the Barbizon men, for instance, would have been really noteworthy. Corot's familiar art is represented by a number of fine examples, notably his beautiful "Just Before Sunrise," loaned by the Art Institute of Chicago—peasants in a boat-load of hay among feathery willows, with a subtle suggestion of a village beyond, the whole bathed in that delicious pearly atmosphere of poetry which was Corot's most precious legacy to the world of art. His grave and impressive "Giant Willows," in a more sombre and dramatic note, is also here. There are two robust Courbets, and Daubigny's brilliant art is exemplified by several important pictures, including his "On the French Coast," a fine breezy canvas thoroughly impressionistic in the right sense of the word. There are, too, several characteristic wood interiors by Diaz, but this artist is seen in his most interesting mood in a little canvas called "The Lovers"—she white and flower-like, he dark and swarthy, seated in a dusky boscage against a circle of golden light, opalescent, jewel-like, glowing—a painting which, despite its small size, is executed with rare breadth and vigor and with a peculiarly fine discrimination in the matter of textures. Here surely was material enough for a handsome wall devoted to the French romanticists.

There are enough canvases in the manner of the great English portraitists to have given a good notion of the ideals of that school. It would certainly have been a less interesting group than the Frenchmen, for though the great seventeenth-century English names appear in the catalogue they are for the most part unworthily represented. We find, to be sure, familiar canvases by Reynolds, Gainsborough,

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Hoppner, and Kneller, but none to compare with the great examples to be seen in the museums of London or Paris. This group, however, would have contained a real masterpiece by an Englishman of later date: the "Portrait of Joachim," by George Frederick Watts—a picture which, in addition to its undoubted technical qualities, its rich tone, the sureness and breadth of its handling, the simplicity of its *facture*, has what so few paintings ever possess: a soul. And who can say wherein this quality lies? Is it to be found in the eyes, introspective, slightly downcast, turned inward as it were, or is it to be found in the palpitant nostril or in the superbly modelled hand, temperamental, slender, white, and ghostly, that lightly touches the bow? In whatever feature it may reside, the spirit of the master mind surely emanates from this remarkable picture—a rare mingling of mood, the adequate portrayal of an artist's soul seen through another artist's eye.

There are but few paintings by the Italian masters, and these mainly unimportant examples of the later men. Among the Dutch and Flemish pictures, however, are some worthy specimens: a good Rubens, several characteristic Teniers, a Rembrandt portrait, and a really notable canvas by a comparatively unknown artist, Paul Moreelse. His wholly charming "Portrait of a Lady" is a beautiful piece of painting, especially the head and the hand that holds the gloves, while the richly embroidered gown—at variance with the usual Dutch tradition of sombre black and white—fairly glows with scarlet and gold, recalling the warm canvases of Titian's youth and rendering appropriate the carved *cinque-cento* frame which at first sight seems irrelevant around this Flemish lady.

These pictures by the older masters occupy two galleries to the right of the lower atrium. The two galleries to the left and the four galleries above are devoted to works by contemporary painters, mostly Americans. Among them there is also a goodly showing by the earlier American landscape painters, pictures which would have been seen to far greater advantage had they been brought together on one wall. As it is, they pass almost unperceived, save to the diligent searcher, submerged as they are by their showier and more modern neighbors. Yet the Seattle Exposition contains some noteworthy examples of their work. There are, for instance, two poetic Wyants—one his important "In the Still Woods." There are one or two of Minor's deep-toned "Eventides," and a good example of Kensett's art, and several fine Blakelocks—one of which, his "Ghost Dance," replete with imagination and glowing with color, is worthy of a place of honor, rather than a place above the line. Homer Martin's "On the Seine," imbued with the familiar charm of his finer canvases, depicts the same feathery line of poplars fringing the river bank that is seen in his deservedly admired canvas in the Metropolitan Museum.

Our painters of the day make a brave showing, and in looking over their work one cannot help but be impressed by the saneness of their point of view, by their sobriety and lack of faddishness, by the sincerity and conviction of their methods. For the most part they take their art very seriously and work upon the modern theory that nature cannot be studied too long nor too closely. Yet not all have gone in for the ultra-modern movement—the doctrine of "Whatever is, is beautiful." "The Eight" stand nearest this point of view, yet it is a far cry indeed from their methods to the vagaries of the French and Germans—of Matisse and his school for example. Of our realist group, Robert Henri shows among other things his striking and seductive "El Tango," her shawl aflame with poppies; and John Sloan, his "Coffee Line," full of gloomy Zolaesque pessimism, painted by a man who feels and feels deeply; while Charles Hawthorne exhibits several able realistic studies, large and manly and of marked distinction and style.

In striking contrast to their ideals are the painters of a more academic point of view and with a quicker sense for the beauty of the classic—men like William Paxton, whose carefully modelled "Glow of Gold" shows Gérôme's influence in its impeccable rendering of line and form; or George DeForest Brush, whose beautiful little "Weaver," a canvas of rare and exquisite quality, almost lost in a corner, shows the same sincere spirit. Louis Loeb's "Summit"—the eternal struggle of youth—is conceived in a similar mood, and so is Irving Couse's "Connoisseur," one of his best canvases.

In a broader vein of painting, Sargent is represented by his portrait of "Mrs. Fiske Warren"; Smedley by his well-known "Book-lovers"; John W. Alexander by his "Butterfly," a suave harmony in greens with well-placed crimson spots; and Irving Wiles by one of his very ablest canvases, his portrait of Mrs. Gilbert, strong, forceful in characterization, and

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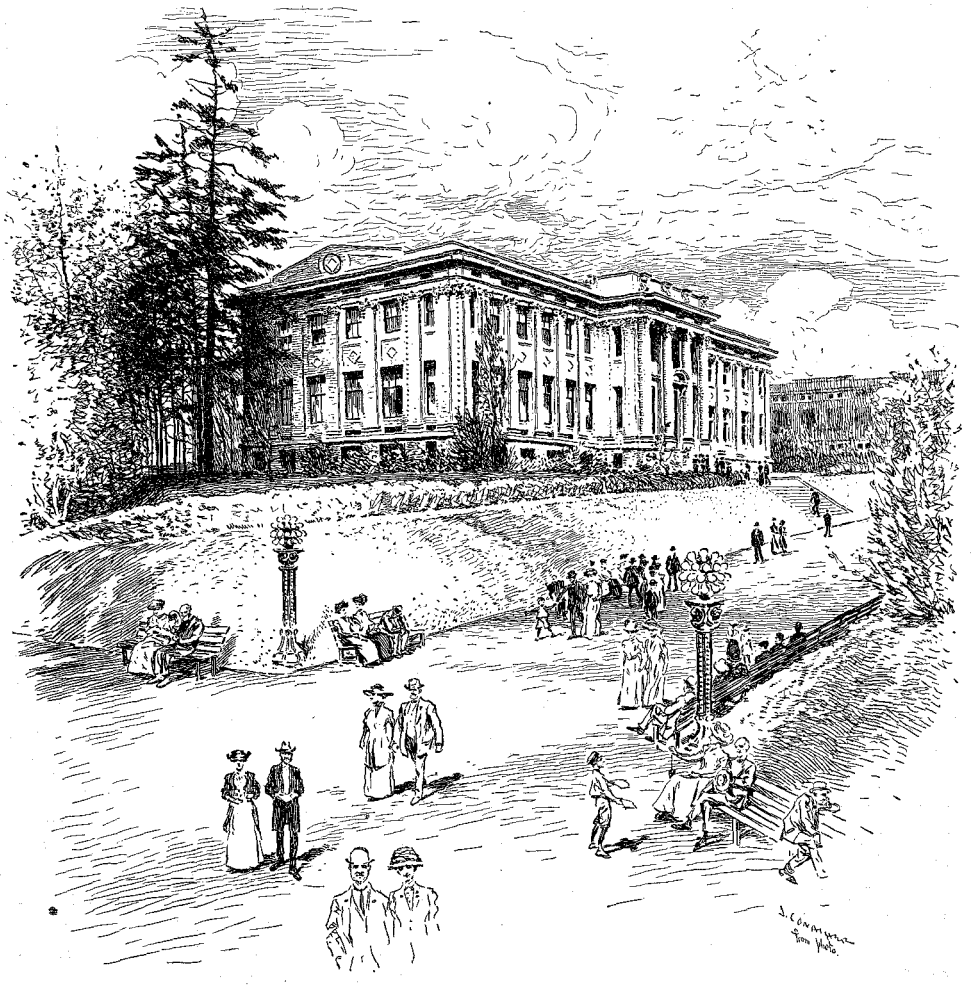

The Fine Arts Building.
Seattle Exposition.

painted with ease and breadth. Hugo Ballin shows a number of decorative paintings, and in this same class may be included Frederick Ballard Williams's beautiful "Court of the Beloved," with its sumptuous, glowing figures and draperies; and Robert Reid's "Canna," a harmony in cool grays, lavenders, and blues. Benson strikes his brilliant out-door note in a number of sunny canvases, but one misses with regret his fellow Bostonian Tarbell, and among the figure paintings the works of Chase and Melchers.

Our landscapists show to excellent advantage, emphasizing their claim to recognition as leaders in their realm to-day. They, too, follow no one line of tradition, deviating, according to their various temperaments, toward realism, romanticism, or impressionism, solving their own problems in their own special ways, and thus, to the unthinking, giving color to the saying, "There is no really American art to-day!" But is not this very variety of their product the best proof of its living quality, its seeking for the highest development and its ultimate success, for is it not through struggle and competition that effort succeeds?

In the strong group that has taken up the standard of realism, Edward Redfield stands a leader. He shows here in Seattle a number of his works, among them, the "Harbor of Boulogne," which has been duly praised in the annual shows, and deservedly, for it is forceful in presentation, simple, yet full of detail, and painted with astounding vigor. Paul Dougherty

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strikes a similar vigorous yet more tragic note in his sombre "Pirates' Cove."

Ranger falls between this group and another: realist in his "Getting Ship Timber," a sparkling wood interior; romanticist in his beautiful "Noank Street," a view down the broad thoroughfare to a little knot of flimsy houses and the water beyond, the whole canvas aglow with russets and yellows and suffused like a Claude Lorraine in ambient light. Emil Carlsen shows two of his best works: a big oak-tree standing among tawny wheat stacks, against a lowering sky, and a dramatic marine —billows pounding against a frowning cliff.

Among the true romanticists, Charles Melville Dewey certainly takes very high rank. It would only need his beautiful "Sunshine and Shadow" to substantiate his claim to this distinction—a group of great trees overshadowing a tiny house, handsome in design, mellow in color, seen with the emotional element as the controlling force. Near it hangs W. Granville-Smith's "Old Mill," a moonlight conceived in a similar romantic vein, subtle and true in values and, with his "Golden Birches," seen with a true poet's vision. Arthur B. Davies sends several examples of his very individual and highly imaginative art, and Ben Foster is worthily represented by his "October End."

Impressionism has had two splendid champions in the late John Henry Twachtman and Childe Hassam, each represented in this exhibition by four or five remarkable pictures. The group by Twachtman is especially noteworthy, as so little of his work has been exhibited of late. His "Greenwich Hills" suffers in the artificial light, but his altogether delightful "Niagara" in the gallery above fairly sparkles with opalescent color.

Childe Hassam sends his well-known "June"—nudes among the flowering laurel—and his "Sunlight Through the Leaves," a veritable *tour de force* of light and atmosphere. His "Golden Head, Isle of Shoals," hangs in a panel with Claude Monet's "La Seine à Lavacour," and a comparison is invited—surely without detriment to either painter. Nevertheless, this little canvas of Monet's is a truly representative one, with fleecy clouds skimming through a summer sky. But, though thoroughly charming and breezy, it is outshone by another of his own paintings in the same room: "Les Saules," a group of feathery willows, quivering with violets, grays, and greens, soaked with light and atmosphere. This gallery seems the room of impressionists, for, besides the pictures just alluded to, it contains works by Sisley and Boudin and by the younger men of the same school: Maufra, Loiseau, and D'Espagnat. Several examples of Monticelli's beautiful art are hung in an adjoining gallery. Aside from these impressionists, foreign painters are rather scantily represented—a few pictures by the modern Dutchmen, a beautiful sketch of a woman's head by Lenbach, and Gérôme's well-known "Grief of the Pasha" being about the only canvases worthy of note.

Two smaller rooms are devoted to a display of E. S. Curtis's remarkable photographs of Indians and Indian life, precious documents of high artistic merit, and a few sculptors exhibit their works in the upper atrium. Bessie Potter Vonnoh shows some of her charming statuettes, and Louis Potter has sent a remarkable group of figurines, mostly of Alaska life, able, instinct with life, and full of character, and peculiarly appropriate in this Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition.

ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO.

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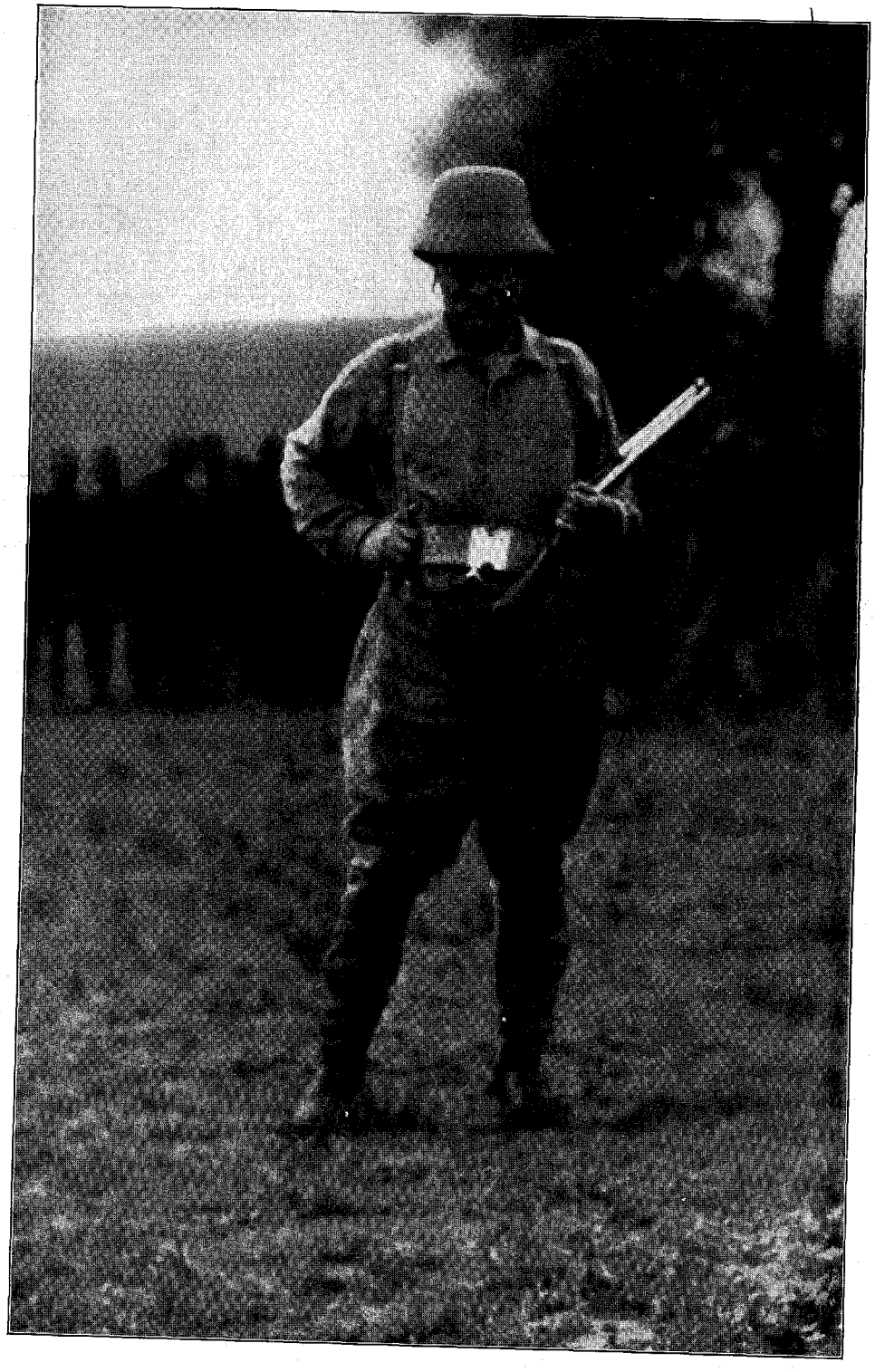

MR. ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA IN HIS HUNTING COSTUME.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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